The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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MILKIN' TIME

Once upon a mornin' dreary, when I
went to milk old Cherry,
With my bucket full o' nubbins an'
my bucket on my arm,
I was free from all suspicion that the
blamed old brute was wishin'
For a chance to kick me nearly all
the way across the farm.

So I stroked her hair so silken, an' sot
down and went to milkin',
Just as I had been a-doin' ever since
the Civil War.
Then she turned her head an' shuck it,
an' I nearly drapped the bucket,
But I couldn't quite discover what
she ever done it for.

One more pull at Cherry's faucet where
a briar had raked across it,
An' there seemed to be an earth-
quake like the late one in Japan.
Milk was pourin' down my collar, an'
I hadn't time to holler
Till the earth flew up an' hit me,
quite contrary to my plan.

Coat-tails flew an' buckets clattered,
but the only thing that mattered
Was my go-to-meetin' breeches rip-
ped from Abraham to Ike;
An' my Sunday hat was flatter than a
cake o' buckwheat batter,
An' I tried to sort my bruises, but
they all felt just alike.

Now I'm feelin' very bitter toward
that old ungainly critter,
An' I'd rather live on Postum than
to milk her any more;
An' I'd shorely like to sell her to some
brave an' fearless feller
Who has got the nerve to milk her,
even when her tit is sore.

—James Larkin Pearson.

PARAGRAPHS.

Some men never tire of doing good—because they never do any.

Some of them called it a landslide for Coolidge. Oh, I don't know.. More than likely it was just a glacial movement.

It is reported that vast new oil fields have just been discovered in Asia. And so Asia is going to have some trouble too.

A society item informs us that wearing diamonds is unhealthy. Now listen at that, you poor one-gallus devils! Ain't you mighty uneasy about your health? Let's you and me quit wearing diamonds ,any how.

At the recent meeting of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, held in Charlotte, one preacher made the remark that tobacco was doomed to go the way of liquor. Going to swaller it, eh? Well, I'll be John Browned! What will they do next?

GOT ANY STARS TO FIX?

And it came to pass in California not long ago that a certain star-fixer named Hubble got all the stars fixed that had been brought to him, and he was out of a job. So he shouldered his tool-kit and dinner-bucket and started out to hunt for work, stepping from star to star and from universe to universe, always stopping to examine each one he stepped on to see if it needed its axle-tree straightened or a new linch-pin put in, or maybe some cup grease or a new supply of gravity.

He found several odd jobs like that which kept him busy for the first few days and paid him a clear profit of $28.10.

But about the sixth day out Prof. Hubble got into a field of stars that didn't need any repairs or didn't have the money to pay for the work, I don't know which.

So, having nothing else to do, Prof. Hubble got out his tape-line and began to measure the stellar distances for the benefit of us folks who haven't time to make the trip. Stepping quickly over to a small nebulous universe only about nine miles from the edge of space, he applied his tape-line and began to measure back towards home. It was about the biggest job of measuring that Prof. Hubble had ever tackled, and the stooping tired his back so bad that he had to stop every few billion miles and straighten up and rest.

As he passed through the Milky Way the stars were so slick and greasy with butter that he could hardly stand on them. In trying to regain his balance after a bad slip one day he dropped his pencil and had to keep the account in his head from there on, and that was more trouble.

Altogether, it took him about three weeks to get back home, an he was nearly wore out. But as soon as he could get a new pencil and figure over eight quires of paper he proudly announced that the distance which he had measured was one million light-years, or, in other words, as far as light could travel in a million years, going at the speed of 186,000 miles per second. I am sure the readers of the Fool-Killer will thank Prof. Hubble for this information, as it will save them the trouble of measuring for themselves.

I am sorry to state, however, that the trip was a financial loss to Prof. Hubble, as he didn't take in any cash after the fifth day, and the hotel rates on some of the stars were pretty high. But it is the unanimous opinion of nearly all our greatest liars that this lie will bring in enough new subscriptions to the Fool-Killer to cover the loss. In the language of the Prophet Daniel: "Now is the time to subscribe."

A LETTER FROM ADAM

Having observed that Spiritism is getting to be such a popular fad among the high-muck-a-doodles of this footstool, I took a notion to hire me a second-hand medium on the installment plan and see if I couldn't pull down a few big three-cornered chunks of heavenly wisdom and other choice information from some of the old Bible characters.

Well, it occurred to me that if I expected to get my money's worth out of Spiritism I had just as well begin at Adam and work my way on down the line.

But when I began to look around for a medium, I discovered that all the second-hand witches seemed to be working for Conan Doyle.

What was I to do?

I couldn't afford to let my Spiritism project fall through without even getting a grunt out of Adam.

Well, I got an old union suit and stuffed it with straw, tied an old canvass glove on the end of its right arm, and put a pencil in its fingers. Then I set it down to a table with some paper and told it to get me a letter from Adam right quick.

Well, that thing turned and looked up at me sorter—naw, it didn't either ,because I had plum forgot to make it any head—but it just winked the top of its neck and sorter gigled away down in its belly.

Then lickity-split went the pencil over the paper, and there was my letter from Adam just as natural as pig-tracks. I didn't know Adam could write English, but I reckon be can, or else that old union suit translated for him, and if you don't believe it just looky here:

The Letter

Dear Mr. Fool-Killer:

It affords me great tickle to unsay myself for the publish of your much paper. I have the fame to be your heap ancestor who made dead from chaw apple grunt. One rib she talked honey words good, and I bit like a no sense foolish hurt. We both felt ouch and sent for doctor belly rub no easy long time quick. We the die went hurry, and ever since that we have been every nowhere not. The suppose is that you want some wise concerning the when I have been where. All which is how.

Now pay me your good listen and I maybe remark very wise tell. Since I be die with hurry kill very much, and go where I never am not certain which, it all seems mighty so. The immortal whereness of eternal stay seems to be the most unbetter if. And this is reckon so anyhow, because we all stay keep for God's sake better. I can wise you no learn about this climate where keeps me stay, only it seems to make with the upness of down some more yet. I seem to be very not much anywhere, and my bigness is great little happy.

Now this is all I can unsay for the satisfy of your guess what, and anybody that disputes it is a kussed liar. You tell 'em I said so.

Your muchness ancestor,
ADAM.

PARAGRAPHS.

A writer by the name of Ettabug is writing for the Chicago Tribune. Must have been pretty *hard up for something to eat.*

A scientist has predicted that some day we will live on air. That's nothing new. Some of us poor trash have almost had to do that for a long time.

The North Adams Herald is authority for the statement that there are now 65 products of the lowly peanut—not counting the tummy-ache.

In describing a well-known automobile, a newspapaer says the car has a remarkable SLPSPPZLL&$PXSLPSMK. Now I wonder where I could get one of them-thar things for my old Tin Liz?

A New York reporter was recently sent out to Patterson, New Jersey, to write the story of the murder of a rich manufacturer by thieves. The reporter wrote: "Fortunately for the deceased, he had deposited all his money in the bank the day before, so he lost practically nothing but his life." Beats all how lucky some people are, anyhow.

The radio fans around here are bragging how they can get England, France, Germany and all them far-away places. But that's nothing. I let my fire get too low the other day, and I got Chile. Then the next night supper was late, and I got Hungary. Then the next morning at breakfast I dipped a spoon into a dish and got Greece. While I was still eating breakfast my wife went to the cupboard and got China. Last Thanksgiving day I was invited out to dinner and got Turkey. Now, boys, maybe you can beat that, but it will Russia.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
at
Pores Knob, North Carolina

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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In Clubs of Five or More 15c

Entered at the Postoffice at Pores Knob, N. C., as second class mail matter.

INSTRUCTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, is enough. It is best to use my printed order blanks, a supply of which will be sent on request.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper.

If you fail to get the paper within a reasonable time, let me know, but do it in a friendly way. Don't kick and raise a fuss, for I am doing the very best I can.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order.

Be very careful to write all names and addresses plainly and direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake by the Catholics as a heretic and dangerous character. A few years ago the Catholics all over the world had a "big day" and put wings on Joan and made her into a "saint." If she is a saint now she was a saint when the infernal pappycrats fed her to the flames.

Paper tells about an automobile wreck which was caused by a loose nut. Possibly so. But most of the automobile wrecks are caused by tight nuts.

"Can wives be trusted with money?" inquires the New York Independent. Dunno, mister. Send me some, and I'll experiment on my wife with it.

JAMMED!

If Ford will furnish motor-cars,
And Rocky will furnish gas,
We'll all get jammed up in the street,
And none of us can pass.
And there we'll stand and toot our horns,
And shake our fists and cuss;
And won't have sense enough to see
There's no one to blame but us.
Have we got any place to stay?
Have we got any feet?
Then why not either stay at home
Or hoof it down the street?

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

A PERSONAL TALK

Well, folkses, how is your happiness by this time? I guess you old subscribers were sorter surprised to get The Fool-Killer last month. Reckon you had about decided that it was a gone sucker. Well, it was for awhile. You remember that I changed the name to "Pearson's Paper" a few months before it stopped. That turned out to be an unwise change. It wouldn't go. I found out that you folks wanted The Fool-Killer and nothing else. But at the end of the "Pearson's Paper"-experiment I found myself in such a hole financially that I was not able to revive The Fool-Killer just then. Early last summer I began to make my plans for getting The Fool-Killer started again, but as I had lost my second-class mailing rates by stopping, I had considerable difficulty in getting them restored. You know there is always a good deal of "red tape" in such matters. Another difficulty was that my backwoods location made it hard for me to get capable office help. After a good deal of looking around and experimenting, I have at last struck what seems to be just the right combination.

Pores Knob is a nice little village only five miles from Boomer, but it is much more favorably located for a business place, with many advantages which I could not have at Boomer. Also at Pores Knob I have secured a capable business manager, who will have charge of the office, and I feel safe in saying that the paper will now go out promptly on time each month.

All the old subscribers whose time had not run out before the paper stopped will now get the new Fool-Killer for the length of time due them.

I will still occupy my country home at Boomer, but a good road and my old Ford will make the five miles from Boomer to Pores Knob only a matter of a few minutes.

All subscription orders and business letters about the paper should be sent to Pores Knob, but personal letters to me may be directed to Boomer.

I am glad to announce that The Fool-Killer is now really and truly entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Pores Knob, N. C. The track ahead seems to be clear and nothing to prevent going right ahead with the work. It has started out fine, and the prospects look good. So let's forget all about the troubles, irregularities and disappointments of the past, and pull together for a bigger success than ever before. Let's make it the biggest thing in America in the next year or two. We can do it.

Your same old buddy,
JAMES LARKIN PEARSON.

"Say, ain't you de feller what I met in Philadelphia?"

"Philadelphia? I ain't nebber bin dar."

"Neider has I—I guess it must have bin two udder fellers."

PARAGRAPHS

A young fool will sometimes learn better, but an old fool never does. How old are you?

You mustn't throw rocks at the baby, but it is perfectly all right for you to rock it.

A doctor will talk about "paying a visit," when it is really the visit that pays him.

It isn't always the longest prayer that punches down an answer.

A competitor is a man who thinks you are as bad as you think he is.

If I say anything in this paper that makes you mad, I hope you will write and apologize to me.

Hot words are like hot mush—it is easier to spit them out than it is to swallow them.

Riches may have wings, but they don't seem to have any tail that one can put salt on.

If you and I looked just alike and thought just alike, there wouldn't be any use for but one of us.

A man's stomach is sorter round, and yet nothing fits it so well as a square meal. Ain't that strange?

They called it a "war to end war," and it has been followed by what looks like "peace to end peace."

Some people think they are Christians just because they believe their enemies are going to hell.

A kiss is a big mouthful of nothing that tastes like heaven and sounds like a cow pulling her foot out of the mud.

Lots of men don't have time to raise cotton and corn because they are so busy raising hel—lo! I was about to say a bad word.

Surely there never was a time in the history of this two-legged race when The Fool-Killer was needed as bad as it is right now.

The name of the city of Washington will mean from now on that it contains many tons of dirty political duds that need washing.

In New Orleans recently a great storage tank holding one million gallons of molasses bursted and flooded one of the main streets with molasses for two miles. Lordy, if a-body had only been there with twenty carloads of buckwheat flap-jacks!

The nations that seldom have wars are called "heathen nations," while those that spend 95 per cent. of their wealth for war and continually butcher each other by the wholesale—they are "civilized" and "Christian" nations, you know. What a pity we ain't all heathens!

Say, mister, do you ever use your head for anything except a hair-farm?

One thing that is most improper,
And two that sure are tough—
A holiness cracker
A-chawin' terbacker,
And his wife a-dippin' snuff.

Why in the Tom Walker don't every nation borrow all that every other nation has, and then cancel all the debts? Maybe that would get us all started right.

I want to get a letter right plum quick from every person who reads these lines, and I want every letter to contain a whopping big club.

A school boy, when asked by the teacher to tell whether the word pants was singular or plural, replied that pants are singular at the top and plural at the bottom.

When the pappy of Rome gets ready to make a new wood-pecker cardinal, he does it by reading something which is called a "bigle-ttl." The appropriateness of the first two syllables is plain enough, but I wonder what that "ttl" means?

The plutocrats of America have accepted with open arms the two new red-headed Roman woodpeckers that the Pope recently created and sent over here. Now why is it that RED is all right for a pappycrat to wear, but can't be allowed in the ranks of the common people?

THAT-THAR "POETRY" BOOK

Say, honey, do you remember that I used to talk about getting out a book of my poems? Well, after so long a time I did get the book made. It is a great big nice looking book of nearly 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper, bound in dark green cloth with title in gold, and weighs nearly two pounds. It contains about 300 poems—the best of all I have written in the past 35 years. I priced it at $2.15 postpaid, but have decided to offer it to all my old Fool-Killer friends at a reduced price. You folks have been my old chums for so long that you seem just like home folks, and I want to send you a copy of "Pearson's Poems" for only $1.10 postpaid. That's just about selling it at cost. Books of a similar size and quality usually sell for $2.00 or more. But, doggone it, I reckon I've got a right to give my friends a bargain if I want to. May I wrap up one for you at $1.10? I want to hear at once from all of you who want the book at that price. That's right. Thank you. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N.C.

JOY PACKAGE FOR 15 CENTS

If you want to laugh and forget your troubles, read The Fool-Killer, of course. But if, when the laugh is over, you feel as blue and bad as ever, let me tell you how to get the joy that sticks. Send me fifteen cents and you will receive a dainty little book of verses written by Yours Truly, and a pamphlet entitled "How to Be a Joycrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:

Cara Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

NOT CRAZY

A preacher man by name of Hight
Attempts to prove his mind ain't right
By saying that he once did bite
A mule's nose till it bled a sight.

But seems to me the very fact
That he performed his biting act
Upon the donkey's nose has stacked
Up proof against his being cracked.

Now if the man had bit behind,
It wouldn't be much hard to find,
By all the evidence combined,
That he was crazy in his mind.

—Pack it on Pearson.

A SERMON ON SHAKESPEARE

There! I heard somebody say, "Golly, ain't that a high-brow sort of a subject for The Fool-Killer to preach a sermon on?"

Shore enough it is. But you just wait. The Fool-Killer is a plum expert at handling high-brow subject whenever it tries.

There seems to be a pretty general belief among the hod-carriers, hoss-traders and other educated classes, that a man named William Shakespeare lived in the world about 300 years ago. He also died about the same time he lived, or soon afterwards.

We don't know but very little about Shakespeare's personal history, and most of what we do know ain't so. It seems, from what I can find out, that poetry was a very common disease in them days. Shakespeare must have caught it at an early age, and he never got over it. The disease never seemed to hurt the person who had it, but it was very painful to other folks. It was never known to result in death, except in cases where the poet personally called on the editor and submitted his poems. In such cases, unless the editor's shotgun refused to fire, there was usually a fine assortment of poetic brains scattered over the editorial sanctum.

But Shakespeare was smart enough to avoid that danger. He always sent his poems by freight and kept himself out of sight.

Considering his limited opportunities, Shakespeare did very well as a writer. True, his spelling was pretty bum, and his penmanship looked like a section of stake fence struck by lightning. but he had some pretty good thoughts and always managed to make himself understood. The great Shakespearean scholars have corrected and improved his spelling a good deal, but they have never been able to do much for his penmanship.

If Shakespeare had only gone to the extra trouble of having his stuff typewritten, he might have got some of it accepted by Comfort, The Congressional Record, or even The Fool-Killer. To my own personal knowledge, a good many American magazines have printed stuff not much better than what Shakespeare wrote and I see no reason why they would have discriminated against him.

But I have one serious charge to bring against Shakespeare. I hate to say it, and I don't want you to mention my name in it at all, but the fact is, Shakespeare was the biggest literary thief that ever lived. Nearly every line he wrote was stolen from somebody else. I have no evidence that he stole from writers who lived before his time or contemporary with him; but the way he swiped stuff from writers who lived after him was a sin to the crickets. Just because we modern writers hadn't been born yet, he took a mean advantage of us and wrote all the good things that we were expecting to write just as soon as we got born and raised. Just lots of the poems that bear Shakespeare's name are really my poems. Nature had them put away where she thought they would be safe until I got ready to write them. Then along came Shakespeare and found them first and got all the credit. Doggoned if it wasn't a mighty mean trick to play on a feller.

And so endeth my sermon on Shakespeare.

LETTER FROM A MONKEY

(Reprinted by Request)

Dear Mr. Editor:

Will you give space in your paper for a regular blue-blooded aristocratic monkey to say a few words? I see in the papers that you human folks have got up a terribly hot argument on the question of Evolution,and I want you all to understand that we monkeys are interested in that. When it comes to bringing such awful charges against our noble monkey race as some of your scientists have done, it is time for us to speak up and defend ourselves.

I see that a man by the name of Darwin has made the statement that all you forked things with shoes on can trace your anyour ancestral line back to us monkeys. And according to the best information I can get, all your scholars of the present day accept the Darwin theory and claim that the proof of it is too strong to be denied.

Being an educated monkey, I have studied Darwin and his followers pretty carefully myself, and I admit that they put up some very plausible arguments. Some of their statements are no doubt very convincing to the limited mentality of a mere human, but to the stronger intellect of a monkey they are as flimsy as cobwebs.

And now, Mr. Editor, with your kind permission, I shall now proceed to give your readers a few monkey reasons why the Darwin theory cannot be true.

In the first place, monkeys are peaceable folks. We never invented gunpowder and submarines, poison gas and TNT. We have never had a great World War among us and butchered up and starved twenty million monkeys just to humor the whim of a half-dozen monkey kaisers. We have got more sense than that. We hardly ever get sick if let alone. It is only when taken captive and kept in your human society that we pine away and die prematurily. Therefore we have no use for doctors and drug stores, hospitals and hot water bottles. We have never had a law suit over a line fence, and we don't need a great army of monkey lawyers to protect our personal interests from other monkeys. We have got more sense than that. We don't drink corn likker nor smoke cigars, chew tobacco nor dip snuff. We have more self-respect than to touch those nasty things.

And again—and this is one of my strongest points — we monkeys do not commit sin. We never have to be threatened with hell-fire to keep us straight. We don't need the services of a million monkey preachers continually trying to drag us into heaven by the hair of the head. We are not afraid of any devil with horns and forked hoofs, and the hell that your preachers talk so much about has no terrors for us.

We monkeys don't have to make money in order to live. We don't have to sweat in old dirty factories nor sit humped up all day counting column after column of foolish figures on paper. We know how to get along and live our lives in peace without so much bother, and I'll bet five bushels of cocoanuts against your store teeth that we get more enjoyment out of life than you do.

Now you take all these evil things that I have mentioned—including sin and the fear of hell—and you will notice that they are confined to the human race exclusively. We monkeys are not bothered with them at all. If you men had half as much sense as we monkeys have got you surely could see that there is no blood relation between us. Our way of living is simple and satisfactory, while yours is very complicated and very unsatisfactory. The differences are much greater than the resemblances, and therefore any attempt to prove a common origin is bound to end in failure.

Now, Mr. Editor, if this isn't enough proof, and if your wise men are still unable to see the point, I will write again.

Yours truly,
CHIMPAN Z. MONKEY.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN NATIONS

Onward, Christian nations,
  Making evermore
Costly preparations
  For murdering by war.

Battleships, torpedoes,
  Armor, guns and shells,
Anything for slaying foes
  The promotor sells.

Newspapers for lying,
  When the truth costs dear;
Fools to do the dying,
  Pay-try-ots to che

Rulers, priests and preache
  Hypocrites galore,
Praying to the Prince of Peace
  For victory in war.

PARAGRAPHS.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether this is a nation or a denomination.

* * *

When a savage puts on breeches and learns to love a dollar, we say he is civilized.

* * *

"United States Recognizes Greece," says a headline. Yes and the U. S. also recognizes oil.

* * *

If the prohibition law is the will of the people, then I suppose the widespread disobeying of the law is the won't of the people.

* * *

It seems that this country just needs "saving" once in every four years. And even then it don't get it.

* * *

Here is a secret. Don't tell anybody. And to make it perfectly safe, maybe I had better not tell you.

* * *

Moses Coolidge and Aaron Daws. No matter if Cal. can't talk—Charlie can do the talkin' and the cussin', too.

* * *

Any blamed fool can trot along after a leader and take orders from a boss. But I like to see a man who has sense enough to do his own thinking.

* * *

A few years from now, when the oil smell sorter wears off, perhaps Fall and Daugherty can make a living on the Chaw-talk-away Suck-it.

* * *

They say this is the wireless age. Well, they have been digging around old Nineveh and Babylon a good deal and they haven't found any wires there. So that must have been a wireless age, too.

* * *

"LaFollette's defeat indicates that the country will have to flutter along without any left wing," says the Little Rock Gazette. How do you get that? Wasn't LaFollette left? And isn't he still left? And isn't that a left wing? What are you talking about ?

* * *

The famous old Liberty Bell, is cracked so that it never can ring any more. And maybe that's the reason that LaFollette failed to "ring the bell." Maybe it was a psychological mistake for Bob to select a broken bell as his emblem. Looks sorter like it, anyhow.

* * *

Daily paper tells about another great calamity which befell America recently when two Roman bucks from Yankee Doodle were allowed to kiss the Pope's infallible hoof, and thereby became second-deputy-god cardinals with all power to tell the Creator how to run this part of the immoral vineyard. There was a picture of the two bucks in the paper, and they looked to me like two red-headed woodpeckers trying to eat worms out of a gourd.

A LETTER TO POSTERITY

The Earth,
February, 1925.

Dear Posterity:

I suppose you know who you are. If not, I will explain that you are the people who have not been born yet. You are doggon lucky, too, I can tell you. If you could only have foresight to stay where you are at present you would escape an awful sight of trouble. But you won't do it. I just know you won't. Other posterities have had the same chance you have, and they all acted the fool and come to the earth, and of course you will do just like the other posterities have done before you. It is a pity, but it can't be helped. So I guess you will just have to come on and take your medicine.

I don't know what your present address is, but since you are supposed to be headed this way, I will send this letter out into the future and maybe it will meet you somewhere this side of Never Was.

Of course you are a total stranger to me, and I wouldn't know you from a side of sole-leather if I met you in the road, but somehow I feel an interest in your welfare. I would like to warn you, if I could, that this isn't a very desirable world to come to, and that it might pay you to change cars and go some other way. But then there may not be any other trains running on the Future Unlimited, and so I guess you will be more than likely to arrive on this old earth by and by. I sorter hope your train will be delayed for a few hundred years until the earth gets to a better place than it is now.

I will probably not be here to head the reception committee when you arrive. But as that honor is usually given to the doctors' and the old women, I guess it don't matter. Somebody will be here to fill your milk bottle and help you put your clothes on. The old cow is about dry now, but maybe she will be fresh in a hundred years, and if not you can drink malted milk for awhile. You can order it from Roars and Sawbuck. You will find the catalog on top of the kitchen safe—if the mice don't eat it up before you get here.

About the first thing on your earthly program, you will have to get used to being kissed and slobbered over by a lot of total strangers called relatives who seem utterly unable to speak English. They will jabber at you in a strange broken lingo called "baby-talk." You will just have to excuse their conduct, for they haven't got more than half sense nohow. If you get sorry for their ignorance and begin to cry, they will grab you up and walk the floor, jabbering something like this: "Ooksey-gooksey-goo! Ams um tweetums toodlums tick at ums tummy?" It is very pitiful, but there isn't anything you can do about it. If you will just be patient a few years they will gradually learn how to talk English.

You will not be here very long until you will be introduced to bad-colds colic and whooping cough; also pills, paregoric and castor oil. As you grow older you will gradually become the proprietor of all the diseases that you will ever need to make you miserable. If at any time there should be some important disease missing from your collection, the doctor will supply it without cost. And then he will deliver the name of it by freight the next day. After which he will charge you for medicine to cure it. The doctors are mighty kind and accommodating in that way, and by the time you get here I think even the poor folks can afford the very best diseases.

But now, dear Posterity, this is no joking matter. It is serious business. You certainly have no conception of what you are going to get into, or you wouldn't dare to come here—not for awhile, at least. One of the first things that the "authorities" will do to you will be to search you for brains, and if they find any such dangerous property concealed about your person, you will either be hung, burnt at the stake, thrown into prison or deported to the North Pole. The rulers of this little ball of mud just will not endure brains nor intelligence nor anything of the kind if they can help it. Some people do use brains a little on the sly, but they have to be very careful about it. So if you are guilty of having any common sense I would advise you to wrap it up in a red flannel night-gown, pack it in moth-balls, and leave it there.

The best you can do here will be bad enough and there is no use to invite more trouble by trying to use your brains. You will be bulldozed by politicians, skinned alive by the money sharks, shot to pieces by the war-makers, killed by the doctors and sent to hell by the preachers. You will have to join the Church of Mammon, vote the Redemocan ticket, do whatever the bosses say, and keep your mouth shut. You will also have to fall out of flying machines, get run over by automobiles, buried in mine disasters, crazed by jazz, annoyed by static, and finally knocked out by cross word puzzles. You will run a continual risk of becoming a Captain of Industry or a Catholic priest, a millionaire or a member of Congress, an editor or an angel.

Now, Mister Posterity, if you still want to risk it I've got no more to say. But if you do come and get into all sorts of trouble, don't come to me with your tale of woe. I have tried to give you fair warning.

Yours truly,
The Fool-Killer Man.

"Dry Agents Disguised as Gentlemen Enter Hotel." So reads a Washington headline. Ain't there no way to keep them "Dry Agents" from pretending to be gentlemen?

A PROBLEM IN MULTIPLICATION.

I am going to preach a sermon on "Multiplication," and I will take for my text the old "horse-shoeing" problem that our granddaddies used to figger on when they ought to have been hoeing corn or splitting stove wood. Here it is:

> A man takes his horse to a blacksmith to be shod. There are four shoes to nail on, and eight nails to the shoe, making 32 nails in all. The blacksmith agrees to shoe the horse on the following terms—one cent for the first nail, and the price to be doubled for each succeeding nail until the 32 nails are driven. What will the job cost?

Oh, somebody says, that would make the job cost fifteen or twenty dollars. You bet your boots it would! And then some. Of course it don't seem possible, but it would actually cost over Forty-Two Million Dollars. If you don't believe it, just count it for yourself.

Now I want to use that problem to illustrate something. I want to apply it to the past and future history of the human race on this earth. Something very much akin to that horse-shoeing problem is now operating in the world in connection with the inventions and discoveries of science. In the horse-shoeing problem you will note that you go quite a distance in it before the figures begin to mount very high. But the further it goes the more rapidly the figures climb. Well, the history of the world's progress along inventive and scientific lines has furnished a perfect analogy to that. For many hundreds of years there was just a very gradual increase in knowledge—just a little bit of invention and discovery. But if you work it out in the form of a Babson chart you will see that the line has a continually increasing upward curve, and when you reach a point about fifty years ago the curve begins to go up rather rapidly. The age of steam was followed in quick succession by the age of electricity, and running straight through both was the miracle of diversified machinery.

And now enters another factor. To go no further back, let us consider the automobile. There are two ways in which the automobile has contributed (and will contribute) to the upward curve of science. First it has developed a world of mechanics. Thirty years ago we would not have believed that just anybody could handle such a machine. We would have thought that its use must be limited to a few experts. But we see now that it has become universal, and the person who cannot handle a car is the rare exception. This seems to prove that the mechanical instinct was latent in nearly everybody, and only needed awakening.

Well, now, since it has been awakened by the automobile, what will be the result? With so many millions of young men and boys (and girls, too) becoming machinery-minded, there is no telling how many thousands of great inventors will thus be developed. The boy who tinkers with an old Ford to-day may get an inspiration for some astounding new invention of his own. And thus the upward curve must continue. The stream of mechanical wonders must get bigger and broader and deeper as we go on into the future.

The second way in which the automobile will contribute to the upward curve will be through the female of the species. The present generation of girls is growing up to be a generation of car drivers. Whereas the girl of fifty years ago was a clinging vine too timid to push a baby carriage, the girl of to-day can maneuver a great roaring monster through crowded streets and never bat an eye. The mother of to-day not only rides in a car but drives it, and, often, gets down with her tool-kit and fixes it when something goes wrong. Thus millions of prospective mothers and potential mothers are living in an atmosphere charged with the hum and hurry of powerful machinery. Prospective mothers carry their unborn children from day to day in that same atmosphere of machines and machinery-mindedness, and before a child ever sees the light of day it has become accustomed to the vibration of a motor. It is easy to see that children brought into the world under such conditions will be prenatally trained in machinery, and that the next generation is certain to be many times more gifted in mechanics and invention than the present one.

Just suppose the wonders keep multiplying even at the present rate for another fifty years, what sort of a world will it be? Figger it out for yourself.

"Coolness is Keynote of Fire in Hotel." Headline. New kind of fire, maybe. Next we shall hear that "dryness" is the "keynote" of a flood.

If it should turn out to be as hard for a rich man to enter heaven as it is for a poor man to stay on earth, they would sure-to-goodness have a tight squeeze.

And now they are going to remodel the Capitol at Washington so as to give the Senate Chamber an outside exposure. And while they are at it I do hope they will fix to give the Senate some inside exposure too. It certainly needs it.

From far-away India comes the news that every member of the new Indian Congress shall do actual work with his hands as well as with his mouth. It is stipulated that each congressman shall spin 2,000 yards of yarn monthly. Fire and tow! That ain't a patchin'. Our congressmen at Washington spin more yarn than that every day, but they do it with their infernal mouths.

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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GRAMMAR

Be careful of your grammar,
  Don't let nobody find
You ain't been taught how you had ought
  To speak what's in your mind.
I never knowed no person
  What wouldn't find their speech
Improved a lot by learning what
  The grammars has to teach.

Them grammar books will learn you
  How English should be spoke,
So you won't make no bad mistake
  Like crude uncultured folk.
Don't never talk like they does;
  There ain't no reason why
You couldn't be as smart as me
  And learn to talk like I.

Us educated people,
  Wherever we have went,
Finds others whom fills us with gloom
  Because they are content
To speak the English language
  Without no kind of care,
Though, if they looks, they's grammer books
  To learn 'em everywhere.

—Berton Braley.

MAN IS A QUAIR DUCK, TOO

Talk about wimmen being quair! Of course they are ,sorter, but the men are purty tolerable quair, too, when you come to think about it. Now you take a man at his own home. If he had to climb up on a high stool in front of a table with no cloth on it and eat his meals that way, wouldn't he raise cain in a hurry? You bet! But the old fool will go to a cheap restaurant, crawl up on a greasy stool between two dirty tramps and gobble down a hunk of raw mule and a bowl of soup made out of dishrags and rain water, and swear he enjoys it all. Let a man's wife at home offer him a piece of pie from which she or one of the children had taken a bite, and he would holler his head off. But he will get out in a crowd and borrow a chaw of terbacker from the first straggler he meets and set his teeth into the plug where a consumptive Chinaman has bit off a chaw, and that's all right.

At home he won't drink milk out of a glass from which one of the family has been drinking, but just call him into the back stall of a livery stable and pull out a bottle and he will stick the neck of the bottle six inches down his throat in order to get a swig, after half a dozen nasty niggers have had the bottle-neck in their big black mouths.

Verily, a man is a quair duck.

If we had many worlds like this one to go through it would just about plum wear us out.

"END OF TIME" DIDN'T COME

Just as I expected:
The earth is right here yet.
And time is still going on.

And so that widely-advertised "end of time" which was scheduled to arrive on February 6th did not materialize.

I have noticed that it never does, and I am beginning to lose interest in these "end of time" shindigs that are gotten up by religious cranks and fanatics with more zeal than common sense.

This is a hard blow to Mrs. Margaret Rowen, of Los Angeles, the Reformed Seventh Day Adventist "prophetess." For more than a year she has had the date set, and she and her followers have been warning the world that the Judgment Day would arrive promptly on February 6th, 1925.

Wonder what Margaret is saying about it now? And how will her followers explain matters? About the best explanation I know of is found in Deuteronomy 18:22, which says:

> "When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not, nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken; but the prophet hath spoken it presumptuously. Thou shalt not be afraid of him."

There have been self-appointed prophets of doom from time out of mind, and this isn't the first "end of time" date that went galloping by with its tail in the air and nothing happened. There have been several before this, the most notable one being the William Miller date in 1844. And I remember one when I was a very small boy. Many of the ignorant people of my neighborhood believed in it, and they had me just about scared into fits. I had built a dam in the branch and had put up a flutter-mill. The country boy who hasn't built a flutter-mill on the branch hasn't half lived. Well, this was the biggest and best flutter-mill that I had ever owned, and I was proud of it. Then one day the "end of time" was announced, and you can imagine my consternation. I just knew that if the end of time came and the earth was burnt up as they predicted, it would plum ruin my flutter-mill.

My joy was great when I saw that my flutter-mill had escaped without a scratch, but all the "prophetic" flutter-mills in my neighbohood were about ruint.

And now Margaret Rowen's prophetic flutter-mill has ceased to flutter.

And all this is what comes of looking for the wrong thing at the right time. A good many other "prophets" who think they are smarter than Margaret Rowen will get fooled just as bad as she did.

BOOGER MAN 'LL GET 'IM.

There is a little sawed-off son of Abraham away out yander in Kansas who has taken upon himself the job of killing God, destroying the Bible, and wiping all forms of religion clean off the map.

The name of this particular God-killer is E. Haldeman-Julius, and he operates a big infidel-hatchery at Girard, Kansas, where he publishes three of four papers and magazines devoted to his pet hobby. His "Haldeman-Julius Weekly" is a regular hard-shell missionary for infidelity and the devil, and he spills about ten columns of his hell-hatched harrangue in it every week.

Then he has two more rather mild-mannered monthlies that only kill God occasionally and very gently. But that wasn't enough, so he has just started a new one, "The Haldeman-Julius Monthly," which is going to be the old bell-weather of the whole howling pack. It is going to plant its bear-clawed feet on the red-hot dome of hell and reach its long hairy arms up among the stars and just literally pull God right off His throne and murder Him in His tracks. It is going to take the Bible, which has been destroyed so many times before, and wipe it clean out of existence one more time. It will be remembered that Voltaire and Ingersoll and Payne, and various others, have destroyed the Bible from time to time; but the old Book has a disagreeable habit of refusing to stay destroyed. And so it must be done over again in this good year of 1925, A. D.

The little second-hand Voltaire in Girard thinks he is equal to the big job, and it is one holy sight to watch him skin out of his coat and get ready for the battle. He reminds me of a new-born tadpole trying to drink the ocean.

Oh, shucks! It would be funny if were not so pitiful. A human tadpole! A mortal seed-tick! A two-legged louse! And trying to defy the Eternal Creator of all things! If Almighty God ,sitting throned in His heaven, takes notice of such wiggle-tail performances here on His footstool, He must be mildly amused.

There is something peculiar about all these hard-fought battles that the infidels wage against God and the Bible, anyhow. Why does a non-existent God call forth so much yowyowing among His enemies? If they don't believe the game is there, why do they waste so much good ammunition shooting at it?

If God and the Bible and the Christian religion are as dead and useless as Hadleman-Julius says they are, it looks to me like there wouldn't be any use for him to raise such a thunderation racket about them, and waste all that good paper and ink trying to kill something that was already dead. The fact that he does it gives the lie to his words and proves that God and the Bible are very much alive.

You can't pick up a Haldeman-Julius paper without seeing the words "God" and "Bible" and "Jesus" and "religion" all over it as thick as Fords on Main Street. If he enjoys talking about dead things so awfully much, why on earth don't he talk about King Tut and Daniel Boone's dog and the Democratic party?

HOT ROASTED 'TATERS

The progressive march of science just keeps right on keeping on, and if Luther Burbank don't look out, I am afraid he is going to get left with the bag to hold, so to speak.

I see in the papers that some cunning plant-wizzard is going to just literally and everlastingly put to shame our friend Luther. The story is that the newly-risen second Burbank has succeeded in raising an improved sort of Irish potatoes, already salted and peppered.

Of course you don't believe it. I don't either, but it's a fact, all the same. It's all very easy to understand when you know the method. He does it by planting a stalk of red pepper in each potota hill, and that takes care of the peppering. Then he waters his patch with salty water every day, and, lo! the proper salt flavor is added to the growing spuds.

There is just one thing lacking now, and the wizard is working day and night on that. He never intends to give up until he succeeds in growing the potatoes already cooked, as well as salted and peppered, and ready for the table.

You may not think it possible, but I believe he will succeed. I think his wonderful ability as a liar will bring his 'tater patch into such close contact will hell that the tubers will be thoroughly roasted. Then he can get him a tin snout and root them out of the ground like a hog and eat 'taters till everything goes easy.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
at
Pores Knob, North Carolina

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

NOTICE! — NO BABIES WANTED!

I am informed that there is a sect of people somewhere who require that all their members remain unmarried and that they strictly practice chastity and continence all the days of their lives. In plain words, they must crucify sex and refuse to reproduce their kind, either in or out of marriage.

Looks to me like that bunch is trying to exterminate itself. It is sitting on a limb and sawing the limb off between itself and the tree. Where does it expect to get recruits if it don't raise up any young-uns to follow in its footsteps?

Just suppose everybody should get converted to that idea and practice it for seventy-five or a hundred years, this old earth would be one grand hospital for old folks, and nobody young enough to wait on 'em. I am worrying about that. Ain't you?

Doctors write their prescriptions in a dead language, and after the patient takes the stuff he is soon as dead as the language is.

PARAGRAPHS.

A "dry agent" never stays dry any longer than it takes him to get hold of something wet.

Run along, kiddies, and bring mammy a bucket of water. It ain't again the law any more.

There may never be any better time than right now to get up that club for The Fool-Killer. Yes, I am talking to you.

If you haven't died from drinking poison moonshine ,there is at least a chance that you are still alive.

It seems that some of the thirsty fools would rather drink it and die than to live and do without it.

Well, chillun, the 20th amendment has died a-bornin', and now you young-uns can go to toting in stove wood.

Sure enough, this is the very same year that the almanac said it would be. My, but ain't the almanac smart?

They say the world owes every man a living, but it is a mighty bad debt, and most of us have lots of trouble trying to collect.

Yes, honey, there is plenty of evidence that the scum always rises to the top. But where in the dickens is the skimmer?

Whether you call it a dry wet congress or a wet dry congress, it is all the same. It seems that the "great statesmen" who made the law must have their dram in spite of the law.

An exchange wants to know what the "modern girl" of today will be twenty years hence. That's easy. She will be an old woman worrying her head off about the "modern girl" of twenty years hence.

Conan Doyle says marriages are common in the spirit world. And divorces, too, I guess. When a spiritual wife hits her spiritual husband over the head with a spiritual rolling-pin. I'll bet there's some tall spiritual cussing.

Every infidel paper published during the present year will bear the date 1925. That is a silent but necessary tribute which they must pay to the Christ that they deny. Why don't the infidels calculate their dates from the birth of Voltaire?

Charlie Chaplin is in a bushel of trouble. Some sort of a cheap skate who calls himself "Charlie Alpin" has stolen Charlie's make-up and stepped onto the movie stage in an effort to get some of Chaplin's honors. I know just how Charlie feels about that. Several up-start editors have tried to get up imitations of The Fool-Killer. But they never amounted to much.

A good deal of the "cream of society" ought to be churned.

The English language is a very good language to cuss with.

The smaller a man's soul is, the more meanness it will hold.

It's a mystery to me why table knives are called "cutlery." I never saw one that would cut.

If it wasn't for fishermen the fish would live forever, as it is impossible to drown them.

If a poor man had plenty of money he wouldn't need it. Being without it is where the need comes in.

Have you "resigned" from the cabinet yet? Or did you just get kicked out of the Postoffice Department?

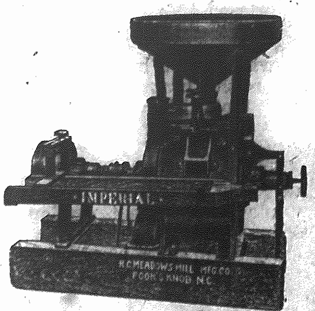
The vacuum tube is a fine thing for magnifying sound. Wonder if a feller could swap ends with it and make it reduce sound? That would come in mighty handy sometimes.

A mountain in South Wales is said to be moving because of heavy and continuous rains. That's a funny thing for a mountain to do. Why did n't it just go in out of the rain, or get an unbrella?

The birds don't have any politics nor any government that we know of, and yet they live happily together and always feel like singing. Ain't it a pity that people can't have as much sense as the birds?

This issue of The Fool-Killer clears up one mystery that never had been explained before—the question as to where Cain got his wife. Read the letter from Cain's Wife in another column and learn all about it.

Haldeman-Julius names over a long list of men that he considers greater than Jesus. But for some unknown reason he continues to use the birth of Jesus as the starting point for his dates. Fi-zim I'd quit that.



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Write today for free catalogue and prices of the "Imperial" Iron Frame Corn Mill for Bread and Feed. Address:

R. C. Meadows Mill Mfg. Co.,
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THANK YOU!

I cannot let this issue go to press without a word of thanks to all you folks who have given The Fool-Killer such a warm welcome and such loyal support since it "came back." The response was immediate and very generous, and the words of welcome and good-will from thousands of old friends are enough to make any man feel good. It repays me for all the struggle and disappointment just to know that I have been missed ,and that my "come-back" is such a joyful event to my thousands of unseen friends in every part of the country.

The number of subscriptions received during the first month was more than twice what I expected, and the stream is getting bigger every day. Just keep up that lick, folks, and we will soon show the world what the word "circulation" means. Tote the paper in your pocket and tackle everybody you see. Don't let a soul escape. I will try to give you the very best dope you ever read, and the office force will get the paper to you right hot out of the skillet. Now go to it! Altogether.

"Hair Covers Baby at Birth," says a headline, and the doctors are wondering what it means. Oh, I reckon it's just another proof that man evoluted from a monkey.

THAT-THAR "POETRY" BOOK

Say, honey, do you remember that I used to talk about getting out a book of my poems? Well, after so long a time I did get the book made. It is a great big nice looking book of nearly 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper, bound in dark green cloth with title in gold, and weighs nearly two pounds. It contains about 300 poems—the best of all I have written in the past 33 years. I priced it at $2.10 postpaid, but have decided to offer it to all my old Fool-Killer friends at a reduced price. You folks have been my old chums for so long that you seem just like home folks, and I want to send you a copy of "Pearson's Poems" for only $1.10 postpaid. That's just about selling it at cost. Books of a similar size and quality usually sell for $2.00 or more. But, doggon it, I reckon I've got a right to give my friends a bargain if I want to. May I wrap up one for you at $1.10? I want to hear at once from all of you who want the book at that price. That's right. Thank you. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N.C.

JOY PACKAGE FOR 15 CENTS

If you want to laugh and forget your troubles, read The Fool-Killer, of course. But if, when the laugh is over, you feel as blue and bad as ever, let me tell you how to get the joy that sticks. Send me fifteen cents and you will receive a dainty little book of verses written by Yours Truly, and a pamphlet entitled "How to Be a Joycrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:

Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

McADOO

Some future age will wonder who
Was William Gibbs, the McAdoo—
A man of high intrinsic worth,
The greatest son-in-law on earth.

Now while I am his life reviewing,
He's always up and McAdooing.
He labors hard from sun to sun—
His work is never McAdone.

He regulates our circustances,
Our buildings, industries, finances.
The wires keep up a constant buzz
To tell us what he McAdoes.

But while with sympathetic cooings
I sing his varied McAdooings,
I wonder if he ever hid
A single thing he McAdid?

A SERMON ON SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS

Sit up, children! Open your eyes and take your thumbs out of your mouths, and listen to old Pearson reel off a few more hanks of home-spun gospel.

Yes sir, I believe in schools and education and books and all that sort of thing. I also believe in having sense enough to think for yourself without some hatchet-faced and hawk-nosed old "perfessor" having to stand over you and grease your mental wheels with second-hand slobber from the Greek philosophers.

What in the name of Charles W. Eliot's night-shirt is a school supposed to be for, anyhow? Does anybody know? I've got it sorter mapped out in my thinkery that a school ought to be a place where a young-un could learn how to think for itself. Learn a child how to learn, and then you needn't be uneasy about the rest of it. He will go right on learning in spite of everything if he's got ordinary sense and ain't too blamed lazy to keep his eyes open.

But our modern schools, so far as I can find out, are not interested in learning the child how to learn—how to think and reason for himself. They've got about seventeen million tons of old mouldy, moth-eaten and mildewed "facts" (and half of them are lies at that) which they try to cram into the student's head like packing meat-skins into a soap-grease gourd. And after they are packed in, the student will have just about as much use for them in real life as the devil would have for a pair of skates.

Why, thunder and blazes! You can't take three or four hundred boys and gals and pour them into a hopper and have them come out all just alike, each one knowing just the same things that the others know, and thinking just like all the rest. They just won't do it. They can't do it. And it wouldn't be right if they could. No two young-uns in this world are just exactly alike to start with, and all the schools this side of the Garden of Eden can't make them alike.

Each and every child—not only in school, but in the home and everywhere—ought to be encouraged to be an individual and not a mere cog in a wheel. The child's natural bent or inclination should be discovered as early as possible, and he should be encouraged to develop in the direction of his strongest talent. Then he would go gladly and without driving, and he would make a success of it. But instead of that, the schools try to grind out so many hundred professional dummies all just alike and settle them down to trades and professions that they hate, and you had just about as well throw them in the river before they are weaned.

Now, as you probably know, I am just a common back-woods hill-billy who never went to school any hardly, and I am not supposed to know much of anything. I don't claim to have any education at all. But having been a reader and thinker for many years, it is possible that I have picked up a few stray ideas.

Anyhow, I am often made to wonder whether I would have been much better off if I had gone through the schools. Once in awhile I come in contact with people who have been to the schools and the colleges, and I try to talk with them in order to learn something. But when I have tried to talk with these school people about the very things that they are supposed to know—the things that any intelligent person ought to know—I have often been very much surprised to discover that they did not seem to know half as much as I knew myself. I have actually had to "talk down" to them, if you know what that means. Usually they are as blank and dumb as a sack of oats and don't seem to know nor care whether education is a brain disease or a new kind of soap.

If I had been to school as much as some folks in this country, and still didn't know any more than they seem to know, blame-taked if I wouldn't tie myself to a toy balloon and sail off into the wilderness like a cotton-weed blossom.

A LOVE STORY

Sam Short saw Sally Spriggins. Sally Spriggins saw Sam short. Sam seemed sorely smitten. Sally sorter smiled. Some strange, sweet sensation seemed silently set soulward. Sam signified such sensation, so Sally soon saw something serious seemed sure. Sam said Sally's smiles shed sweetness. Sally said Sam's speech sounded sorter silly.

Several Sundays saw Sam sporting Sally. Saying some sentimental sentence, Sam sorter sighed. Sally sat silent.

Suddenly Sam, seeming strangely stirred, spoke saying: "Say, Sally, suppose somebody sought spouse, should somebody succeed?"

Sally simply said: "Seek sire, Sam, seek sire." So Sam sought Sire Spriggins. Sire Spriggins said, "Sartin."

At Madill, Oklahoma, there is a law firm by the name of Ryder & Hurt. How cruel! They ought not to Ryder if it Hurts.

AN ESSAY ON GROWTH

Herbert Spencer—lemme see—what was I going to say about Herbert Spencer? Oh, well, it don't matter. He hasn't got a thing to do with this piece, nohow. What I really want to talk about is the question of a man's mental growth and development from one stage of his life to another.

Any man who is worth a dried-apple cuss, and who tries to use his mind at all, will certainly grow and change in his mental make-up as he passes on through the years. If he does not, he is a dwarfed and stunted creature and an object of pity. He may make money and bluff his way through the world and pass off for a success; but if his mind gets in a rut and stays there he has missed all the zest and tang of living.

I am thankful that I have not remained in a mental rut. I am proud of the fact that I have grown and developed and changed. Since that momentous day fifteen years ago when I started The Fool-Killer I have seen many sides of life and felt just about all of the sharp corners. But every step of the way has been a continual unfolding—a new view and a better view of life's landscape.

I have passed through valleys of shadow, and I have stood on hilltops of light. I have identified myself with different intellectual movements at different times, and they were all good. They were good in themselves, and they were good for me at that stage of my career. Just as the child starts at A B C and moves up through grade after grade, so I studied the lessons of life as I came to them.

But the different intellectual movements and the lessons they taught me were not stopping places—they were only mile-posts on the road. And what traveller would quarrel with the mile-post because he must pass it and go on? If it has told him the truth it has served a useful purpose and earned his thanks.

I started out fifteen years ago to be a brass-faced monkey, because that was all I knew how to be. A few years sobered me and opened my eyes to the serious side of life. Then I wanted to become a teacher and impart to others what I had learned. Tried it. Discovered, to my amazement, that the others knew all they cared to know and didn't want to be taught. In short, I became disillusioned, and that was another mile-post. No man knows very much until he learns that the world is a durned fool and cannot be taught any sense. That's the hotel I am putting up at tonight. Come in and take pot-luck with me, for tomorrow I must try the road again.

"What is real happiness?" asks an exchange. Why, Buddy, it's what you still wouldn't have if you had everything you think you want.

A ONE-SIDED CURIOSITY

Into the sweet seclusion of my thoroughbred thinkatorium has drifted, from Inglewood, California, two or three copies of "Queen Silver's Magazine." The editor is a girl who claims to be only fourteen years old, and she claims that her name is Queen Silver. If that is her own real name she is lucky in having a name that is unique and distinctive. It is different—it stands out and would attract attention anywhere.

But, after all, the name isn't as "different" as the girl. If she is really the author of all the stuff she prints in her magazine she is one of the wonders of the world for intellect. The magazine has 16 pages ,three columns to the page, and it is chuck full of the most brilliant infidelity that I have ever seen. Even Haldeman-Julius is a back-number when it comes to straight-out and clear-cut denial of God and everything connected with a belief in God. She is an evolutionist of the most pronounced type, and she prints her picture with a monkey in her lap to prove that she is akin to the monkey. And I am nearly convinced, because she is just about as ugly as the monkey is.

This fourteen-year-old girl, Queen Silver, says she travels over the country and delivers lectures — infidel lectures, of course — before great audiences in the cities. She prints these lectures in her magazine, and there is no denying that she is brilliant and well-informed, with a grasp and mastery of thought that would puzzle the philosophers.

But there is evident in the work of this brilliant child one great lack. She is all brain. The most careful study of her work reveals no sign nor symptom of a heart. She is as cold as an iceberg and as unlovable as a marble statue. With all of her learning, I don't suppose she knows there is such a thing as love in the world. Kindness, gentleness and affection would have no meaning for her. That's the kind of character that grows out of infidel soil. The greatest brain in the world is not worth much unless there is some heart to work with it. And even a heart isn't worth much unless there is some God in it.

A SILENT NOISE

On page 176 of the International Book Review for February I find this remarkable statement: "The silence of Alfred Noyes during the past three or four years has been one of the mysteries of the literary world." A silent Noyes! Did you ever hear that sort of a noise? And did you ever hear that one about the oyster and the noise? Here it is: "What sort of a noise annoys an oyster most? A noisy noise annoys an oyster most." So it seems that Alfred Noyes is not a noisy Noyes here of late.

MORE ABOUT ADAM

The letter from Adam in the February issue of The Fool-Killer has created more excitement and comment than Carter had oats. Some readers seem to like it immensely, while others declare that Adam will never be a success as a writer. I am inclined to agree with the latter view. I think Adam should stick to his job of filling a patriarch's grave at $9.00 per week and let somebody else write the stuff for the papers. If he had anything to say he didn't seem to know how to get it said. His word-mill kept going around, but it didn't grind out any sense so far as I could see.

But looky here! We will have to excuse Adam for his educational shortcomings, because he never went to school when he was a boy. In fact, if all reports are true, he never was a boy nohow. He was just born full grown with his boots on and a beard three feet long. The first thing he did after being born was to look for a barber shop to get a shave. But the barber was gone to dinner just then, and Adam couldn't wait till he got back, so he never got shaved at all.

Adam wasn't more than a month old when he got married and went to buying furniture and groceries on the installment plan. The family began to increase right away, and it took all the money Adam could get to buy calico and overalls and pay his tax.

So you can easily see that Adam had no chance to get an education. He not only missed getting an education, but he missed all the pleasures of childhood, including the caster oil bottle, cutting teeth and having his neck washed. On top of that, he had to blaze a brand-new trail through the matrimonial forest. He had to step right into the responsibilities of a husband and father without any previous experience of anyone to give him advice. Really it isn't much wonder that he made a mess of it. Perhaps you or I wouldn't have done much better under the same conditions.

We might say, of course, that Adam could have studied at home, like some of the rest of us have had to do. But that depends. I don't suppose he had any chance to study at home. After plowing in a stumpy newground from daylight till dark, or maybe picking cotton or hewing crossties, he was generally too tired to study at night. Coming from the field, he had to feed, milk the cow and tote in stovewood while Eve was getting supper. After which it was his custom to pull off his shoes, light his pipe and smoke awhile. He always declared that he could smoke better with his shoes off.

Once in awhile, when he wasn't quite so tired as usual, Adam would pick up the Bible or Shakespeare, the Literary Digest or The Fool-Killer, and try to read a few minutes. But Eve always fussed about the light bill and drove him off to bed about 8:30 P. M. by the town clock.

But after all, I suppose Adam did very well as a husband and father. His career as a husband was not so remarkable, I reckon; but when it come to being a father, old Adam is right there with the goods. His work as a father has been very extensive indeed, and it has been widely commented on in the papers. If Adam could stand on a mountain top and see all his children in one crowd, and if he could realize the full consequences of what he started way back there in Eden, he would no doubt wish that he had died a bachelor. And I guess a good many other people wish it, too.

But I am pleased to present to you in another column of this issue of The Fool-Killer a very interesting letter from Cain's Wife. You will see that she seems to understand the English language and is a much better composer than her father-in-law, Adam. Don't fail to read the letter from Cain's Wife.

A LETTER FROM CAIN'S WIFE

My "Letter From Adam" in the February Fool-Killer was such a howling success that I decided to go fishing for spooks again and see what I could catch.

I bated my hook with a spiritual worm
That I dug from a bank of fog,
And seated myself all steady and firm
On the end of a spiritual log.

I dropped my hook in the Humbug Sea
Where the waters of Fake are deep,
Then leaned my head 'gainst a Hoodoo Tree,
And soon was fast asleep.

Then all at once I felt a bite
That made me lift my head.
My hook had caught a paper white,
And this is what I read:

Dear Fool-Killer:

I noticed in the February issue of The Fool-Killer that my father-in-law, the late Mr. Adam, of the Garden of Eden, had been writing to you, and I just took a notion to try my hand at a letter to The Fool-Killer.

Let me explain before going further that I am Cain's Wife, the mysterious lady concerning whom there has been so much speculation in the theological world.

Now don't get scared and throw this letter in the wastebasket before you read it. I have been up here in heaven for over five thousand years, and I am considered perfectly safe and respectable. Of course my old man was a pretty hard wad in his young days, but I couldn't help that. I didn't know about that Abel affair nohow until several years after Cain and I were married and we were living in the land of Nod. I probably wouldn't have heard it then, but Cain took a notion to run for Sheriff of Nod, and you know everything comes out during a political campaign. My old man's opponent got hold of that tale and he just spread it everywhere. He even had it printed on the first page of the Daily Dishrag, and Cain was plum knocked out of the race. I didn't care for the loss of the office, but the discovery that my old man was a murderer was what got my goat. My first impulse was to go to the United States of America and get a divorce, but he begged so hard that I finally consented to stay with him on condition that he wouldn't kill anybody else. And there was little Enoch to be considered also. I couldn't leave him, and I didn't know any place I could take him to. So we all stayed there together. It was pretty hard living sometimes, but we never did quite starve, and after while our fortunes began to improve. Cain got religion and worked hard and saved, and in a few more years we were rich enough to build a fine house and buy an automobile . I began to be sorter proud of my old man then, and he went on till he finally built a city and became a regular captian of industry.

Adam and Eve wouldn't have anything to do with us at first, but after we got rich and respectable they took to coming over about once a year and visiting with us. Adam seemed to think a right smart of Enoch, and I can just see yet how Enoch used to pull his Grandpaw's beard and towsle his white hair.

Then one year when Adam and Eve came to see us they brought with them a new little boy named Seth. He was a cute little feller, and I remember we taught Enoch to call him "Uncle Seth." From year to year there were still other children added to Adam's family till he had a regular gang of them. The last time they came to see us, shortly before Adam died ,they came in a large motor truck with a boy about five hundred years old at the wheel.

But going back now to our own family affairs. For a long time there was a mystery in our family in regard to who I was and where I came from. We all agreed that I was not Cain's sister, but just where I did come from nobody seemed to know. Adam was supposed to be the father of all the human race, and if I wasn't his daughter, then where did I come from? I didn't remember and nobody else seemed to know. And so the matter stood.

But when Enoch grew up and finished high school we sent him to Nod University where he studied Darwinism and learned about how people evolute from monkeys. He came back home and explained all about it and showed us Darwin's book with the pictures in it to prove that monkeys could change into people. Like a sudden flash it all came over me—that explained my origin. I had been a monkey somewhere back in the past, and I had evoluted into a woman just in time to become Cain wife. And so I say, Hurrah for Darwin!. Education is a great thing. Without a college-trained son I might never have known where I came from.

But finally we all died and came to heaven. We are all living here on the same golden street and having a fine time. Adam is sitting on his front porch just now, and he is reading The Fool-Killer and laughing. Eve has just gone around the house to water her flowers. Cain and Abel are playing tennis in a back lot with a couple of angels. Send me a bundle of samples and I will get you a big club here in heaven.

Yours happily,
CAIN'S WIFE.

A SERMON ON COLUMBUS

The Providence Journal wants to know where we-unses would all have been now if Columbus hadn't discovered America. Oh, I guess if Chris hadn't done it somebody else would. As big a thing as America couldn't have remained lost forever. The reason it wasn't found sooner was because the people of old times were ignorant and didn't know how to look for anything. The people of the old world probably knew thousands of years ago that America was lost, but they didn't seem to care. If anybody had wanted to find it at an earlier date they could easily have done so. It was right here, and so far as we know, it made no effort to get away. It was not a bit wild when Columbus and his men arrived. America hadn't done anything then to be ashamed of like she has now, and there was no need for her to run and hide like Adam and Eve did when God came walking in the garden about five o'clock one evening.

My honest opinion is that Columbus has always been given too much honor for what he did. He has been treated just as if he had done something that was very hard to do, like finding a needle in a haystack or a Democrat that didn't want office. But what he did was nothing like that. He started sailing west, and all he had to do was to just sit steady in the boat and come right on. Here was America stretched right across his path for about five or six thousand miles, and even if he had come with his eyes shut he was bound to have hit it somewhere. He couldn't possibly have missed it, unless he had turned around and gone some other way.

So I can't see that Columbus is entitled to so much credit, after all. Now if he had found an honest politician, or discovered some sense in this-here "new poetry," it would have been something to brag about. But just discovering America—good Lord! Anybody could have done that.

Women are just like men, only different.

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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ODES TO THE MUSES

The anaconda is a prig,
We wobble forth to mention;
The smile he gives us from his twig
Is acacondescension.

The armadillo is a beast
That fits well in this story;
If he is not slow, at least
He is armadilatory.

The bee's a spiteful little bug,
And sometimes very rude,
And at its worst when it assumes
A sweet bee-attitude.

The goat is a mild-mannered chap
As ever you did see;
Twist his tail as much as you please,
Butt--don't monkey with his gost-ee.

The asp's a vicous little thing
That needs extermination;
To greet a fellow with a sting
Seems all its asp-iration.

The jackass meekly bears his load
O'er plain or mountain fastness;
But if you dare to pull his tail
He shows his true jackass-ness.

THE APRIL FOOL ISSUE

Since this is to be an April-Fool issue, I hardly know where to begin with my chin-music. There is danger that I will make it either too wise or too foolish, and you know just a little too much of either would plum spile it.

It ain't as easy to get up all this wise foolishness and solemn fun as you might think it is. Just try it for about fifteen years and you'll see.

Every month for nearly fifteen years I've had to stand on my head and kick holes in the air to amuse 50,000 readers. It looks like I would have been bald-headed by this time, but I ain't. The same dark brown locks that decorated my dome of thought fifteen years ago are there yet. Which shows that hair and brains can sometimes live together in peace.

The Fool-Killer is a good deal different from any other paper. Anybody that reads it one time will agree to that. And mere difference in style isn't the only difference, either. For instance, other papers have at least two or three men (and sometimes a dozen) that they can depend on for the mental juice to fill their pages. But in this-here editorial joint there is nobody but old Pearson to keep the hopper full. If my personal supply of fool gab runs out the mill has to stop.

Well, it has been running for fifteen years, and it ain't stopped yet. There is not, never has been, and probably never will be any other man who can just exactly fill the bill for Fool-Killer stuff. Several have tried it and failed. Two or three have even started "Fool-Killers" of their own and tried to steal my thunder and my fame, but they couldnot tote it even after they got it in the sack.

And I reckon that's why it happens that old Pearson is still the only and original "Fool-Killer Man," with a perfectly clear right and title to the name and all the glory that goes with it.

THE IN-AUGER-ATION

Well, honey, I just wish you could have been with me in the little old village of Washington, D. C., on the 4th of March. We had one regular skrumshus old time that day. It was the first In-auger-ation I had been to since I saw our old friend Woodrow walk the tight rope in 1913.

When I go to In-auger-ation I always start in time to get there the day before, so as to get me a bunk and a bite to eat before the show starts.

On the occasion of Woodrow's coronation twelve years ago things were pretty crowded, and I came very near having to sleep with a Democratic congressman from Alabama. But at my earnest request the congressman finally agreed to sleep on the floor.

But this time I didn't have any such trouble. The watch-word, as you know, was "Economy," and Cal didn't let 'em spread on the glory as thick as usual. There wasn't hardly enough visitors in town to hold inquests over the hotel-keepers that died of broken hearts.

The little town has changed a good deal in some ways since I saw it. But the Capitol is in the same place, the White House hasn't moved, and most of the streets are right there yet. They have cleaned up the ashes and tin cans on the lot fronting the Union Station, and two old nigger wimmen were planting the patch in Irish taters.

I was also glad to note that some enterprising feller has put up a new filling station in Washington since I was there. Its location is well chosen to harmonize with the scenery, and it helps the looks of the town a plum sight.

But I didn't start to tell you about that. I was going to enlighten your minds in regard to the In-auger-ation. The reason they call it an In-auger-ation is because an auger is an instrument to bore with, and the people are certain to be bored with the administration before it is finished.

Bright and early on the morning of the 4th I took hold of my big toe and cranked myself and walked up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House. Knocked at the door just as I used to when Teddy Roosevelt liverd there. In a minute I heard footsteps approaching. Then Cal's nose came in sight, and he was not very far behind it. He was holding his smile in both hands and trying his best to put it on straight, but his nose was in the way and he never did get it fixed right.

"Hello, Cal," sez I, "what you doing this morning?"

"Just been taking my morning ride on 'Economy'—that's the name of my electric hobby-hoss, you know. Fine hoss. No head. Don't need any. Got no use for hoss-sense around this place. Fine hoss, anyhow. Easy to keep. Don't eat anything. Want to see him?"

Cal led me into a room and there stood the electric hoss as patient as an old steer. Over on the opposite wall was a picture of Teddy, and I saw it wink at me.

"Well, Cal," sez I, "I just dropped around to see if you were going to the In-auger-ation."

"Reckon I'll have to," sez Cal. "Guess they'll be expecting me. Be ready to start in a few minutes. Going to ride this hoss. You can ride behind if you want to."

Then hurrying off to the kitchen, Cal told Grace to fix up a little lunch for him to take along. as he might be late getting back. So Grace hunted up a shoe box and packed in dinner enough for Cal and me, and we jumped on "Economy" and started.

"He ain't never toted double before," sez Cal, "and he ain't never been rid out of doors. He may take the studs, or run away, or something."

"I ain't afraid," sez I. "Put the spur to him and let's go."

Cal dug the spur into Economy's flanks and popped the whip and away we went down the Avenue like the hired man going to dinner. The people gathered on the side-walks and pointed at us and laughed, and then they fell in behind and trotted after us, and by the time we got to the Capitol we had collected up all the newsboys, little niggers and street beggars in town, and everybody agreed that it was the best In-auger-ation parade they ever saw.

On reaching the Capitol we found two photographers, five stray dogs and thirteen office seekers waiting on the front steps. We galloped up the steps and parked Economy outside the door and went in. All at once we heard a terrible groaning and taking on somewhere in the building, and discovered that it was the Sixty-eighth Congress drawing its last breath and the last installment of its salary.

Then somebody rung a sheep bell and the meeting was open for business. The old president got up and stated the purpose of the meeting and introduced the new president, who was then cussed in very quietly, after which he delivered a very economical address of ten minutes' duration on the subject of "Economy." He used his words very deliberately, being careful to put them back in the box just like he found them . It was a very bee-ootiful speech.

All right. So much for that. Next, we sat down on the window sill, Cal opened the shoe box and we ate dinner. All the others who had lunches along did likewise. The janitor played us a tune on the jews-harp while we were eating. Dinner finished, we all lay down on the floor and slept awhile. After which we all went into the Senate Chamber to watch "Helen Maria" put cuckleburrs under the tail of the Senate. Which he did. It was the only live news item of the day. Things had been "cool with Coolidge" all day, and it was a relief to see Charlie raise the temperature.

By and by Cal jumped on "Economy" and trotted off toward home, and the rest of us went to the movie. It was the end of a perfect day.

A SOLDIER'S MONUMENT

If I could have the designing of a soldier's monument to be erected in the public square of every city and town, I would not design a general on horseback with waving sword and flashing medals to make war look fine and respectable. No, I would make my design represent a private soldier crawling on his hands and knees, with one side of his face shot way, and his guts dragging ten feet behind him as he crawled. That would represent war as it really is, and I think the people would soon get so sick of looking at it that they would never permit another war to come.

I have known lots of white men who were green.

And so they never did get Floyd Collins out of that hole. It looks bad, but maybe they thought God could get him out at the Judgment Day.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

A SAM OF LIFE

Lives of great men oft remind us
Fame is nine-tenths bull and bunk,
And with brains the Lord consigned us
We can shout and grab a chunk.

Noise is needed every minute,
Thus to fix the public gaze.
Modesty? There's nothing in it;
Advertising is what pays.

Kid the public—boost it, knock it,
Keep it laughing if you can.
Keep it guessing, though you shock it--
That's the true successful plan.

A dude is an empty space with clothes on.

Europe is still wanting to be Yanked out of her troubles.

A dividend is a certain per centum per annum, perhaps.

In most cases the political bee is a humbug.

Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he come down kerflap.

General Debility must be an awful sufferer, judging by the way the patent medicines are recommended to cure him.

THIS HERE LOVE BUSINESS

A St. Louis paper thinks that Love is about the greatest evil that the world has to contend with. It wants an anti-love crusade started, and thinks that would help just lots.

I'll bet ye a nickel's worth of dimes that the editor of that paper is an old dried-up bachelor whose heart couldn't be distinguished from a last year's hickory-nut that the squirrels have throwed away. If there ever was a case of "sour grapes" I guess we are on the track of one right now. The old booger was so tarnal ugly he couldn't get nary purty gal to have him, and now he wants to take revenge by throwing the whole love business into disfavor.

Law sakes, old feller, you've tackled a big job. Guess you'd better hire several good hands to help you, and you'll all get doggon tired of it before it's over.

Stop people from loving? Gee-whiz! Let me know when you get it done, will you?

Now you might make a man go naked by keeping his clothes hid. Or you might adopt the capitalistic method and never let him get able to own any clothes.

And you might make him go hungry by adopting a similar course with his food.

But it don't matter how naked or how hungry a man gets, you can generally count on him having a duck-fit over the first pretty woman he sees.

Pretty, did I say? Aw, shucks, it don't matter about that. Just any kind will do when there's no other kind handy. I have thought that some men had a perfect craving for extreme ugliness, judging by the kind of selection they make.

Of course the average man looks for beauty, but sometimes he's doggon easy easy fooled in the article. And what he picks out for a regular blossom, after it sleeps with him a few years it looks more like the running gears of a big rag doll that had died with a pain in its sawdust.

But after all the trouble and suffering that love brings into the world, I guess it brings enough joy and happiness to sorter even things up. The rotten rich are trying their doggonest to substitute money for love, but the highly-perfumed society scandals and the divorce court records prove that the thing is a dismal failure. If the Thaws and the Astors and such gold-plated nothings as that had some of the poor folks' old-fashioned love to mix along with their other hifalutin nonsense, it would be the best thing that ever happened to them.

Life is a through train that starts at Birth and runs to Death, and Love is the biggest station on the road. Most of us make the trip without change—very little change, anyhow—but love punches the ticket and sends us on our way rejoicing.

Stop people from loving? Say, suppose you try something easy—like pulling an auger-hole out of a log.

A NEW SPRING SERMON

Well, beloved, I spoze it's gittin' about time for me to oil up my sermon mill and preach you another sermon on Spring. If you remember. I have been giving you one or more sermons on Spring in The Fool-Killer for the past 15 years. You have allers smacked your lips like they were good, and I dreamed last night you wanted another one. So here it am.

Of course, judgin' by the temperature of the March wind as it plays tag with a feller's threadbare coat-tail, Spring ain't hardly got here yet; but I can smell her comin' over the hill just tuther side of next week.

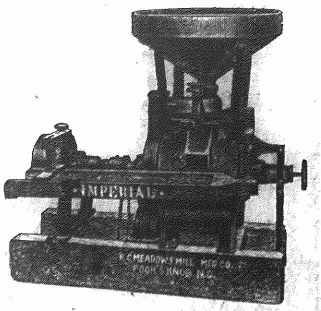
After going through the sufferings and hardships of a rough winter, the timely arrival of gentle Spring is like swapping castor oil for sourwood honey. It is like being waked up out of a bad dream by the kiss of an angel. It is like getting a divorce from cold feet and marrying the queen of comfort.

The man who does not feel a two-hoss thrill of unutterable joy caper through his frost-bitten soul at the coming of Spring has got something bad the matter with himself. He was either made wrong, or put together wrong after he was made.

When young Spring takes old Winter by the slack of the pants and tosses him back into the Valley of Used-to-be, there is a general jubilee of rejoicing throughout the kingdom of Nature. All the young green things come out and take off their hats and bow to each other as politely as a young rooster presenting his pullet sweetheart with a new-found worm.

Even the green young men and the green girls catch the infection of Spring, and before the doctor can get there it has developed into a hopeless case of puppy-love and they swear they don't want to get well.

Spring is very modest, and also very uncertain, especially during the first stages of her coming. You can't always know just what to expect. Sometimes she will send a warm day ahead to advertise for her, and then she will fail to fill the appointment. Again she will drop in as unexpectedly as a man who has borrowed money from you and has come to—borrow more.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PARAGRAPHS

People are all pretty much alike, but some of them are more alike than the rest.

Faith can sometimes hold on to the rope after hope lets loose and falls.

One of the best possible places to enjoy a vacation is somewhere else.

The less religion people have the harder they can fight and fuss over it.

Some people are bent with toil, and others get crooked trying to avoid it.

Trotsky's health must be improving. He don't seen to die quite as often as he used to.

It looks like The Literary Digest will have to pull off a "straw vote" on the Muscle Shoals question yet.

Golden Rule Nash has started a fund of five million dollars "to make the churches Christian." Say, Arthur, when you get it done, drop me a card, will you?

THAT-THAR "POETRY" BOOK

Say, honey, do you remember that I used to talk about getting out a book of my poems? Well, after so long a time I did get the book made. It is a great big nice looking book of nearly 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper, bound in dark green cloth with title in gold, and weighs nearly two pounds. It contains about 300 poems—the best of all I have written in the past 33 years. I priced it at $2.10 postpaid, but have decided to offer it to all my old Fool-Killer friends at a reduced price. You folks have been my old chums for so long that you seem just like home folks, and I want to send you a copy of "Pearson's Poems" for only $1.10 postpaid. That's just about selling it at cost. Books of a similar size and quality usually sell for $2.00 or more. But, doggon it, I reckon I've got a right to give my friends a bargain if I want to. May I wrap up one for you at $1.10? I want to hear at once from all of you who want the book at that price. That's right. Thank you. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N.C.

JOY PACKAGE FOR 15 CENTS

If you want to laugh and forget your troubles, read The Fool-Killer, of course. But if, when the laugh is over, you feel as blue and bad as ever, let me tell you how to get the joy that sticks. Send me fifteen cents and you will receive a dainty little book of verses written by Yours Truly, and a pamphlet entitled "How to Be a Joycrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:

Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

MISTER PUFF AND MISS SLOBBER

Old Man Time, as he jogs along, spills out of his leather apron many wonders.

But nothing caps the stack like the things that happen when an able-bodied case of forty-rod love gets breeches-holt on a couple of natural-born fools.

Sufficient proof that God is all-powerful is the fact that He can find mates for some folks that marry. Nothing short of Omnipotence could do it.

It was my luck, not long ago, to witness a scene that would make Cupid crawl in a hole and give Old Harry the blind staggers.

I saw a love-smitten pair present themselves before a dignified J. P. for the purpose of getting their feet hobbled in the saw-briers of matrimony.

The groom was about half drunk and staggered in puffing a cigarette that smelled like burning hog-hair in a skillet. His right breeches leg had a whelk running whompergodlin across it from the south-east three holes and one patch to a rip that was not visible when he sat down.

And the bride was one holy sight. Her face could not possibly have held any more ugliness unless it had been made bigger. She carried in her left hand a snuff-box that would hold something less than a gallon, while the gap in her face was decorated with two streaks of brown slobber and a handspike that did service as a tooth-brush.

Imagine that pair of purty things standing up in the presence of God and man and declaring that they loved each other! But they did it, all right.

Yes ,they stood there side by side
While the knot was being tied;
That old stinker he did puff,
While she dipped that nasty snuff.

There they made their solemn vows
To indulge in family rows,
And to work at least enough
To buy cigarettes and snuff.

Now I'm satisfied in mind
It's a blessing Love is blind;
If he'd seen that pair, no doubt
He'd have spewed his innards out.

And the dignified J. P. rose and said:

"Mr. Cigarette, will you take this Toothbrush to be your awful and dreaded wife, to smell together in the rotten estate of mattery noses, to keep her in sickness and snuff, to shove and perish her as long as ye both shall live? Now, therefore, I pronounce you puff and snuff now and forever, world without end, amen, and may the Lord have mercy on your poor fool souls!"

A SERMON ON TATTLERS

Hello there, Old Lady Tattletrap! The Fool-Killer is out after your scalp this trip. You old long-tongued social viper and neighborhood nuisance, if you don't want me to run a red-hot pitchfork through your old slimy tongue, you had better reel in about 75 yards of it and tie a blanket over your mouth.

The tattler's tongue is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. It is loose at both ends and limber in the middle, and forked poison plays over it like lightning on a telegraph wire. It is the devil's Jewsharp, and he plays on it all the time.

The only thing a tattler knows to talk about is her neighbors, and she never lets one escape. If she hears something good about somebody she is very careful to forget it, but anything that can be twisted into a scandal is her greatest delight. She begins early and talks late, and the more she tells it the bigger it gets, until some innocent life is wrecked by the poison of a tattler's tongue.

A tattler is a gossip; a gossip is a liar; and a liar is the devil's yaller dog.

Wherever you find a tattler you find trouble—unless she is the leading lady at a funeral, and then everybody is glad and in a good humor.

And say, you old breeches-wearing Gabbyjacks, I ain't through till I give your old rusty simlins a few whacks. I know some of your kind of tattlers who are just as bad as the petticoat variety, and you every one ought to be shot in the mouth with a 48-calibre bucket of mud.

Yes, doggon your hateful pictures, you're always got your big dog-ears propped open to catch a bundle of news, and everything you catch is multiplied by four times the length of your venomous tongues and published in The Tattler's Trumpet, which circulates all over the world.

Friends, beware of the tattler tongue. The man or woman who will backbite other people to you will backbite you to other people. Don't forget that. Treat a tattler as you would a rattler—keep out of its way.

THE DEPARTED GLORY

Alas, and alack, and ah me!

The times are out of joint.

And things are not what they uster wuz.

This bitter bewailment is wrung forth from my sorrowing system by the pitiful plight of the present-day periodical publications. The papers and magazines have degenerated something awful. I can remember back twenty-five or thirty years ago when you could find plenty of good juicy medical ads in your favorite magazine. The noted authors who wrote those gems of literature were geniuses of the first rank. Their plots were always good, and their character-drawing was perfect. The hero and the heroine took umpty-steen bottles of Our Great New Dope and got well enough to fight it out and get a divorce and live happy ever after. While the black-hearted villian refused to take any of Our Great New Dope, and of course he died a good deal in the last ten chapters and went where all bad villians go.

Who does not remember the great Dr. Munyon, with hand uplifted, and telling us such tales of adventure and hair breadth escapes as Joseph Conrad never dreamed? Any man who could not contract at least ten good healthy diseases from reading one of Dr. Munyon's ads was utterly devoid of imagination.

Then there was that great author, Mrs. Lydia Pinkham. No person could read one of her classic stories without feeling the need of at least five gallons of her Vegetable Soup. Dear Lydia's stories were in great demand, and the very best magazines solicited work from her gifted pen.

And Peruna! Alas, what has become of the author of Peruna?

And Dr. Pierce! I remember when his works were published in cheap pocket editions, and you couldn't find a man anywhere without Dr. Pierce's latest novel in his breast pocket.

Literature amounted to something in those days. But now all of our favorite medical authors are gone, and there is an aching void. We shall never see their like again, and the magazines are a perfect bore.

THE SATURDAY EVENING BOAST

If Ben Franklin could come back to life right now and see what his pet publication has degenerated into, he would be sorry that it didn't die with him.

The thing that calls itself the Saturday Evening Post, but which I prefer to call the Saturday Evening Boast, has had a varied experience since the days when Ben Franklin used to squat his burning words into it with a Washington hand press. In those days its circulation was low and its standard high; but now it is just the reverse of that—its circulation is high and its standard very low.

Now I shall fully expect Ed Howe and a few thousand others to rise up on their hind legs and dispute that. But their disputing it won't put any change on me. I know what I am talking about. Considered from a literary standpoint, The Saturday Evening Boast is about the cheapest and sorriest drivel that ever was palmed off on the world in the name of literature. When you boil it down and skim off the big words there is nothing left but a nightmare's halter and the smell of Irv Cobb's feet.

To start in reading one of its endless tiresome tales is like riding a club-footed snail to the South Pole and back. And if you ever do reach the end you feel like somebody poured dishwater down your neck.

About once every two years I buy a copy of the Saturday Evening Boast and try my best to read it. But I never yet have got beyond the first full-page advertisement of Guaranteed Leather Biscuits or Genuine Rubber Breakfast Food.

No sir, I can't read the stuff, and I say that no man who is as busy as I am ought to waste his time over it. If you have nothing better to do than read the Saturday Evening Boast, you had better take your dog and go out into the woods and tree a fish.

BRASS-BAND HYPOCRITES

No, no, Mister Smart Elick! If you think The Fool-Killer has ever said one word against the true religion—genuine Christianity—you'd better take your thinker to the blacksmith shop and have it cleaned out and repaired. The thing that this old sin-soaked earth needs most and has the least of is genuine old-fashioned, honest Christian religion—the kind that can take a low-down besotted wretch, a drunkard, a thief, a lawyer, a deacon, or even a congressman, and transform him into a decent critter. There used to be that kind of religion on earth, and I am convinced that there is a little of it yet, but it is getting so scarce that mighty few people ever get to see it in operation.

This fine fiddle-diddle sort of religion that is so popular and so plenty everwhere is worth about as much toward redeeming a world as a half-bushel of seed-ticks would be worth in making a family pie. The Fool-Killer does condemn the modern Mammonized churches for their hifaluting formality in which there is just about as much true Christianity as there is guts in a millstone.

If this world is ever lifted up and transformed into a decent world, the spirit of true Christianity must do it. There is no other power that can. But the churches of today are largely filled up with white-washed hypocrites who can kiss you on the lips and then turn and stab you in the back before you have time to wipe their nasty slobber off.

That kind of cattle are to blame for the great wave of unbelief that is sweeping over the earth. Those on the outside are not so much to blame for being doubters. They know very well that most of the so-called religion they see around them is a rank humbug, and they naturally conclude that it's all alike. From their worldly standpoint they are not able to see the difference.

If the churches of America would practice what they preach for just one week, can you guess what would happen? Why, bless your mortified gizzard ,the red-eyed sinners would be as thick around the altar as tramps around a free lunch counter. There would be more dirty knees than you ever saw before, and enough tears of repentance shed to wash up all the ambeer that the amen deacons have squirted over the floor.

Yes, sir, give us the genuine old-fashioned Christianity in great hunks—the more the better—but Lord deliver us from this modern man-made mongrel mess of moral mush dished out by a bunch of brass-band hypocrites.

A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a bug-hunting'. Well, you'll see. During my 45 years at knocking around here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy paste-boards that look like they had been used for shipping tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed God-forsaken card-player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in at is a nut I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a full hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammas" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-hosses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter for the young bucks to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

"FOR WIMMEN ONLY"

Oh, say, take off your hat and sit down long enough to hear this great and glorious chunk of "religious" news that has just come in by wireless freight.

Billy Sunday has broke his t'uther gallus and sprung a new sensation. Yes, Billy has rummaged around in the dark corners of his vulgar soul and scared up enough new scandal to make a "Sermon for Wimmen Only", and he is pulling it off about every so often in the presence of as many female wimmen as he can crowd into his religious stockade.

"For Wimmen Only!"

Don't that jar the foundations of your modesty?

But it's just like the dear wimmen to bite at that kind of a bate. The first announcement of it got their curiosity aroused and they wouldn't have missed it for a new hat with two rooster feathers on it. Of course they expected to hear something that wouldn't be fit for men-folks to listen at, and I guess they did.

Men are so pure-minded and innocent, you know, and Billy has to be mighty careful how he talks before them so as not to corrupt their morals.

But the very nature of the case demands that Billy must have some chance to take the brakes off of his gab-trap and say the very worst that is in him. Hence his "Sermon For Wimmen Only."

Gee-whiz! Don't you suppose that is a glorious mess? And wouldn't you like for YOUR wife, sister or sweethart to be housed up with that bow-legged buck and listening to a tirade of bawdy-house bluster and base-ball slang that you were not allowed to hear?

The wimmen who go to hear such stuff and the men who allow them to go ought to all be hitched up to a hog-pen on wheels and driven through town by a bob-tailed monkey.

Another thing the world needs mighty bad is an amplifier for the "still, small voice."

It looks like prohibition is getting nearly old enough to do without its bottle.

MILKING A HAY-STACK

Milwaukee, Wis., Special.—A Milwaukee company has been incorporated to place on the market a new substitute for milk, which in brief is to be milk prepared direct from hay without the intervention of a cow.

The new company is to operate under a chemical formula which permits of the transmutation of good timothy hay into ash and milk, without passing through the seven or so stomachs of a bovine critter and being converted by sundry processes into fluid for drinking.

The advantage, it is said, is not only in simplifying the production, from which it does not differ in taste, but in the fact that the manner of its production makes it always sweet as it is free from the souring bacteria which have to be Pasteurized to preserve nature's milk.

Great Caesar up a pumpkin vine!

What do you think of that, Rastus?

Now what will become of poor old Sook?

Bless her old bones, she did the best she could, but goggle--eyed Science has laid it across her at last.

She will now have to ramble off into the Southern swamps and live on bullrushes and South wind.

One by one we outgrow the old institutions of nature and shove them aside to make room for more improved machinery.

The horse was all right in his day and time, and even the meek-eyed mule was not to be grinned at, but they all had to skeedaddle when the steam locomative and the gasoline chug-wagon came snorting along.

And the cow laughed at the old horse and said:

"O yes, old feller, they don't need you any more, but they never could get along without me. I am the chief corner-stone of the American home and the strong right arm of the butter trust."

And she winked at the bull through the fence-crack and went on licking her calf.

But that was in the past.

Things are different now.

Poor old Sook has learned by bitter experience that pride goeth before a fall. She must now be relegated to the curiosity department, along with the horse and the setting hen, and be remembered only as a creature that has had her day.

But while we drop a tear of sympathy for the departing glory of her cowship, we must not forget that her loss is our eternal gain.

Henceforth we will milk a hay-stack. And we can't deny that a hay-stack, as a milk-producer, has some decided advantages over an old cow. If you never milked a hay-stack it may seem a bit awkward at first, but you will soon get used to it.

Just to mention them off-hand, here are a few of the advantages I have in mind:

In the first place, a hay-stack will not require as much attention as an old cow. You won't have to stake it out to graze, and then watch it constantly for fear it will tangle up and break its fool neck. It won't get into the garden and eat up all the young beans just about the time you were hoping to get a mess for Sunday dinner. Any self-respecting hay-stack will have more manners than to drag its tail in the barn-yard filth and then slap it in your face while you are milking. And it won't flinder away and kick you plum through the fence and break down six rows of corn with you just because a fly bites it.

And—oh, happy thought!—if you adopt the new plan and milk a hay-stack instead of a cow, there never will be any more wobbly-legged calves to hold off and wean. That fact will tickle the small boy whose chief temptation to commit suicide and go to an easier world has been the dreaded arrival of a new calf.

Rejoice, O people, and be glad
 You lived to see this day:
Go sell old Sooky right at once,
 And buy a stack of hay.

A PITY—AND NOTHING TO PUT IT IN

A well-meaning but misguided brother up at Corning, New York, has writ me a very weepy letter bemoaning my tendency toward the use of slang. He thinks I mean well, but am really doing more harm than good. He wants me to "tone up" my paper and make it refined and classical, sorter like The Christian Herald, I guess. He wants me to cut out my home-spun language and talk like the president of a Boston college, using words big enough to choke a bull elephant to death.

Aw, say, mister college-foundered goodikin! I wonder to my soul why you didn't learn some common sense while you were learning so many big words? Now wouldn't you play smash trying to measure everybody's language by your grammatical yard-stick? If I occasionally use a word that ain't in Webster's Underbreeches Dictionary, I reckon that's my business. Didn't you know that the proper words of today were the slang words of yesterday? Where would the new words come from if somebody didn't have originality enough to make 'em?

Slang! Aw, your foot! Do you reckon you would know a slang word from a patent calf-weaner if you woke up in the bed with it? I doubt it like thunder. I know what's the matter with you, honey—you're just as jealous as an old maid because you can't edit a good nice funny paper like The Fool-Killer and talk to 50,000 people every month. Suppose you start a paper according to your elevated ideas of journalism and see how it works. After several years of squatting your lifeless words into paper with a hand press, you will throw up the job and get me to send The Fool-Killer to your little handful of subscribers. Be ashamed!

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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TO THE EARTH

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?
What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Thorugh seas of inky air
Roll on!
It's true I've got no clothes to wear;
It's true my grocer's bill is due;
It' true my prospects all look blue;
But don't let that unsettle you!
Never you mind!
Roll on!

THE BOSS OF TEXAS

The pungent paragraphers and the political prevaricators are chewing up whole acres of good atmosphere in an effort to find out who is governor of Texas. Some say it is Ma, and some say it is Pa, while others are inclined to think that they sorter go fifty-fifty on it.

Well, I don't reckon it matters much if the whole Ferguson family is governor of Texas, just so they manage to get the governing done decently. No doubt it is a man-sized job to subdue some of them-thar Texas roughnecks and one-hundred-per-cent political polecats, and if Ma wants to call in Pa Jim to hold while she skins, I don't reckon it's anybody's doggon business.

The Fool-Killer is just an interested onlooker, but if there has to be any betting done, I am willing to stake my few pennies on Ma Ferguson as Governor of Texas.

JOHN ROCKY'S GIFT

John Rocky has sent me a book. Its entitlement runneth as follows: "Know Your Own State: North Carolina." And the said book telleth much of interest about North Carolina, and giveth purty maps of all the good roads in the State, showing how the feller with a flivver can trot around and see things.

John Rocky happened to know that I possess a flivver, but he does not want to sell me any gas. Oh, no! That would be mercinary and vulgar. John is a Christian and a good friend of mine, and he just wanted to do me a favor. Thanks, old scout.

What particularly foolish thing did Nathan Hale ever do to justify putting his picture on the half-sense stamps?

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE

That is the question, as Shakespeare says in the 25th chapter of Luke.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger says that too many people are being born, and that the stock in many cases is too sorry, and she wants something done about it right away quick. She intimates that in another hundred years or so, at the present rate of increase, the people will be standing on each other's heads all over the face of the earth and fighting like wild-cats for every crumb of food that the earth can produce.

That is serious if true, and it would be a great pity for us to be piled on top of each other like that. Mrs. Sanger thinks it would be better to just not let so many people be born, and dog my cats if I don't sorter agree with her. It wouldn't be any hardship nor injustice to anybody, because the folks that failed to get born would never know the difference. And they never would miss anything. Just think of the millions of people today who have never been born, and they are not making any fuss about it, and if they never do get born it will be all the same to them.

But — wow! Here comes a great gang of war-profiteers just hooting at Mrs. Sanger's idea and calling her a bold, bad woman. They have got a better way to keep down the population. Let the people be born, they say. Let the criminals and the morons and the idiots breed like animals—the more the better. Let them grow up in poverty and ignorance and crime—any way they can. Let them suffer all the agonies you can think of—what does it matter? And then as soon as they get big enough to tote a gun they can be sent to war and made to patriotically kill each other for the benefit of the war-profiteers. That would keep the population down, all right, and it would be so much better—for the war-lords.

Why don't somebody have Margaret Sanger put in jail again? If allowed to go on with her fool talk about not letting cannon-fodder be born, she is liable to injure the business of Rockefelle , Du Pont, Morgan and company. Away with her!

Report says that somebody in Arizona has dug up a skull a half-inch thick and sent it to Washington. Huh, that's nothing! They do that all over the country at each election.

A SERMON ON HAIR

An awful and amazing thought has struck me kerbim right between the lookers. And I must tell you about it and see if such a thought ever occurred to you.

Just for the sake of a name I will call this a Sermon on Hair. No, no. It has no reference to a a woman's hair. I will preach about that some other time. This is a masculine sermon and concerns only the hair that grows—or refuses to grow—on the top end of a male man. Amen!

Most men come into the world very nearly bald-headed and entirely bald-faced. I might change the spelling to bawl-faced and hit it pretty well, too.

But in a very short while a crop of hair develops on top of man's noggin. It flourishes like a green gourd vine and looks sorter like a bundle of oats. He combs it and oils it and pets it and does everything to make it look nice and feel welcome.

But in a few years it seems to get dissatisfied with its location and begins to crawl down onto the sides of his face, his chin and his upper lip. He don't want it there, so he takes a razor and shaves it off. But the more he shaves it off the more it grows back, and there is nothing he can do to stop it. The razor industry and the barber-shop industry have grown out of the fact that man has hair where he don't want it.

But on top of man's head—the very place where he wants the hair to grow—it refuses to stay put. Year by year it grows thinner and thinner. He buys bushels of patent hair grower and plasters his dome with sundry kinds of witch-juice, but all to no avail. The beautiful and ornate locks continue to emigrate. Man puts his hand up on top and feels a bald place. Then he rubs it over his face and chin, and lo, there is an abundance of bristles.

Finally it goes from bad to worse until there is just a little rim of hair above the ears and around the back of the neck, making the whole thing look sorter like a new foot-ball with a ruffle around it while the top of the head is fit for nothing but a skating rink for the young and festive house-fly.

But does the crop of whiskers fail? Not nary time, Jeems Henry. I don't suppose you ever saw a man bald on his cheeks and chin no matter how old he was.

And so, between fighting the flies off his bald head and shaving the beard off his hairy face, poor mortal man does have one dickens of a time. And he never does get fully reconciled to the cussed luck which makes his hair grow always in the wrong place.

COURTING IN RIGHT STYLE

"Git out, you nasty puppy—let me alone, or I'll tell pour ma!" cried Sally to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I arn't tetchin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to, nuther, do yer?"

"No, I don't!"

"'Cause you're too tarnal scarey, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, gangle-kneed owl, you ain't got a tarnal bit of sense. Git along home with ye."

"Now, Sal, I love you, an' you can't help it; an' if you don't let me stay an' court you, my daddy will sue yourn fer that cow he sold him tuther day. By jing, he said he'd do it."

"Well, looky-here, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it like a white man would—not set off there as if you thought I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here an' hug an' kiss me as if you really had some of the bone an' sinner of a man about you. Do you s'pose a woman is only made to look at, you fool you?"

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must I must, fer I do love ye, Sal—" and so Jake commenced sliding up to her, like a maple poker going to battle. As he laid his arm gently on Sal's shoulder, she said:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss—that is acting like a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem an' pancakes!" exclaimed Jake, "if this ain't better than any apple-sass mam ever made! Crack-ee! Buckwheat cakes, slap-jacks an' 'lasses ai'nt no whar 'long-side of you, Sal!"

Just then there was a sound like a cow pulling its foot out of the mud.

Science rises up on its hind legs to announce that it has discovered a good little germ that eats up the bad little germs. All right! But looky here: After that good little germ gets all the bad little germs devoured, what is the good little germ going to live on? We will either have to start in and raise bad germs to feed it on, or let it starve to death. Oh, the trouble we do see, anyhow!

Have you laid in your supply of half-sense stamps?

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
at
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James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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HOW TO SEND SUBSCRIPTIONS

When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewritten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please PRINT OUT the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is VERY IMPORTANT.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Never mix subscription orders with other matters in the body of a letter. And always remember to write on one side of the paper only. Never write on both sides of the paper. This also is VERY IMPORTANT.

In ordering your address changed, always give the old address as well as the new. That is terribly important.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

STATEMENT

of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Aug. 24, 1912, of The Fool-Killer, published monthly at Pores Knob, N. C., for April, 1925.

Editor, Managing Editor, Publisher, James Larkin Pearson, Pores Knob, N. C. Business Manager, R. C. Meadows, Pores Knob, N. C. Owners, J. L. Pearson and R. C. Meadows, Pores Knob, N. C.

Signed, James Larkin Pearson.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of April, 1925.

W. G. Meadows, N. P.
My commission expires 6-16-26.

Be sure you are wrong—then back up.

The less a man knows the more he wants to tell it.

Keep your hand on the wheel—let your girl hug herself.

The only man who was not spoiled by being lionized was Daniel.

Coue demonstrates the power of anto-suggestion by holding hands; but the girls who taught that man auto-suggest matrimony learned that trick years ago.

PARAGRAPHS.

The prohibition law is now five years old—but it is still what you might call a bottle baby.

* * *

The Democratic statesmen are trying to wreckoncile the differances in their party.

* * *

Report says that France has begun to save daylight. But France doesn't owe us any daylight.

* * *

Brevity is said to be the soul of wit. Well, now, I reckon that's why the women's skirts look so funny.

* * *

The Senate tries to stand on its dignity, but sarn my time if Dawes didn't just walk about on it.

* * *

The farmer raises the wheat, the speculator raises the price, and the consumer raises the devil.

* * *

Nothing in utterly worthless. It is now reported that some inventive genius has discovered a use for the Congressional Record.

* * *

Everything puts on its best bib and tucker at this time of year. Even plain old cussed laziness is all diked out as "spring fever."

* * *

The great diplomats these days have so many debts and reparation problems to wrestle with that they need to be diplomathematicians.

* * *

Somebody rises to remark that it may be the remnant of the monkey in us that makes us enjoy a joke. For goodness sakes don't tell that to Bryan, or he never will smile again.

* * *

An artist has broadcast an inquiry as to whether beauty is increasing. No, I guess not. The beauty has been there all the time, but in recent years they show more of it than they used to.

* * *

Anyhow, so far as I can remember, this is the first time we ever had a half-cent stamp. And I just wonder if there could, by any chance, be some connection between half-cent and half-sense?

* * *

A garden expert says that every successful garden ought to have one or two toads in it, as one toad will eat $20.00 worth of insects in a season. Great day in the mornin'! If the insects are worth $20.00 it don't pay to let a blamed toad eat 'em. Why not sell 'em and get the money?

* * *

A learned University of Chicago professor has discovered that a person's brain can be estimated by the size and shape of their legs. Oh, I see! And that probably explains why the girls and women are dressing like they do these days—so people can see that they've got some brains.

ALWAYS TOO LATE

A kind-hearted citizen of Illinois come forward with the suggestion that some multi-millionaire philanthropist ought to endow a college or university to give free education and training to needy talent and genius.

Very good.

But here's the rub:

Genius is never recognized as genius until it has fought the battle single-handed and won. And then it don't need any of their charity. Genius is either successful or dead before the world takes any notice of it.

What the world needs most in that connection is some way to discover genius before it cracks open the shell and comes out. At that stage of the game some help would be mighty welcome; but after genius has helped itself (as it always has to do), then the philanthropists can go to thunder with their "help."

MORE MONKEY BUSINESS

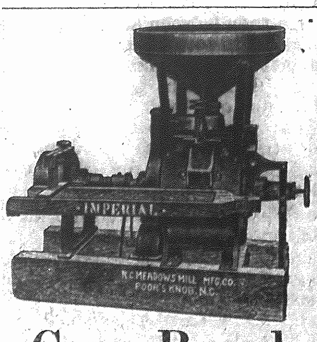
Oh, me! Oh, my!

The poor monkey dont' get much rest any more.

First one bunch of sanctified solons, and then another, and they are twisting the poor simian's tail all the time. Now the great law-making body of Tennessee has labored and fotch forth a legislative joke. They have gotten their louse-pastures together under the stately dome, and they have where-ased a bunch of resoluted where-ams as big as a shuck-mattress, the alleged purpose of which is to prevent the teaching of "evolution" in the public schools of 10-I-see.

It is a good joke on the dear innocent solons. If they had wisely and deliberately plotted to make evolution popular, they never could have hit on a better plan. Tell people that they must not have a thing, and then they will have it in spite of the dickens. Just watch "evolution" get popular in 10-I-see.

Trouble is like a baby — the more you nurse it the larger it grows.



Corn Bread

The kind your mother used to make. Buy an R. C. Meadows "Imperial" Iron Frame Corn Mill and have REAL Corn Bread at your house It also grinds feed. Write today for free catalogue and prices. Address:

R. C. Meadows Mill Mfg. Co.,
Dept. P, Pores Knob, N. C.

BLESSING THE CONTRIBUTION

The keeper of a faro bank at Dayton, Ohio, lately dropped into a colored church in Florida, where a collection was taken by the pastor for repairs to the sacred edifice. The pastor said that the Lord would be prayed to confer special blessings on contributors. One good brother put in a dime.

"A dime from Brudder Jones. De Lord bress Brudder Jones."

Then a quarter was received.

"Brother Johnsing a quartah. De Lord bress Brudder Johnsing."

The collection reached the gambler, who had made a big winning the night before, and flashing his roll, out dropped a twenty-dollar bill into the hat.

The almost breathless collector said:

"Wha's de name, sah?"

"Never mind the name. I'm a gamber from Ohio."

"Twenty dollahs — gamblah from Ohio. May de good Lord bress an' prosper de noble gamblah from Ohio."

And now the Arctic explorers are off on another wild goose chase trying to discover a new continent up about the North Pole. Hang-take it, what do they want with a new continent, when they can't manage the one they have got?

Pearson's Poems

Say, honey, do you remember that I used to talk about getting out a book of my poems? Well, after so long a time I did get the book made. It is a great big nice looking book of nearly 400 pages, printed on heavy book paper, bound in dark green cloth with title in gold, and weighs nearly two pounds. It contains about 300 poems —the best of all I have written in the past 33 years. I priced it at $2.10 postpaid, but have decided to offer it to all my old Fool-Killer friends at a reduced price. You folks have been my old chums for so long that you seem just like home folks, and I want to send you a copy of "Pearson's Poems" for only $1.10 postpaid. That's just about selling it at cost. Books of a similar size and quality usually sell for $2.00 or more. But, doggon it, I reckon I've got a right to give my friends a bargain if I want to. May I wrap up one for you at $1.10? I want to hear at once from all of you who want the book at that price. That's right. Thank you. Address:

James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N.C.

JOY PACKAGE FOR 15c

If you want to laugh and forget your troubles, read The Fool-Killer, of course. But if, when the laugh is over, you feel as blue and bad as ever, let me tell you how to get the joy that sticks. Send me fifteen cents and you will receive a dainty little book of verses written by Yours Truly, and a pamphlet entitled "How to Be a Joycrafter," which will be worth more to you than money if you will use it. Address:

Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

KILLING THE GOOSE

You know the old fable about "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." Well, doggon my pink skin if we ain't got a shining example of that very thing right here under our great American noses.

For several years there has been in force a "zoning" law regulating the distribution of second-class mail matter, which said law would be a slander to the intelligence of a flea-bitten coondog. It begins by separting the "advertising" portion of a paper or magazine from the "reading matter" portion, and then it has a graduated postage rate on the advertising part running as high as eight or nine cents a pound in the far-off zones. It is just about equal to a death sentence on any paper that hasn't millions of money behind it. The publisher is compelled to charge a higher subscription price and a higher ad rate in order to meet the postage burden. That naturally cuts down his circulation and cuts off his advertising and in every way cripples his business. It not only cripples the publisher, but it also cripples every kind of business that would like to advertise with the publisher if the rates were reasonable.

It segregates the people into "zones" and puts up fences to prevent the free circulation of intelligence from one part of the country to another. It causes publishers to seek circulation near home and prevents them having a general nation-wide audience. All of which is caculated to breed igrorance, jealousy and misunderestanding.

And what is the alleged purpose of that fool "zoning" law? Why, bless yer granny's rheumatism, its object is to raise money for the government—to pay for the postal service. Goshding! Sorter like a feller selling his car to get money to buy gasoline.

The more circulation a paper can have the more letters it will get through the mail, and every letter means the sale of a two-cent stamp. Also the more advertising there is the more letters will be written in answer to the ads and in transacting the business that will result from the ads, and if the postal laws would permit it, all that increased business would just keep calling for more postage stamps, and the government would make ten times more than it saves by its fetch-taked left-handed "economy" and its infernal short-sighted greed. That fact is as plain as A B C, and any gang of wooden-heads that can't understand it haven't got sense enough to feed bread crumbs to a sick rooster.

But that ain't the worst of it yet. Going into effect right about now is an "amendment" to this postal outrage which, instead of mending it, makes it still worse. They seem determined this time to choke out what little life remains in the publisher and advertiser, and get us down on a level with Africa just as soon as possible.

Squawk! Squawk!

That, beloved, is the last dying grunt of the goose that laid the golden egg. Let us weep. That's about all we can do.

A SERMON ON BOOZE

Hello, you red-nozed booze-artist, and all you fellows who whoop it up for Old Mr. Booze. Double up your hind legs and sit down on it and listen to your Uncle preach a few toots. Boys, I can preach against likker and do it with a clear conscience, because I practice what I preach. I am 45 years old and getting older every day, and I can truthfully say that not one drop of your infernal red-eye has ever had the privilege of gurgling down my dumpling-path. I don't have any idea how the nasty stuff tastes, and if it tastes half as bad as it makes some of you fellows act, I certainly have no desire to taste it. Some of you say it tastes good. Well, if it tasted ten thousand times better than honey and sugar and pound-cake and candy and kisses, I'll be dad-swatted if I'd make an infernal nasty wallerin' wild beast of myself for the sake of any doggon taste. If the opening chapters of a jag are so sweet and soul-satisfying in the matter of taste, how about that taste that comes waddlin' along toward the shank end of the high lonesome? I have seen 'em come staggering home the morning after with a breath that would run a hungry dog off of a meat wagon and a mouth that must have tasted like a buzzard-roost in hot weather. And yet just as soon as they get over the effect of one bender they go right back and tank up again—willing to repeat the whole beastly preformance over and over and over just for the sake of a taste. Don't that jar your grand-mammy's pickles? But, oh, some red-snouted guzzler jumps up and says he don't like the taste of the stuff, but he likes the effect—it makes him feel good. Well, buddy, it must make you feel a thurnderation sight better than it makes you look. For the sake of decency, if I were in your place, I'd be willing to whack off a few joints of my good feelings and tack it onto my looks. That would sorter even things up and make you more respectable.

Why, hang-take it, fellers, if I should ever be guilty of pouring my Caucasian hide full of rot-gut likker and cutting such shines as I've seen some of your gang cut I'd be ashamed to look a sheep-killing dog in the face any more. I honestly would. But the booze-artist—does he feel ashamed? Not on your auburn whiskers, Jeems Henry. If he ever had any sense of shame it has been consumed in the liquid fire that filters down his goozle. He can wallow in the gutter for a whole week, then spruce up on Sunday and go to church and be the biggest duck in the puddle. He can drive along the road with his honey-gal and show her his full length photograph in the mud and never blush.

I have actually heard fellows brag about being drunk, and they seemed to think it was something to be proud of. Lord have mercy on their poor, miserable, mustard-seed souls! I just wish they could see themselves through the eyes of a decent sober man for about five minutes.

Now, listen, you old booze-barrels, you! If you are just hell bent on being a hog anyhow, why in the name of sense don't you get down on your all fours and pray God to give you forked hoofs so you can be a hog right?

PROVERBS REVISED

1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.

2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.

3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.

4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.

5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.

6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"

7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?

8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe," when thou hast the money in thy pocket.

9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.

10 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.

11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.

12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.

13 Commit thy nickles and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscriptions shall be recorded.

14 Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

Conditions being what the are
In this our vale of tears,
What busy man can spare the
time
To live a hundred years?

No matter how we rant and rave,
Economy has lost;
The fewer clothes the women
wear,
The more the darn things cost.

Advertisement in a paper says: "Old Money Wanted." Shucks, I can beat that. [illegible] take new money if I can get it.

A Sermon on Suckers.

Well, you tarnal-nation old half-witted numbskull, I wonder what in the Sam Hill you are howling about this time? Been taking another nibble at somebody's hook, I reckon.

Well, Uncle, as long as you insist on being a sucker, you oughtn't to blame anybody but yourself if you get caught once in awhile. It's the business of sharpers to catch suckers, because they believe that's what suckers were made for.

Maybe sometime we will have a system of society that will protect you from your own ignorance, but for the present every fellow has to depend pretty much on his own resources. All who think themselves smart enough to skin you are going to try their best to do it, and it's up to you to prevent it if you can. What you need to do is to learn a little common hoss sense and quit being a sucker.

Suckers are people who bite at every tempting hook that is dangled before their noses, and they always get the worst of it. They merely see the bait, and it looks like something for nothing, and they jump at it without looking to see if there is a hook hidden behind it. But the hook is always there, and the sucker ain't long in finding it out.

Sarn-take your gullible gizzrd, how much longer will it take you to learn that this old rattletrap of a world ain't in the habit of giving something for nothing? The slick ducks who get up these glowing propositions for you to bite at—what do they do it for? Do you think their love for you, whom they never saw or heard of before, is strong enough to make them hunt you up [illegible] give you something for nothing? Well, hardly. You look fresh and green, and they have hopes of getting more out of you than they put into you, and that's why they are so eager to cultivate your friendship.

Yes-sir-ee, Buddy, you can always mark it down that these-here "sure things" will do to keep away from. They are just what the name implies—sure things all right, but sure for the other fellow. If he didn't have that all fixed solid to start with, he wouldn't be coming around hunting for you.

If you have been a sucker, now is a good time to quit it.

DISGUSTED, OF COURSE

The evolutionist declares that monkeys evoluted into men. And the anti-evolutionist comes back at him by asking why it is that some monkeys failed to evolute, but remained and still remain nothing but monkeys. Well, the best answer I can think of is this: The monkeys who DID evolute into men have so disgusted the other monkeys that they would rather remain monkeys than to become swindlers, robbers and hypocrites. And I don't much blame them. No doubt they are right in the middle of their senses.

Take It Or Leave It

And I thought to myself
How nice it is
For me to live
In a world like this,
Where things can happen,
And clocks can strike,
And none of the people
Are made alike,
Where love wants this,
And pain wants that,
And all our hearts
Go pity-pit-pat.
In the jumble we make
With our heads and hands,
In a world which
Nobody understands.

UPTON'S LATEST

Oh, shucks in August! I sit here at my desk and I read and read the confounded doinses of the world, and it all makes me sick. I have read theories and speculations about this, that and the other until I am half-way persuaded that nobody knows anything at all. Standing off to one side and looking at it with a disinterested view, this fetch-taked world and the fulness thereof is more like a gigantic crazy house than anything else.

For years I have been studying people — different kinds and classes of people—who think or pretend to think that they are standing for some consistent idea. But they don't—not many of them, at least. Taking it, up one side and down t'other, humanity is the most inconsistent thing that God ever made. Now you take a rabbit, a bull-frog or a bumble-bee, and it always runs true to form. It never gets off the track and contradicts itself—never does anything contrary to its own pattern of life. But these here two-legged things called human beings don't seem to have any pattern or any plan nor any consistent notion of what they are trying to do nor what it will amount to if they ever get it done.

My friend Upton Sinclair is a famous radical writer. He is a great scholar and has a fly-paper memory that holds everything that touches it. He seems to have a greater assortment of dry and classified facts tucked away in his think-box than any other man ever toted. And they run out of him almost day and night like soft soap out of a gourd-handle. Upton is an infidel for all he is worth, and he never gets tired of throwing rocks at the Bible and the Christian religion and telling what worthless and silly lumber they are, merely cluttering up the mind of the race. Upton thinks it would be a decided blessing to the world if the Bible were put out of existence and Christ were forgotten.

But after taking that bold stand against Christianity, Upton turns right around and, in his book called "Mammonart," he upholds in a most heroic manner the very traits of character that always grow out of true Christian living. He takes up the infidel poets and writers—the very fellows who, according to his own doctrine, ought to be his ideals—and just skins them alive for their loose living and debauchery and for the shipwreck that they have made of their lives. Balzac he calls a "predatory artist" and dismisses him with one mighty gesture of disgust. Gautier he likens to the devil re-writing Shakespeare, and the vulgarity and wickidness of Gautier's books almost cause the virtuous and moral Upton to throw a fit. He just can't stand the stench of it. But Gautier is the natural result of forgetting God, and by every rule of reason he ought to please Upton immensely.

Then comes Alfred de Mussett, another delicate poison flower from infidelity's garden of primroses, and Upton does not like Alfred a little bit. He holds him up for a minute as a horrible example and then turns away from him with a shudder. At thirty years of age Alfred de Musset had drained the dregs of debauchery and soon afterward rotted into a heathen's grave because he didn't have the sustaining strength of faith in God to uphold him.

Of course Upton has some good words to say for the genius of men like Rousseau, Heine, Zola, Maupassant, Nietzsche, Swinburne, Wilde, and so on; but he always brings out the fact that their lack of a high moral sustaining principle led them inevitably to a disgraceful and unhappy end. How he can afford to do that when they have staked their lives on the very theories of unbelief that Upton himself so earnestly preaches, I cannot understand.

He don't come out plain and say that the fatal lack in these erring men of genius was a lack of Christian faith, and he perhaps does not realize that he has proved the case against himself. But it is so, nevertheless. For the minute he comes to Longfellow and Whittier and Emerson, his tune changes. I expected him to poke fun at these good old saints, because that is the fashion these days; but to my great surprise he speaks of them in terms of the highest praise. He argues that their lives and their works are worth while because they held themselves up out of the mire and lived clean and honorable lives. He even admits that their Christian faith was what saved them. And yet he is against Christianity. He denies that the Bible is a book of any importance. He would like to see humanity liberated from the yoke of Christian "superstition" which enabled Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson to write clean poetry and live clean lives. He would like to have everybody become infidels and wallow in filth and "go to hell in a hurry"—the very thing he vehemently affirms he does NOT want.

If Upton really wants clean writing and clean living — the kind that he so heartily approves of in "Mammonart"—then why on earth does he continue to fight the very influence that, according to his own admission, produces these results?

If that ain't consistency with a tail to it and a pair of horns, then I don't know straight up.

WHEN WE EVOLUTE SOME MORE

Wiggling tadpoles!
Mother of monkeys!
And the Old Scratch goin' for the doctor!

I see where another one of them-thar University of Chicago professors has broke out in a fresh place.

The story is told by a writer in The Rural Weekly, and the substance of it is that Prof. Frederick Starr has poked his head through a crack in the high board fence that divides the present from the future, and has thus been able to see what the men and women of the future will look like.

And gee-whilikins! If Fred's eyes don't fool him, the future inhabitants of the earth will certainly be beauts. They will be toothless, hairless and toeless, says the professor. These results will come about through the workings of evolution, the well-known science invented by Mr. Darwin.

Prof. Starr goes on to prove by the downrightness of straight up that the human race is gradually tending toward a toothless and hairless condition, and that our toes will drop off one by one like faulty cucumbers after a big frost.

Well, there is always two sides to every question, and sometimes five or six. The loss of our hair, teeth and toes would seem, at first thought, to be a great calamity, but when you look at it from all sides it may not be so bad, after all. We won't be bothered any more with toe-itch, toothache and head-lice, and that will help some.

In regard to eating, we can live on thin soup for a few hundred years, and by that time evolution will have done away with the stomach entirely. Then we can just kiss our bald-headed wives for breakfast, lick our lips for dinner, and think about it for supper. The time we now waste in eating can be used for work, and — but say! — what in the thunder will we work for if we don't need to eat? Clothes? Shucks(that won't do, because evolution has got into the fashion business and the tendency is to less and less clothing every year, especially among the women. At present rate we will all be going naked as peeled oysters long before our teeth and toenails depart.

Verily, it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but if we continue to evolute till we get thoroughly evoluted all over, I just bet we could take a prize at a beauty show.

Whosoever toteth a cat by the tail, the same is liable to get scratched.

STARTIN' 'EM OUT

Yes, I've raised up a large family, but none of the children are with me now. Last year I made up my mind that they'd never amount to anything unless they made a start fer therselves. So I bought Bill a shot-gun an' sez:

"Bill, this-here roost ain't fer you no more. Jes' go out an' do suthin' to start yerself along."

An' Bill took that gun an' went over to the village an' shot a revenue officer an' got into state prison fer life an' is all settled down.

When Bill had gone, I bought a bike for Sally an' took it home an' sez:

"Sally, this-here roost ain't fer you no more. Git on that bike an 'go out into the world an' ketch a man."

An' she didn't lose two minutes hoppin' into the saddle an' whizzin' up the road. An' in two weeks she was married to a feller who saved her from gittin' run over by a six mule team.

The next day I calls up Joe an' sez to him:

"Joe, yer mouth are too big an' yer knees are shacklty, but mebby thar's suthin' in yer, arter all. I'll give you that-thar old blind ox to make a start with, an' don't you come back to this roost no more."

Joe tuck the ox an' went, and sarn my hide if he didn't lead him down to the railroad an' git him killed by a train an' raked in $40.00 damage. Yes, sah, and he bought a mule with the money an' is gittin' rich carryin' the mail.

Jim was next. I calls him up an' looks him over an' sez:

"Jim, yer too pizen lazy to eat good bacon, but I'm gonna send you out to hustle. All I can spare you is one dollar in cash. Don't come back to this roost till you've made yer fortune."

Jim tuck the dollar an' went, an' hang-taked if he didn't hire out to a dime museum man as the champion terbacker chawer of the world, an' he's now drawin' a salary of $25.00 a week an' board.

Thar was one left, an' that was Sue(an' I calls her up an' sez:

"Sue, it's time fer you growed-up chill'un to be gittin'. I'll buy you a new pair of shoes an' a sunbonnet, an' you must light out."

Sue started right off the next day an' got married, an' up to this time she's eloped three times, sot the house afire twice, and pizened her husban' once. Begins to look like she'll do the best of the whole lot.

These are the "good old days" we will be looking back toward and longing for a few years from now.

After all, there is some advantage in being a member of Congress. I'd like to have a chance to pass a bill increasing my salary to ten thousand dollars a year. Wouldn't you?

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIII. Pores Knob, North Carolina, June, 1925. No. 6.

LES GO A-FISHIN' ONE MORE TIME

'Long somewhurs in the early teens,
Ole rush hat on a feller's head,
Ole slick dime in a feller's jeans
Felt as big as a pone o' bread.
Goin' a-fishin' along the creek,
Bright June days jes' in their prime:
Joy like that I now would seek—
Les go a-fishin' one more time.

Seems might'nigh jes' like a dream,
But I kin tell ye the dream was great—
Trottin' along on the bank o' the stream,
Draggin' the pole an' a totin' the bait;
Feelin' as rich as a lord, an' then
Feelin' to see if I'd lost my dime:
Les be happy like that again—
Les go a-fishin' one more time.

Pore ole backs is a-gittin' bent,
Pore ole legs is a-failin' fast;
Can't go now at the gait we went
In them days o' the happy past.
Doggon brain is a-gittin' tired
Thinkin' o' this ole foolish rhyme:
Now for the thing we've long desired—
Les go a-fishin' one more time.

James Larkin Pearson.

PLAY THIS ON YOUR GOURD FIDDLE

I think "consistency" is about to lose its breeches . Frinstance, here is a monthly magazine called "The Home Circle," published at Louisville, Ky., and it seems to be an awfully good religious Sunday School sort of a thing so far as its reading matter goes, and it goes in for prohibition as strong as forty mules. But when The Home Circle gets its goo-goos on a fat check for advertising it is not quite so sanctified. In the Classified Column of its May Number I find this modest little announcement grinning at me in six-point type:

> "GROUND BARLEY MALT, brown sugar and copper. ———————Company, Box ———, Atlanta, Georgia."

Entirely innocent, of course. Malt and brown sugar and copper are never used to make moonshine likker. Oh, no, no, no! But sometimes a-body just will have old mean suspicions.

The same paper carries one "Stop Whiskey" ad and twelve pistol ads. Purty good average.

Oh, I was about to stop, but while this subject of "consistency" is under discussion, I might as well squeeze all the juice out of it. Take copper, now. Sheet copper. It ain't agin the law for a hardware dealer to sell me the sheet copper, and it ain't agin the law for me to buy it. But it IS agin the law for me to make up that copper into a still and set it up in some dark holler to make moonshine. It ain't agin the law for me to buy and own a straight piece of copper pipe ten feet long. But if I bend that copper pipe into a certain shape, then it is a "still-worm" and I must not be allowed to have it.

Doggon it, the law knows what those things are bought for just as well as I do, and if it really wanted to put a stop to the manufacture of rot-gut, why couldn't it make the tools of the traffic a little more difficult to get? That would help some, and wouldn't look so much like barefaced hypocracy. In spite of all their loud-mouthed hurrah about it, it looks to me like the "authorities" really want the rotten traffic to go on so that all the Big Ikes can get their part of the swag. Just between you and me and Saint Peter, I don't believe anybody wants the likker business stopped, unless it is a few poor devils like myself who are not making any profit out of it.

Then there is the pistol, another low-down weapon of the devil. It ain't agin the law for the hardware man to sell me a pistol, and it aint agin the law for me to buy it. But if I take the blamed thing and make one step towards home with it I have violated the law. The mail order houses, such as advertise in The Home Circle, are allowed to sell me a pistol by mail, and Uncle Sam is so willing to the transaction and so gosh-awfully accommodating that he will stick the bloody weapon in his hip pocket and come trotting down here to deliver it to me. But the very minute he hands it over and I get my paws on it, Uncle Sam rears back on his dignity and says, "See here! You can't have that pistol! It's agin the law!" Well, if it's agin the law for me to have it, what in the blue blazes did he bring it to me for? That's what I would like to know.

BIT HIS OWN NOSE OFF

Not long ago I heard a wise man say that Catholic Toe-Kisser Al Smith was the man who ought to have been nominated by the Democrats and elected president. He said Al would certainly have been elected if he had been nominated.

And then in the next breath my wise man came out in favor of the Kluckers and wanted to see the Bed-Sheet Brigade cover the earth at once.

Thar now! Ain't that a fine dish of religious soup with political flies in it? If all that fellow knew about the Catholics and the Kluckers was put together, it wouldn't fill the hollow of a gnat's tooth.

GO BAREFOOTED, DOGGON YE!

While wading through the current newspapers with scissors in hand hunting for some good juicy victim for my editorial wrath, I suddenly stumbled upon this:

> "Heeding President Coolidge's demand for economy on all sides, the Federal Department of Agriculture has called upon the people of the United States to save their shoes. The wasting of a single shoe each year by each person in the United States costs at least $250,000,000 at present prices, says the call for saving. The people of the United States buy about 300 million pairs of shoes each year. Their needs could be supplied by 250 million pairs if they were well cared for and kept in repair by the persons who bought them."

Oh, yes!

Of course!

Why, to be sure!

Now that our attention has been called to it, anybody can see that we are all wearing out too many shoes. I am a terrible sinner in that respect myself—I have worn out the only pair I had until they are hardly fit to wear here in the woods, and not at all fit to be seen in company. And I realize now that I hadn't ought to have done it. The solemn fact has at last percolated into my crazy cranium that I ought to have gone barefooted last winter and saved my shoes. Consarn the luck, why didn't President Coolness and the Department of Tater-Bugs call my attention to this shoe question before now? They had to wait until my shoe-soles had gone to glory or some other place, and then spring their little gag about saving my shoes. Boo-hoo!

But don't worry, my dearly-beloved Rubes. It isn't too late. We can still go barefooted. It is summer time now, and we can roll up our breechaloons and wade in the branch and squirt mud between our toes for about six months at least. And by that time our old hoofs will be so tough and rusty that they can stand it through the winter.

If everybody in these Benighted States would go barefooted as a goose for one year they would save enough money to build five or six battleships and make a good-sized payment on the "next war." So now, my dear fools, I hope you see how very important it is for us to go barefooted and save our shoes for hard times.

Hold on! Wait a minute! I ain't through yet. If you don't like the idea of going plum barefooted on both cylinders at once, or if you think that would be more economy than you could afford, then here is another good plan: Just put on one shoe at a time, and put the other foot in your pocket, and go hopping around like a snow-bird until you wear out that shoe. The other shoe will still be good. Just change feet and put on the good shoe, and put the bare foot in your pocket as before, and go to hopping again. In that way one pair of shoes will give the service of two pairs, and we will still be several hops ahead of O. Henry's South America where they don't wear anything but a stone-bruise and a grin.

HOWDY! HOWDY! HOWDY!

Well, folks, it begins to look sorter like old times. The Fool-Killer is on a big boom again and all of its old friends are flocking back and climbing on the band-wagon. That's right! Come on, everybody! If you can't roll a wheel you can at least jump on and ride. Here we go! We want to round up every person whose name has ever been on the list in the past and get them on again—right away quick. No "dull season" for us this summer, thank you!

Just The Fool-Killer by itself ought to be enough to get quick action out of any person God ever made, but as an extra inducement for everybody to get busy and break all records at club-raising, I am now giving some jim-dandy good Premiums. See list in this paper. Pick out the Premium you want and go for it like a nigger after a watermelon. Let the big clubs roll in here like five men a-measuring apples. Thank you! All ready? Go!

New York's Madison Square Garden, which was big enough to hold the late lamentable Democratic convention, could not accommodate more than half of the great throng that wanted to hear Eugene Debs when he spoke there recently. Poor old Debs! It is certainly bad to be so unpopular.

Not many years ago Mrs. Margaret Sanger was put in prison for advocating "Birth Control" and circulating literature on the subject. But now the mail order papers are full of ads offering "Birth Control" books for sale to the public. What in the world has gone with our good Puritan prudery all at once? Margaret and her "bad" activities are getting entirely too respectable these days.

The Fool-Killer

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at
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James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

STATEMENT

Mr. R. C. Meadows, who for the past several months has been Business Manager of The Fool-Killer, has resigned his position and is no longer connected with the paper.

PARAGRAPHS.

The conditions of the world are always "just about" to get better, but they never do. At least, they haven't yet. Maybe they will some time. I keep on hoping.

* * *

Yes, honey, you may do just about anything you please, provided you don't talk about it. And you may talk about anything you please, provided you don't do it.

* * *

Up to now I have been sitting down here at home and waiting for subscriptions to come. They came some, but not enough. Now I propose to go out after them with a search warrant and my double-barrelled mouth loaded for bear. Look out, little 'uns! Where's yer Pap?

* * *

The Florida legislature is considering making it illegal to be descended from a monkey.

MONKEYS IN MEMPHIS

The dear bruddering are still pulling hair and cracking heads over the monkey question. The latest battle has just been pulled off at Memphis, Tenn., where the Southern Baptist Convention was recently in session.

It seems that the Southern Baptists, in convention assembled, were not quite able to bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace. With poor old Evolution as the bone of contention, they found themselves in exactly the same sort of a pitiful pickle that the Democrats got into at Madison's Quare Garden. Who among us will ever live long enough to forget that awful McAdoo-Smith battle over the Klucker question? One side wanted to denounce the Kluckers by name in the platform, and the other side said it would die first. It went on that way till both sides were just about dead—or ought to have been. But after the smoke of battle had cleared away, there was to be found no mention of the Kluckers in the platform. They had merely ducked and dodged it. The only thing they had been able to do about it was to do nothing. They were afraid to mention it either way.

So it came to pass that history repeated itself in Memphis, and the Southern Baptist Convention pulled off the same sort of a "fraid cat" stunt in trying to deal with Evolution. A strong effort was made by the Funny Dementalists to have the convention reject and denounce Evolution by name; but the Monkeyites out voted them two to one, and the convention went on record as refusing to take a stand against Evolution.

Well, then, if the Baptists are not against Evolution they must be for it. But they didn't have backbone enough to say so. They just politely closed their gab-traps on that subject and didn't express any opinion at all. They just "ploughed around it," as Abe Lincoln used to say about the log-pile, and left it there for future conventions to deal with. Afraid of it, that's all.

Now it seems to me that for a great religious convention like that not to have ANY opinion on such a big vital question is a mighty bad sign.

Evolution is either right or wrong, true or false. It can't be both. And a powerful deliberative body like the Southern Baptist Convention ought to know which it is. It claims to represent the Baptists of the South and to speak their sentiments. To say that it don't know is a confession of ignorance and disqualifies it for leadership of the people. To say that it knows and won't tell is a confession of cowardice, which is worse than ignorance.

I walk up to Mr. S. B. C. and I say:

"Looky here, Mr. Convention, I want to know about this here Evolution they talk so much about. Is it a good thing or a bad thing? Is it right or wrong?"

No answer.

Silence.

"Say, I'm not joking. I really want to know? Must I believe that man evoluted up from a tadpole's grandpap?"

Still no answer.

More silence.

"Hey, there, Mr. Convention! Has the cat got your tongue? Or are you deaf? Why don't you talk? I am asking for information. You know Evolution is a big question among the people. The churches are split up over it. And here you are posing as the mouthpiece of the Baptists of the South, and you can't even tell a feller what you think about it."

Trembling like a poplar leaf in a high wind, Mr. Convention opens his lips and manages to stammer:

"I think—I think—I'm afraid to say what I think. Please don't ask me. Your question is very embarrassing."

Seems like it, sure enough.

And so that's all the Southern Baptist Convention can tell me about one of the livest questions of the day.

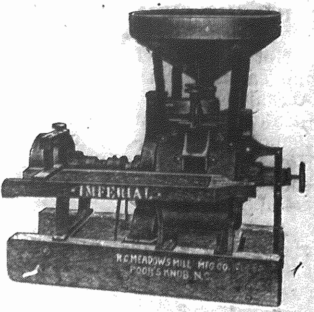
Oh, well!

Let it go!

I wouldn't dare to suggest that the Southern Baptist Convention doesn't know anything about Evolution. Let us say, rather, that it knows so much and has got its wisdom packed in so tight that it can't get any of it out.

A "nigger" is a colored person who has no money.

"I have been able to discover but very few brains among movie stars," says Elinor Glyn. Lawsy - massy - sakes, Elinor, what are you talking about? Movie stars haven't the least particle of use for brains. All in the world that the movie star needs is a purty face and an eloquent pair of legs, and she will make more money in a night than a car load of mere brains could make in a life-time. Brains? Aw, shucks!



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TOM SIMS SAYS:

Warm enough now to use your vest to patch your trousers.

* * *

We predict a hot summer. We always do. It always is.

* * *

The straw lid is budding forth. It blossoms out. Then goes to seed.

* * *

The poor are with us always, but the rich go to summer resorts.

* * *

Men may be less intelligent than women, but they have better taste in marrying.

* * *

The funniest news in the paper today is that a big chewing gum manufacturer chews tobacco.

* * *

You are not old if at midnight you start wondering what you will do till bed-time.

* * *

Girl who met a millionaire in Florida will marry him in California. It was quite a chase.

* * *

Travelling to see new things isn't always as interesting as sitting still and seeing the old ones change.

* * *

Doesn't matter, of course, but Liangling Chang, new Chinese consul, may have been named for a fire wagon.

PREMIUMS

For Club-Raisers

Hello! Listen! Here is a list of some Valuable Premiums that you can earn in a few minutes or a few hours just for a little pleasant work. Take subs for The Fool-Killer at 15 cents each and send in the number required for the premium you want. Samples and order blanks free for the asking. Now go to it:

JOY PACKAGE—"Bluets and Buttercups," a booklet of poems by Cora Wallace Pearson. Well printed and tastefully bound. Also a folder telling "How to Be a Joycrafter." Given free for a club of 5.

200 OLD TIME SONGS, words and music. All the good old favorites of long ago—love songs, religious songs—those that you loved in childhood and maybe haven't heard for years. Get this book and enjoy them again. Free for a club of 10.

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THE UNSNEEZED SNEEZE

Full many a song of the loved and lost
Has been borne on the evening breeze;
But I sing of a grief that has no relief—
Of the sneeze that I could not sneeze.

Kerchoo! That'll do. Kerch—Oh!, let her go!
No matter who hears or sees;
But I try in vain, for it comes not again,
That sneeze that I could not sneeze.

Oh, the size of my sighs, as I wipe my eyes,
And sway on my tottering knees!
Oh, the tears I have shed as I bent my head
For that sneeze that I could not sneeze.

Full many another have I failed to smother,
But none could my woe appease
Like the one I mourn, though it died unborn—
That sneeze that I could not sneeze.

Now perhaps some day, in the far away,
On some wind-swept isle of the seas,
I shall meet the ghost, unloved, unlost,
Of that sneeze that I did not sneeze.

And, oh, if I do, what a loud "Kerchoo!"
Will startle those silent seas!
How the earth will quake and the the heavens shake,
When I'm sneezing that unsneezed sneeze!

Kerchoo! That'll do. Kercho! Let her go,
No matter who hears or sees;
My sorrow is past, for I'm sneezing at last
That sneeze that I could not sneeze!

—Dunna Hoontha Dickens.

Baseball Bill Beats BOBTAIL

Preaches Wild-Eyed Heresy and Gets It Endorsed By Baptists

On the evening of Friday, May 15th, at Winston-Salem, N. C., Billy Sunday preached a sermon on the Second Coming of Christ, from which I quote the following. In a paper as small as The Fool Killer there isn't room for the entire sermon, but I want you to read and consider these extracts, which are given here word for word as they appeared in the Winston-Salem Journal the next day. Billy took for his text I Thes. 4:17, and spoke in part as follows:

> The Bible very clearly makes known the great truth that God's purpose for this dispensation is the completing of the Body of Christ. He is not trying to save the world now; that is to be the work of the next dispensation.
>
> When the Rapture comes it will come in the twinkling of an eye, and will be altogether unexpected except by those who have been searching the prophets and are looking for it. After it has occurred there will be an army of church members and preachers who will not know that it has come.
>
> The remainder of the world will not know that He has been here, and they will not know what has become of the missing ones. They will seem to have disappeared in all kinds of unaccountable ways, unless their earthly bodies shall be left behind them. But things will soon settle back in their old condition and the world will go on in its way, as did Sodom after Lot was taken out of it.
>
> The notion that the people have about the Second Coming of Christ is that when He comes the judgment day will also come ,and that the world will come to an end. This idea is unscriptural and shows how little the Bible has been searched to find and make known the real truth by those who are leaders and teachers in the church. Business will go on and governments will go on as now. After Jesus comes and takes the believers out of the world, then takes place the great tribulation.
>
> The visible church will be left here, strong in members and organization. It will probably make a great show of missionary activity, but will have no more power against the principalities and powers of evil than did the disciples who missed the mount of transfiguration had over the demons that were tormenting the little boy. In a worldly way it will appear to be in a very prosperous condition, rich in property and elegant buildings.
>
> At the close of the tribulation the Lord will return, bringing with Him the saintly members of His body, to begin His Millenial Reign. Then He will reveal Himself to the Jews. They will accept Him as their long-rejected Messiah. Then the Millenium will begin, the devil will be cast into the bottomless pit for 1,000 years; nations will be born in a day, through the missionary efforts of the Jews.
>
> If we are so fortunate as to have a part in that meeting in the air, it will mean that we are among the most fortunate of all the sons of men, and that we have lived in the most blessed of all times for men to live; for only those are eligible to membership in the Body of Christ who live in the present dispensation. Moses and David and Isaiah and Jeremiah had no such chance as we have, for the Body of Christ had its beginning at Pentecost. Neither will those who live after the rapture have an opportunity for the Body will then be complete and the door closed forever, as it was in the face of the foolish virgins.
>
> Others will know the joys of great salvation, for the world will be saved during the Millennium (the next dispensation) and the knowledge of the glory of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea; but the people of that day will have no place in the Body of Christ. They cannot become members of the Royal Family. They will be local subjects of the King.
>
> For some that meeting will mean that they have reached it without passing through death, for it is to be composed of those who have gone on before and those who are still living at that time. Some who are born into this world are never to die, and we may hope to be of that elect number. The Christian has no business to look for death. It is his right to hope to live forever.
>
> It will also mean that we shall then have bodies that will remain young forever. Pains and aches, gray hairs, wrinkles and feebleness, will never again be known.
>
> The Millennium will be the greatest time ever known, for it will be the golden age of man. Poverty, sickness, war and pestilence will be unknown. There will be no devil to cause human suffering and woe. Then think of the delight of coming back into this world where we have had so much trouble and hardship and poverty and sickness, to live under such glorious conditions as will then prevail.
>
> The real truth is, that great event (the Second Coming of Christ) will not bring destruction to anything that is good, but will, on the contrary, introduce an era of the greatest progress and prosperity the world has ever known . The coming of Christ will bring the Millennium, the golden age of man in this world, when fine arts and sciences, and everything else that man ought to delight in, will flourish as never before, and the knowledge of the glory of God will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. Then, and only then, will God's will be done on earth as it is in heaven. At the time of his coming there will be no general resurrection or judgment.
>
> At the close of the Millennium reign of Christ, the devil will be loosed out of the pit for a season and look upon a world without sin. He will tempt people. Some of them will be as foolish as now and yield to his lies and subtlety . He will gather his hosts and come against the saints to battle. Fire will fall from heaven and consume them.

Now, folks—you good orthodox people and all—what do you think of Billy Sunday's theology on the Second Coming of Christ and the "end of the world?" Sounds to me like mighty strange talk to be coming from the lips of a "popular evangelist." The fact that he can get away with it and win the endorsement of the orthodox leaders is proof that orthodoxy can't tell its own dope from something else unless the label is displayed. In this sermon Billy has preached some error mixed with a great deal of truth. It contains just enough error to throw people off the track and keep them in darkness; but it does contain a great deal of truth that you never hear from the old line orthodox pulpits.

Of course Billy Sunday will go right ahead and preach other doctrines that directly cross and contradict what he preaches here. But it is better to tell the truth once in awhile than not at all.

It is a fact that nearly all the views expressed in the above quotations are straight-out Russellism. With just a few slight changes the whole thing might have been copied from Russell's books. The paper that reported the sermon played it up with a big head-line clear across the page as follows: "Sunday Hails Christ's Reign on Earth in Sermon to 8,000." Notice that "reign on earth." From the standpoint of old-fashioned orthodoxy that is terrible heresy. We have always heard it preached that the earth was going to be burned up, and that Christ and all the saved people would be "away up above the stars." But Billy dares to stand up before 8,000 people and say that Christ will reign on earth. Bully for Billy!

And there stands his statement that when Jesus comes the world in general will not know anything about it—until some years later. Yes, he even says that there will be an army of church members and preachers who will not know that Christ has come. That's straight Russell doctrine. Then Billy goes on and says that God is not trying to save the world now—that is to be the work of the next dispensation. More Russell. And Billy also says as plain as words can say it that AFTER Jesus comes, business will go on and governments will go on mucn the same as they do now. What awful heresy! But Billy's great audience gulped it down and smacked their lips for more. Yet if a "Russellite" had got up there and said the same thing they would have mobbed him.

Billy says that when Jesus comes and takes His Bride to Himself and the door is closed forever—still, AFTER THAT, others will know the joy of great salvation during the 1,000 years Millennium, but they will belong to a different class of saved people—they cannot become members of the Royal Family, but will be private citizens in the Kingdom. All of which is perfectly good Russell doctrine.

I have never heard such views expressed by any Baptist preacher in my life, and it seems remarkably strange to me that they would endorse such views. But they do. The Winston-Salem Journal, which reports the sermon, says editorially:

> "Rev. Dr. Livingston Johnson, Editor of the Biblical Recorder, organ of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, has been attending the Billy Sunday meetings in Winston-Salem. And in this week's issue of the Recorder he gives his impression in a strong editorial that is as enthusiastic a commendation of Mr. Sunday and his work as we have seen or heard anywhere."

Turning to The Biblical Recorder's editorial, referred to in the above paragraph, I find, among other things, this:

> **"He drives home with tremendous power the great fundamentals of Christianity."**

And so it turns out that the rank heresies and the "Russellisms" which I have here quoted from Billy Sunday's sermon belong among the "great fundamentals of Christianity," and they now have the endorsement of the Baptists of North Carolina. Praise be!

Take the case. Draw your own conclusions. For my part, it looks to me like the theologians are pretty badly balled up when a jazz evangelist can preach a Russellite sermon without knowing it, and a whole State full of orthodox preachers can endorse it without knowing what it is.

Oh, we are coming along!

JOYCRAFTER TALK

By Cora Wallace Pearson

Here's another sort of seed we must not sow in other people's minds or let them grow in our own—the seeds of fear. Recently a neighbor received a very bad blow on the head. Kind-intentioned, solicitous neighbors came in and discussed his condition **in his hearing** in the following manner: "Do you reckon his skull's busted? Do you reckon he'll die?" We should neither discuss an afflicted person's condition in their hearing, nor the condition of others who are sick or afflicted. It takes a person with strong well nerves to listen to such conversations without feeling a morbid fear. Create as cheerful atmosphere as possible around your sick folks, if you desire to help them gain health. Even the strong ones should not dwell unnecessarily on the morbidness around them, thus allowing morbid suggestions to take root in their own minds. That's why I contend that there is enough of the morbid side of life that we must necessarily see and hear in reality, without reading it in the "blood-and-thunder" novels and other books of that type, or what is worse still, seeing it in moving pictures on the "screen".

* * *

Mankind claims to be superior in every respect to the animal creatures, especially in the matter of using the brain to reason out right from wrong. But even if the habits of animals are mere "instinct" implanted in them by Mother Nature for their welfare and safety, they certainly display more sense and reason sometimes than the average human being.

For instance, did you ever know a sick animal to eat? No! When sick they absolutely refuse food, drink plenty of water, seek a warm place to lie down and sleep until Nature has time to right the trouble. Yet when a member of the human family feels any aversion to food from some derangement of the physical system, every other member of that family immediately becomes deeply concerned. Every art of cookery and persuasion is resorted to to get food down the unwilling throat, and the poor victim is often literally forced to do that which Nature is strongly urging them **not** to do. And on top of that they are usually forced to take in a lot of drug poisons to add to the food poison sure to develop from food eaten when the system is in no condition to digest and assimilate it.

* * *

Recently a neighbor came in to borrow our food grinder, remarking that all her folks were sick and wouldn't eat meat, and she thought she would make a little sausage and see if they could eat that! Being inclined toward vegetarianism, of course we could not help thinking that the "good old fashioned country hog-killing" in that family recently was in large measure responsible for the sickness in the family.

* * *

Don't be afraid you will die if you don't eat. And if you get weak, that won't kill you either. If you are sick you need to stop work anyway. The only "license" Nature gives us for eating is hunger, and we are only disobeying her rules when we eat when not hungry. Then what a travesty on Nature's common sense to eat when we are sick! (Of course this refers only to ordinary acute sickness, and not to chronic cases).

* * *

It has always been known that man could fast at least forty days and live, and the recent experience of the Irish Mayor of Cork proves that he can live longer than that without eating. However, no one should undertake a long fast without some intelligent knowledge of the principles involved, nor without the help of some one to intelligently manage the case. What this article refers to is the short fasts of a few days that would enable Nature to cure the average attack of sickness much more quickly and surely than all the dosing and doctoring that is done. It is even well to fast for a meal or two when not sick if we have overeaten at any meal. Over one hundred and fifty years ago Benjamin Franklin wrote a long list of diet rules, one item of which is the following:

"If a man casually exceeds (overeats) let him fast the next meal, and all may be well again, provided it be not too often done; as if he exceeds at dinner, let him refrain from supper. A temperate diet frees from disease; such are seldom ill, but if they are surprised with sickness, they bear it better and recover sooner; for most distempers have their origin from repletion".

* * *

A man who looks like a failure on the outside may not always be a failure. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart." The man with the fine clothes and the costly car certainly pleases the eye of man more than the common looking man with the tin lizzie. And folks naturally "look up" to you if you have all the outside signs of success. And there's nothing wrong in tacking on a reasonable amount of these outside badges, according to the size of your pocket-book.

But here's the trouble. If you have to sell or mortgage your home, make or sell booze, or do anything else that is not for the blessing of humanity, to get your prosperity tags, then that poor fellow with the tin lizzie is your superior—if his heart is right.

* * *

We live in a world where there is plenty for everybody, and it is not a good advertisement either for yourself, your business or your God, to wear the badges of poverty. But as long as the devil is here to contend with, poverty does not spell failure. The real failure is the man who never tries to do anything. The man who tries many things and fails is doing the best he knows, and angels could not do more.

And if you have to wear poverty badges and can face the world with a clear conscience you may wear them like a king. Don't droop your shoulders and hang your head. It's nobody's business what you do or don't do, what you wear or don't wear.

If you can master your inner spirit, no outside lack will much matter. God speed the day when there will not be some with too much and others with too little.

* * *

Yes, indeed, the way to eternal life is a straight and narrow way. But does that mean it is by the narrow way of some certain creed or ism? A Baptist, Presbyterian or any other orthodox churchman can't see the "wideness of God's mercy," because he is shut up in the fold of his own particular creed. Sheep are not allowed to leave the fold without the shepherd, and the ecclesiastical shepherds of the creeds do not go outside their own folds.

Blessed is he that standeth apart from them all, for he alone is able to see with an unprejudiced eye the vastness of the divine plan. Even some of the unorthodox undenominational flocks have huddled themselves into a narrow pen saying, you must come this way if you want to find the truth.

Perhaps the creeds are necessary so long as the world is in its present state; but no doubt the devil was their author, and so is the spirit that makes them necessary.

It is reasonable to say that when God made such a wide diversity of human nature, He had no intention of piling up all of His truth in one or even in some of the little pens men have built to catch it. Of course more or less truth gets in every pen; but it takes all of it in all the pens, and then all that can be found lying around outside, to feed the whole world of humanity.

Help the church nearest your belief, brother, but don't be bound within its limits.

* * *

Honey chile, don't think your own little head or your own little church holds all the truth that God has turned loose. The human mentality is like a vast piano keyboard, and it takes the whole scale of notes to play the grand Opera our Creator composed in the beginning of time.

'Tis true that the music is harsh sometimes; because there must be the thunderings of earthly woes, the bitter wailings of the innocent, as well as the harmony of love and the poetic notes of beauty and art.

But it takes it all. So honey chile, don't be so foolish as to think your particular chord or phrase in the grand Opera is all there is worth listening to.

OBSERVATIONS

By J. W. Heatherly

Everyone has a right to his own opinion, and yet that doesn't make his opinion right.

The truth is always on the defensive and needs no help from those who teach error. When anyone grasps the truth there is no way to convince him that it is not the truth.

Some people have yet to learn that slander and misrepresentation will not expose the errors of others.

Some people are so narrow minded that they will hold on to error at any cost, even after they are convinced that they were mistaken.

So long as we are honest in our criticism of the beliefs of others we have a right to try to expose what we believe to be errors. But we have no right to misrepresent the belief of others in so doing.

Getting used to wearing false teeth is like getting used to the mumps.

Give the sorriest man living a fortune and he would become popular.

It's an easy matter to laugh when the world laughs with you. But as soon as the world frowns upon you, just watch the laughing change to a frown.

The reason why most of us have to work is because we have to.

It doesn't look so very bad to see the young girls wearing bobbed hair; but when an old woman amputates her headgear and puts on a pair of knickers, it is enough to make the Statue of Liberty blush behind Coney Island.

If all the flour that is used on the faces of the opposite sex was made into bread, there would be more girls who would know how to cook.

That satan is transformed into an angel of light is a revealed fact when we visit the movies with their murderous films and scandal displayed.

Will Hays promised to reform the movies, but as we go to press we have failed to see any signs of his reforming a single picture. Perhaps it would be a good idea to reform Will Hays first.

The Good Book says that "the love of money is the root of all evil," which may not apply to the fellow who hasn't any.

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

Vol. XIII. Pores Knob, North Carolina, July, 1925. No. 7.

A Good Old Hymn

Alas, and are my breeches tore?
And is my shirt in strings?
And shall I go in debt for more,
Or do without such things?

Was it for this, since I've been grown,
I cast my sovereign vote?
Amazing shoes, with socks unknown!
And, oh, you tattered coat!

Well might a piece of tow-sack hide
My poor old naked skin!
The way them politicians lied,
It surely is a sin!

But drops of grief can never pay
The grocery bills I owe.
Next time I'll vote a different way—
Hang-taked if that ain't so!

TRY YOUR LUCK, MISTER

Please stand on your head and read the following paragraph backward through a left-handed breeches-leg, and then tell me what you think it means. I find it in the "Current Events" column of The Literary Die Jest for June 13th, 1925, Annie Domino:

> "An opinion dissenting from the decision of the judicial commission of the Presbyterian General Assembly sustaining the complaint against the New York Presbytery for licensing two ministers who would not affirm belief in the Virgin Birth is read into the records of the Assembly by the Rev. Charles B. Swartz, of Chicago."

I will give you the next hundred dollar bill that I find in a cow track if you will translate that into English and put me wise to what the writer was trying to say. I have read it through sixteen times and prayed over it twice and cussed over it eight times, and I don't see any sense in it yet.

To save my sunburnt neck I can't tell whether the Rev. Charles B. Swartz has given birth to an opinion, or whether the Presbyterian General Assembly has had a nightmare that refuses to eat oats, or whether the New York Presbytery has swallowed its false teeth and puked up a lizzard. In view of all the unmitigated circumstances, intensified by the uncertainty of newspaper reports, I am terribly uneasy for fear something has happened.

A woman went into a department store and said she wanted a dress to put on around the house. She was insulted when the clerk asked her the size of the house.

PLUTOCRACY "FESSES UP."

Just a few short years ago we had a "war to end war."

Perhaps you remember it.

We were told that it was going to be the last war that the world would ever see.

I believed that yarn for awhile, but when I saw how the war was carried on and how it ended, I begun to sorter have my doubts.

But you remember how the "patriots" all over the country just ripped and ranted and tore their shirts for the holy and sanctified slaughter which was going to bring paradise to the earth in about three weeks. The great Redemocan editors, both North and South, fairly melted into puddles of "patriotism" as they cried aloud for more blood. It was a "holy cause," and it was a "war to end war," and anybody that criticised it was a traitor and ought to be hung.

Among the plute papers that had such patriotic duck-fits in behalf of Wilson's War was the Winston-Salem Journal. It didn't stop at "100 per cent patriotism." Its temperature rose to at least 300, and it would have gone still higher if the "patriotic" bubble hadn't busted when it did.

To turn back now to The Journal's files of 1917 and 1918 and read its inspired prophetic utterances about the warless world which Wilson was going to hand us on a silver platter—well, that fine stuff don't quite harmonize with the following which I take from a recent issue of the same Winston-Salem Journal:

> **WAR PREPARATIONS**
>
> Seven years after the war to end wars, the powers of the world maintain, on a peace footing, at least 6,000,000 troops and the total organized reserve forces in the world are 24,000,000. The armed nations today, because of their mechanical guns, new chemical laboratories and air craft, are more formidable in their equipment than before the catastrophe of 1914. The fleets of the world are stronger than in 1914. The air navies are being continually developed and expanded. Add to this the experience gained in the last war, and it is startlingly plain that the world is far better prepared to wage a terrific war than ever before.

See? It comes right out and confesses that the war which Wilson "kept us out of" was not what it was cracked up to be. It didn't end war. It didn't bring paradise. It didn't do any of the great things it promised to do.

On the other hand, the crazy world has gone ahead with still bigger and costlier preparations for war, and it seems only a question of time till hell must break loose again. And of course when that happens we will again have plenty of "patriots" to tell us what a "holy cause" it is, and how we must all bend our necks to the military yoke and pull and pray for victory . Oh ,yes! But it looks to me like a few more "victories" like that last one would just about finish us.

RADIO UP-TO-DATE

Well, sir! Are you trying to keep up with the latest developments in Radio? If not, you are missing one of the biggest things that ever came down the pike.

It ain't merely talk and music now, but radio pictures flashing through the air at lightning speed. A feller in Washington has invented a new method of sending pictures by radio, and he has now gone so far as to send typewritten letters, or even penwritten letters, delivering them thousands of miles away in five minutes. You can take a piece of paper and a pen and write a letter in your own handwriting, and five minutes after you sign your name to it, a photographic copy of that same letter, still in your own handwriting, can be delivered by radio to somebody thousands of miles away.

This is not speculation about what is going to be done. It has actually been done already.

Going still further, the same inventor has succeeded in sending MOVING PICTURES by radio for a distance of five miles. Of course that is just a start. If moving pictures can be sent five miles by radio, they will eventually be sent five hundred or five thousand miles.

It is actually beyond belief, but it is all true just the same. We can hardly comprehend it. And still less can we comprehend the fact that the wonders are just beginning. Ten years more—twenty years more—and—oh, my! Can you begin to imagine? Talking about paradise, that's the way it will come. In the Sweet By and By. Not just yet.

A noted welfare worker, in discussing what should be done about the fast and unruly younguns of this country, says what we need is a new type and better type of parents. No doubt about that . But where in the gee-whiz are you going to get 'em? To try to make better parents out of such bum material as we have got would be sorter like trying to make a gold watch out of a mule's foot.

SAVING THE BABIES—AND WHAT FOR?

On April 29, 1925, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company bought space in The Outlook (New York), and printed an ad from which I quote the following:

> "Last year two and one-half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be intrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents, but to the country itself, one out of every thirteen died before its first birthday. This tragic waste of human material must be checked. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country is asked to help."

- c

All well and good. Nobody will object to saving the lives of the babies. But maybe we had better look into their motives a little. What do they want to save the babies for? I'll tell you. So far as the boy babies are concerned, they want them to grow up and become soldiers and be gloriously murdered in some rich man's war. And as to the girl babies, they want them to live long enough to become the mothers of soldiers, and after that it don't matter what becomes of them.

That's the dying truth, and you know it. The powers that be are not much interested in babies for any other reason. As proof of this assertion, let me call your attention to the fact that other groups of "patriots" are all the time hard at work inventing and perfecting new methods of killing. And unless the babies live and grow up, there will be nobody for the "patriots" to kill with their newfangled murder machines. Of course the babies must be saved to make cannon fodder.

But why? Looks to me like the baby that dies in infancy has got the best end of the bargain. If all the babies could know what was ahead of them in this troublesome world, they would all want to die in infancy.

Looky here, babies, if you are going to live and grow up, you had better learn sense enough in the time of it to show the war-gods where to get off.

Quitters

The whole world hates a quitter,
But it doesn't hate him, son,
When the quitter's quitting something
That he shouldn't have begun.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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at
Pores Knob, North Carolina

James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewritten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please PRINT OUT the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is VERY IMPORTANT.

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Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

MONEY IN A NEWSPAPER

One day the publisher of a weekly newspaper in a small Texas county seat came into Dallas and surprised the banker by making deposit of $50,000 in cold cash. The Dallas newspaper sent its star reporter to see the visitor and to get from him, if possible, the true story of how he amassed a fortune of $50,000 publishing a country newspaper.

"I have been running a weekly newspaper forty years," he told the reporter, "and have practiced the strictest economy. I have never given anything to charity, and have worn the cheapest clothes I could buy as long as patching would make them do. I have never bought tobacco or cold drinks, or even a package of chewing gum. I have never married, and have done my own cooking in a room over my office. In fact, I have never spent a dime that I did not have to spend for the bare necessities of life. And the other day an aunt died and left me $49,999.50."

The only thing worse than a young fool is an old one.

TENNESSEE'S OFFICIAL RELIGION

During all the fifteen years that I have been editing The Fool-Killer it has been my custom to come right out flat-footed and say in plain English exactly what I thought about things. I have always said what I thought to be the truth at the time I said it; but I am only human and liable to make mistakes the same as other men.

I have not said very much about Evolution for some time past, and what I have said has been of a rather non-commital character. I have so far handled it as a joke and made fun of both sides impartially. But the Evolution fight has now passed the joking stage, and it seems cowardly for me or anybody else to merely sit on the fence and laugh.

My connections and my sympathies have all the time been on the side of the Anti-Evolutionists, and I have tried my level best to keep them there. But at the same time I have allowed myself freedom to study and think and to examine the evidence on both sides. For there IS evidence on both sides, and the person who hasn't seen it has just not looked for it.

The present fight in Tennessee is more than a fight over Evolution. It is really a fight over Separation of Church and State. And looking at it from that angle, at least, the Evolutionists are on the right side.

No matter how much I might be inclined to side with the Fundamentalists on general principles, the very nature of this case compels me to take sides against them.

Regardless of which side of this controversy it is right for individuals to take, it certainly is not right for a state or national government to take EITHER side. There is where the danger lies, and there is where the legislature of Tennessee has made its great mistake. It has attempted to establish a State religion, using the power of the State government to enforce its decree.

The Evolutionists have never asked the State to adopt their theories as the official belief of the government. All they ask is an open track and a fair race. But the Anti-Evolutionists are not satisfied with that. They demand that the State shall underwrite their theories, indorse their religious beliefs, and subsidize their interpretation of the Bible. In other words, they want to get right back to the thing which our forefathers left Europe to escape—a State religion.

Under a free government—which this is supposed to be—John Smith has exactly the same right to interpret the Bible one way that I have to interpret it another way. And Bill Jones has exactly the same right to not believe in the Bible at all if that suits him better. Would it be right for me to go ahead and have my pet creed adopted by the State and compel John Smith and Bill Jones to send their children to a school where only my creed could be taught?

It don't help matters a bit to say that the scientists are divided among themselves. So are the theologians. With several hundred warring creeds all pulling hair and hating each other like poison, it ill becomes the theologians to throw up "division" to the scientists. I'll say that much for them, anyhow.

In the state of Tennessee—in the Tennessee legislature, at least—the Anti-Evolutionists seem to be in the majority, and they think that makes it all right for them to have their own creed adopted as the official religion of the state. But suppose it might come to pass in some other state that the Evolutionists were in the majority, or that the Catholics were in the majority. In such a case would it be all right for the majority to establish its own religion as the official belief of the state? Wouldn't the Funny Dementalists howl?

Folks, it's dangerous, and it would be just as dangerous the other way around. No religious group has any right to demand special favors of the State. It is the State's business to treat all creeds alike and to keep hands off in matters of religion.

Why, if Tennessee can do what she has attempted, there is no telling what it might lead to. Once you have begun passing laws in favor of some religious belief or against some scientific belief, there would be no end of it. The next step might easily be a law that no person could vote, hold office or do business in Tennessee who did not oppose Evolution. It would be just as easy to pass a law that no marriage ceremony should be legal unless performed by a preacher who opposes Evolution.

But they say, "Oh, we MUST put a stop to the teaching of Evolution, because it is WRONG. It is against the Bible." That's got nothing to do with the case. If we are to maintain and preserve our religious liberty—if we are to keep church and state separate—the State MUST NOT take sides either way on any religious issue.

So far as concerns the earth itself, and the vegetable and animal kingdoms, they CERTAINLY came into being through a long slow process of Evolution. There is no doubt about that. The element of doubt enters only when we come to consider the origin of the human race. The Bible SEEMS to teach that man was a separate creation—that he sprang full grown from the hand of his Maker in a literal 24-hour day. I am not saying that it wasn't that way. I don't know. But the more I study the question the more improbable it seems. I don't see why God would make everything else by Evolution, and then change His method to make man. But if it is true that God did on that occasion interrupt the orderly processes of nature and create man from the dust by a sudden and separate miracle, still I can't see how that would be any more HONORABLE an origin than to develop up from a lower order. The other creatures are all made of dirt, anyhow, and if man came in that way he is just as certainly dirt as if he had been formed from it direct. If there is any special honor in being made out of mud, the Evolution theory does not destroy it.

But however that may be, the case of Dr. Scopes in Tennessee is not a question of theology, but a question of religious liberty. We must remember that the right to NOT believe a certain creed is just as sacred as the right to believe it. And though I might be the most ardent Fundamentalist, I could not in this case do otherwise than hope that the Evolutionists will win.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

Good land; dark gray soil; clay subsoil. Good dwelling house and out buildings. Wood plentiful. Blueberry natural growth in woods. For further description write:

Eli B. Davis, Rt. 4, Bx. 65,
Laurel Hill, Fla.

PREMIUMS

For Club-Raisers

Hello! Listen! Here is a list of some Valuable Premiums that you can earn in a few minutes or a few hours just for a little pleasant work. Take subs for The Fool-Killer at 15 cents each and send in the number required for the premium you want. Samples and order blanks free for the asking. Now go to it:

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NOT FOR ME

I cannot run the ancient bluff,
And make myself a liar;
I cannot write the sleepy stuff
That editors require.
I have a message burning hot
For people who will heed;
But some prefer the ancient rot,
And ideas gone to seed.

OF COURSE

If all the workers would unite
And vote for what they need,
The plutes would soon be put to flight,
With all their hateful breed.
But just as long as they divide
And vote against their cause,
Of course the plutes will mount and ride,
And make oppressive laws.

POOR OLD DEVIL!

He Gets Blamed for Every New Thing That Comes Along

The "monkey law" in Tennessee has its bitter friends and its ardent enemies, and in between the two there are others like myself who regard it as merely a sign of the times, and a mile-post on the road of progress. It just had to be. And the final result of it will be more beneficial than otherwise .It will put on record the ideas and superstitions that prevail today, so that they may be pointed out and laughed at in the years to come.

In this connection, an interesting side-light is furnished by a recent news-item in Grit The item follows:

What Was Thought of Railroads Years Ago.

Ninety-seven years ago the Lancaster (Ohio) school board had very definite ideas as to proper and improper subjects for discussion in the school house. A copy of a resolution adopted by the board in that year was recently read at a convention of the American Society of Civil Engineers. It read:

"You are welcome to use the schoolhouse to debate all proper questions. But such things as railroads and telegraphs are impossible, and rank infidelity. There is nothing in the word of God about them. It is a device of Satan to carry the souls of the faithful down to hell."

Are you done laughing? If so, I will proceed. You couldn't help it, I reckon—and I couldn't, either—but really we ought not to laugh at those good Buckeye saints who thought that railroads and telegraphs were impossible, and rank infidelity, and a device of satan, and so on. They believed it. Just as much as the Tennessee saints now believe that it is wrong to teach evolution.

Every new invention or discovery that has come to the world in the past thousand years has had to meet with just that sort of reception—from the narrow-minded guardians of orthodox religion.

But the thing comes on anyhow, and the world gets used to it, and then the scare is over.

Mind you, I am not saying that evolution—as applied to man—is right. It is only a theory, and the greatest of the scientists have never claimed it to be anything more than a theory. A theory, however, which THEY think is well supported with proof. It is our privilege to disagree as to whether we think their "proof" really proves anything.

But we cannot reasonably object to their presenting their proofs, any more than we can object to Bryan presenting his Bible proofs.

The testimony of the rocks is mighty real and solid evidence, and we can't lightly brush it aside and say that it does not exist. It DOES exist, and it MEANS SOMETHING. Whatever God has written in the rocks through the long ages is THERE, and we can't say that the devil put it there—unless we say that the devil made the world. Then how can it be any more wrong for men to study God's writing in the rocks than to study His writing in a book? We all KNOW that He made the rocks, but some people have doubts about His having made the book. Introduced as evidence in a human court of law, the testimony of the geologic rocks would carry more weight than any words printed in a book.

So let us not be afraid of Geology nor Biology Let us not be afraid of ANYTHING that might possibly learn us something. The men of science do, of course, make mistakes and draw wrong conclusions. But give them time and maybe they will correct most of them. For that matter, the preachers have drawn ten thousand wrong conclusions from the Bible. The theory of the evolution of man may be a mistake. At this stage of the game, nobody can say positively that it is or isn't. But more digging and research and study may bring more light. If the great scholars can't find out the truth, how does anybody expect us poor ignorant Rubes to know everything?

My opinion is that the more Science learns, the more its findings will harmonize with a sane understanding of the Bible. They will PROVE the Bible as nothing else ever can.

And therefore, my dear bobtailed Billy-Goats, let me plead with you to quit being so 'fraid of boogers. Quit getting scared at everything you don't understand, and don't try to blame every new thing onto the devil before you investigate. The God of the Bible is also the God of Science, and when man gets both of God's books thoroughly studied out, they are going to harmonize. Just mark what I tell you.

King of Bagdad has had his pay cut in half. What the king business needs is a strong union.

From now on, when you read about a politician's record being "spotless," you can know that it is solid black all over.

CAN GOD FAIL?

I notice in the so-called "religious press" a great deal of discussion about "how to save the church from being a failure," or words to that effect.

That is really amusing.

Just think!

The church a failure?

Whose church?

Oh, God's church, they say.

Well, then, if it is God's church, isn't it God's business to see that it succeeds?

And if it fails, isn't it God's failure?

What sort of a little weak God does the church believe in, anyhow, if it thinks there is danger that he may come out at the little end of the horn and his great church machinery turn out to be a flat failure?

Why, bless your heart, mister, if the "church" really is God's church, and if He has established it for the purpose of saving the world, don't any fool know that it CAN'T fail?

On the other hand, if there IS danger of its failing, what better proof do we need that it isn't God's church?

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS?

Cracky-Jack!

Jeeminy!

What's this, now?

I thought a man by the name of Haldeman-Julius lived in Kansas. And I thought he was exuding such a torrent of worldly wisdom through his half-a-dozen egotistic biblomags that the Sunflower State couldn't fail to become vastly enlightened.

But, oh, the cussed luck! It now seems certain that H.-J. has signally failed to "save" his own beloved Kansas. For you must have read with ill-concealed wonderment the strange story that comes out of Jewel County. It is to the effect that somebody in that county owned a book called "The Book of Knowledge," and the selfsame book had somewhat to say in favor of evolution.

Well, the news got out that such a book existed, and the good Fundamentalists of that community got together and resoluted that the Book of Knowledge must be publicly burned and the good name of Jewel County redeemed from the dark disgrace of harboring such a book.

Presto!

And there was a bonfire.

And the Book of Knowledge was harmless ashes.

It hasn't been so long ago that the zealots burned Russell's books, although they opposed evolution. And now they are burning the books that favor evolution. Seems like the brethren and sisterin don't hardly know what they want. And Haldeman-Julius right there on the spot to tell 'em.

The news from London is terrible today. They sent a cross-word puzzle by wireless photography.

THIS WILL HELP SOME

During the next three years of Coolidge "prosperity" the game of suicide is apt to be a very popular entertainment, and I see that the manufacturers of bichloride of mercury tablets are getting ready for it. Heretofore people who have made up their minds to take the bichloride route to heaven have had to run a great risk of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake. Such blunders are very annoying, especially during such Redemocan "prosperity" as this when a feller is down and out and in a hurry to get away from it all.

And therefore, as a means of preventing such mistakes in the future, the enterprising drug manufacturers have begun to put up the bichloride tablets in the shape of a coffin. That is a good idea. Now a poor despondent feller can pick out his "go-to-heaven" dose in the dark or anywhere, just by the shape of it, and there won't be any more danger of swallowing a headache tablet by mistake.

A SERMON ON FLIES

Got any flies at your house, mister?

If not, I might spare you just a few for seed.

I have had fairly good success with my flies this summer.

The season has been favorable, and no epidemic of disease has broken out among them .

Of course there have been a few accidents in which some of my flies have been prematurely cut off, but the percentage of fatalities has been small.

Most of the deaths among my flies have resulted from the carelessness of my wife, who, on several occasions, has, unthoughtedly left sheets of sticky paper lying around the house. To my certain knowledge I have lost 38 flies in this manner, and there may have been a few others.

When a fly gets on that paper you just as well knock it in the head, for you can't get it off all in one piece to save your neck. And if you should happen to get one off without the loss of a leg or wing, it would be a cripple for life and would never be able to marry and raise a family. If there is one thing a fly enjoys more than anything else, it is raising a family. That seems to be a part of their religion, and their protracted meeting lasts all summer.

I bought me some screen doors to keep my flies in the house, thinking that perhaps the outdoor air might not be healthy for them, but occasionally one will slip out and ramble off. However, he usually comes back about meal time and brings several of his friends to dinner.

Everything considered, I suppose my flies are doing about as well as could be expected.

A fool and his straw hat are soon sat upon.

JOYCRAFTER TALK

By Cora Wallace Pearson

What's the use of all this fuss about the monkey anyhow? If God made both man and monkey, it isn't necessary for us to worry about which He made first, or how He made them. If our faith in God and the Bible is what it should be, no amount of quibbling and quarrelling among the scientists and "Fundamentalists" can shake us. And if God and His Word are worthy of such faith, why worry over the outcome of the battle? Are we afraid God will come out defeated? Hasn't He kept the universe going in perfect order since the beginning, and will such a thing as the monkey-man fight cause Him to lose one iota of His power in all the vastness of creation? No matter if some little minds do misunderstand the truth and lose the faith of their orthodox teaching. Evidently they had not the faith that is built on solid rock in the beginning. This life is merely a testing period, and the mind that can't hold its "faith" in the face of a man-and-monkey war hasn't much faith anyhow, and wouldn't add much glory to the future triumph we are advancing toward.

Of course we have a right to read and study the works of the scientists as much as we choose. And when we can't bring our minds to harmonize a thing with our conception of God and His Word, then we are free to let it pass on by us and stand by our faith calm and undisturbed. But we must be sure our minds are not easily led by the opinions of other people. In our search for truth we must be led only by the Spirit of Truth, which is God. Also we must remember that any man that writes a book or in any way expresses his beliefs or opinions on any subject is nothing but a fallible creature and is very apt to get some error mixed up with his truth. For the same reason we should not get too "set" in our own opinions. Somebody else might see error in them, and we should stand ready to change our mind when discovered in error.

Most people will say the world is just now divided into two factions, those for and against evolution. But there's a third division. If you are neither for nor against it, then you are some akin to a Joycrafter. One of the Joycrafter mottoes is "Don't Worry," and you can't join either side of a war and live up to that. A "spineless" attitude, you say? Well, a Joycrafter must be a Christian, if anything, and if living out the teachings of the great Joycrafter Pattern, Jesus Christ, is "spineless," then it should be all the same to us. Go read and study those teachings and see for yourself.

But there are a few things we might say as we go along that might help to enlighten some troubled minds. In the first place, no scientist has ever taught that man evoluted from the monkey. Doubtless some erroneous deductions are found among their teachings, but any mind capable of reason and understanding will find no trouble in seeing how evolution is a scientific fact. A life cell is a life cell, whether in man or monkey, and life cells are creations of God. Hence man and monkey are evidently closely related in that respect, not as ancestor and offspring, but as co-existent "limbs" of the Creator's nature tree. In the same way we are akin to everything that has life. And just because the monkey has more resemblances to man than other animals is neither here nor there with us. Of course our Bible says man was created from the dust of the earth, in one day, and in the image and likeness of God, and we are going to stick to that. But it does not go into detail and tell just how or how long it took for that creation. Life cells are from the dust of the earth, and the "days" of creation may be periods of time. Just as we mean a period of years when we speak of Shakespeare's day, or Paul's day, etc. It would be just as easy for God to create man in a twenty-four hour day as not, but some have good reason to think He didn't, and either way doesn't change our program as followers of Christ.

But the main point we as Christians want to get is this: Whether the Bible narrative is a literal description of the creation of man ,or otherwise, does not materially concern us. We know we were created by some power beyond us, and we know we are continually dependent on that same power for our daily breath, so why feel disgraced if we are even "brothers" to the poor little harmless monkey, even if he is ugly? Actually a monkey is more pleasing to the eye than some poor specimens of humanity, and they act with more sense sometimes, too.

If you know any more than this about the man and monkey question, you are invited to tell us about it. This Joycrafter talk is for us common folks who don't know much and couldn't get much out of Darwin, Spencer and other science authorities on evolution. But we have something that satisfies all the same, and we are not afraid of anything you learned folks can tell us.

The following poem is timely here, for after all the people who are hammering against the Bible are dead and gone, the "Anvil of God's Word" will stand as true and unbattered as ever:

Last eve I stood beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime.
Then looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had, said I,
To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he, and then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

Just so, I thought, the Anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon,
Yet, though the sound of falling blows was heard,
The Anvil is unharmed, the hammers—gone.

So let them hammer away. Only the "knockers" will be harmed. And let us remember that a great many of the blows we think we hear are probably more the result of our own misunderstanding of the Bible and its relation to science than of the errors of science. Bible fundamentals are somewhat like mathematical fundamentals. Unless we have learned all the steps up from the first arithmetic to trigonometry, etc, we are not an authority on higher mathematics. Perhaps some such a difference as that lies between the fundamentals of the Bible and revealed science of today. The relation might be just as surely traced if we had the mind to follow it. Can we think that what we call the Bible is all that God ever meant to reveal to man? Certainly the more we study it from the right angle the more we see its relation to later revelations.

Anyhow, we Joycrafters leave it all to God, while the rest fight it out.

"THE PROPER TIME"

Ever since 1898 the Fillipinos have been told that "whenever the proper time comes" they will be given their independence. But will the "proper time" ever come? Not if Uncle Sam has the say-so about it.

George III of England would doubtless have told the American colonies that he meant to grant them full independence when the "proper time" came But the colonies knew that George's "proper time" would never come ,and so they went to work and made a "proper time" of their own.

That was Patriotism, you know.

Why, to be sure .

Haven't our patriots told us that all along?

But if the Fillipinos should undertake such a thing to-day, what would it be?

Patriotism?

Gosh, no.

It would be rebellion and treason.

Governments are funny things anyhow.

Well Named

He drove the township high school bus—
Hauled children near and far;
And do you know this komic kuss
Called it his kiddie-kar!

It takes all kinds of people to ruin a world.

"CURES" THAT NEVER CURE

And now here is another fish that begins to smell sorter fishy to me. For many years I have been reading more or less of this-here "New Thought" literature. I have read Liz Towne's "Nautilus" and several others, and these magazines are always full of advertisements of "New Thought" books and "New Thought" systems of mind and body training. Each author claims to have discovered a wonderful new secret that nobody else ever thought of. If you will just buy his book or his course of lessons, he will teach you how to be well and happy, how to get rich, how to become a great leader of men and achieve wonderful success in anything you undertake. To read the advertisements it seems just as easy and just as certain as drawing your breath. No chance to fail if you will just pay two or three bucks for the book or the set of lessons. That two or three bucks is all that stands between you and the golden gates of paradise, so to speak. Just order that outfit and you will never have another pain nor regret nor anything unpleasant in your life any more.

Thousands of people send off their hard-earned wheels and get these books or lessons. But life goes on about the same. The miracles that were promised do not develop.

And so here comes another new author with another new book or system which certainly will do all the great things. Just sleep with it under your head three nights and you will wake up rich and famous and so happy you can't hardly stand it.

You bite again, with the same result as before. You ought to learn some sense, but you don't. Hope springs eternal, and you think the next one surely will be the real thing. But when it comes it's just like the rest.

Now it seems to me that the authors and publishers of these wonderful books and systems just as well admit that they have lied. If their first great claims had been true we would all have been so rich and so happy that nobody would have needed any more help along that line. And the very fact that they are still getting out new systems to do the thing, proves that the old systems didn't do it. Looks to me like they would get ashamed of themselves after awhile and quit making so many promises that are never fulfilled.

But, shucks!

Just as long as the suckers will bite, the tempting bait will be provided.

I ain't much strong on Christian Science, but I have a tolerable good opinion of Christian's Science—I mean Eugene Christian's food science. Have some vitamins. Take another one. They won't hurt you.

The Fool-Killer

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EVOLUTION

By E. Roscoe Hall

If man was made like God Himself,
And descended from an ape,
Do you mean to say that Almighty God
Has a monkey's form and shape?

At just what stage does Christ step in
And give us eternal life?
If you will answer this for me,
You will find a bitter strife.

If Adam and Eve were only myths,
And Eden a patch of weeds,
Why should we waste our money and time
On religious sects and creeds?

If the Bible must be thrown aside
Like the myths of ancient Greece,
Who shall we ask to be our guide
To the port in the Realms of Peace?

'Tis said to be a rotten rule
That will not work both ways;
So you and I may turn an ape
One of these changeful days.

If an ape for a grandpa suits your head,
Let your ancestors shine;
But if I'm living, or if I'm dead,
I don't want one for mine.

PARAGRAPHS.

Don't shift your mouth into high gear until your brains get started to working.

It's a foolish woman who hits her husband with a rolling pin when she can hurt him more by crying.

Rev. Wilson Culp, the Ohio preacher who deserted his own family and ran away with another woman, is undoubtedly Culpable, to say the least.

Headline says: "Making a Million Honestly, by John M. Work." Yes, that's one way. But it would take John and all of his family a good while to do it.

Charlie Schwab has sued himself for nine million dollars. But he will find himself an awful slick rascal, and he will probably never get the money. Serves him right. He ought never to have trusted himself in the first place.

It might be possible to get up another case against John T. Scopes charging him with responsibility for the death of Bryan. Everybody knows that Bryan killed himself by fuming and fulminating over the Scopes case. If there had been no Scopes case, Bryan would have been living to day. Boy, page the grand-jury.

EVERYBODY BUT THE JURY

Just about everybody in the world had a chance to hear the monkey trial—except the jury. The twelve "yokels" who were selected to hear the evidence were the only people who never got to hear any of it.

Some people believe some things, other people believe other things, and still others don't believe anything. The monkey trial brought together the greatest aggregation of believers and unbelievers and disbelievers and don't-believers and don't-knowers and don't-carers that ever assembled on American soil.

Poor old Bryan believed his side of it with such intensity and vehemence that he just literally worried himself to death. Just naturally quiled down right there on the spot and died, if you please. If I had been in Mr. Bryan's place I wouldn't have done that. It don't seem quite proper, and there wasn't any dying in the contract, nohow. Bryan took it entirely too seriously. I didn't see anything about it worth dying for, unless a fellow might kill himself laughing. It was the funniest thing I ever heard tell of, but Bryan never did see the joke. He just believed and believed and believed until he believed himself plum to death.

Now you take Clarence Darrow—and he just naturally don't believe anything. If the sun is shining and not a cloud in sight, he will put up an argument and prove to you by expert witnesses that it is raining, and he will say that you are cross-eyed and just can't see it. But Darrow is still alive, or was the last I heard.

In many ways it was the most unique trial ever held. When they started the case, every man in Tennessee would have disclosed the whereabouts of his still in order to get on the jury. When the twelve were selected they were more envied than Ziegfeld's front-row girls. Then fate arose and slapped a wet dish-rag right in their faces, because the minute they were selected they were sent out of court and weren't allowed back again until they were called in to hear the judge's verdict.

Everybody in the whole wide world was invited to sit in the court-room except the jury. Every time a lawyer, whether for ape or rib, would rise to speak the judge would remark:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you will please retire, as you wouldn't know what the learned counsel was talking about. I'm sure I won't know, and I doubt if he will know himself, so we don't want to have anyone influenced by anything that is said here at this trial. And please don't litter up the lawn outside with your presence. You will understand, gentlemen of the jury, that the court-room is small, and on account of having so many photographers and out-of-town newspaper men here, it is only fair that they be allowed to occupy the space. I know of no better way of demonstrating the hospitality of our commonwealth than by allowing these visitors the privilege of our best seats. You gentleman of the jury all live here, of course, and you can come into the courthouse most any time. So it is only right and in keeping with our boasted hospitality that you retire to make room for the photographers, because a good picture in the paper means more to our town than a decision, and I hope no one will interfere with a cameraman in his discharge of justice."

When the jury heard that they were to be barred from the courthouse they held an indignation meeting and were on the point of resigning, when one of the twelve took a broader view of the case and said:

"No, let's stick on the jury; we can read it in the newspapers, as they print everything that is said in the court room."

Then part of the jury said:

"Yes, that's fine for you fellows who can read, but what about those of us who can't read? Here we are on a jury, and we can't hear the evidence, nor see it nor read it."

So they went to the judge and the city aldermen of Dayton and said to them:

"Looky here, we had to give up our seats in the court to the visitors. We can't read, so how are we to know the things we are not supposed to hear in the court room?"

Then the fellow from the drug store, "where the whole darn thing started," had another bright idea. He said:

"When they have a big show up north anywhere they put in a thing where you broadcast it. What's the matter with that for the boys that can't read?"

So Bryan and Darrow went on the air, where they have both been ever since I can remember, and the jury could listen or "tune 'em out" whichever it pleased.

Darow and Malone lost their case because they didn't make the prosecution prove which is the lower order of animals. When the foreman of the jury finally handed in the verdict (which had been prepared before the trial started), Darrow objected to the other eleven jurors being present and hearing it, because he feared that it would make them prejudiced against the defendant. But the judge over-ruled that objection, as he had over-ruled everything else about Darrow except his galluses, and said:

"Mr. Learned Counsel from the North, the court wants to be fair to all, and I don't think we should deprive these jurymen of hearing the verdict. They have given up their time and their seats, and have waited all these days, and I think it is no more than fair that they be allowed to come in here at the last minute and hear what the court has decided. I can cite several instances in Tennessee jurisprudence where this custom has prevailed. Are the jurymen all here?"

Town Constable: — "All but two, your honor, and it has been so long since they were here that they have forgotten where the courthouse is."

Foreman reads:—"We find the defendant guilty of teaching evolution, but we recommend him as a good teacher, for anyone who can teach a bunch of 16-year-old boys anything, even if it is evolution, is a good teacher."

And so endeth the first act of the monkey show. Now everybody change cars for Knoxville. The curtain will rise for the second act early in September.

Who says life is dull?

It ain't no sich a how.

Life these days is a monkey-show, and it's worth your money.

As to whether people evoluted from monkeys, I can say with reasonable certainty that some of them didn't. They just remained monkeys.

The biggest and most difficult job at the monkey trial seemed to be the job of preventing the jury from hearing any of the evidence.

That "Fundamentalist University" they talk about will be sorter like a two-inch yardstick or a vest-pocket mountain.

Now that John T. Scopes has been tried and duly convicted, it is in order for somebody to bring suit against Tell E. Scopes and Mike Roe Scopes and Speck Tro Scopes. All these gentlemen have been guilty of dabbling in evolution.

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ANOTHER JOB FOR THE BAPTISTS

It has been persistently claimed by some of the Baptists in North Carolina that Wake Forest College has ceased to teach evolution, and that its president, Dr W. L. Poteat, is not now an evolutionist. They all admit that Dr. Poteat used to be an evolutionist, and they went to the Baptist State Convention at Winston-Salem a few years ago loaded for bear, and were going to literally wipe up the earth with Dr. Poteat if he didn't quit teaching evolution in their Baptist college.

But Dr. Poteat, the smooth and cultured scientist, got up and made a speech to the hill-billies, and the opposition melted like a dewdrop under an August sun. He didn't deny a thing—didn't retract a word—didn't even deny being an evolutionist. But he smoothed it all over with his big words and his fine oratory till the Mud-ites were perfectly satisfied and happy. The bitter resolution which had beed drafted went into the stove, and everybody shook hands and pledged to stand by Dr. Poteat and Wake Forest College to the last ditch.

The Fundamentalists from back in the sticks thought they had won a victory—thought they had forced Dr. Poteat to quit being an evolutionist. They came home and bragged about how he had changed his course and would not teach evolution in Wake Forest College any more.

And so they went ahead supporting Dr. Poteat and sending their boys to his college, in the firm belief that he had recanted and renounced evolution.

But had he?

Not muchly.

In an address before the Raleigh Rotary Club on July 20th the learned and versatile president of Wake Forest College expressed himself in something like the following language, as reported in the Raleigh News and Observer of July 21st:

"I look on this thing happening at Dayton with the deepest humiliation. Apart from the trifling and ludicrous incidents associated with it, the idea that any group of men should undertake to settle a scientific fact by majority vote in any assembly is a travesty on the intelligence of our race, and we ought not to stand for it."

Dr. Poteat met the Fundamentalists on their own ground. Evolution, he maintained, is an incontrovertable fact. The situation in Tennessee, he explained, has developed in the attempt to square this scientific fact with a theory about the Bible.

Dr. Poteat threw into his short address more fire than is his custom. To William Jennings Bryan and others who had visioned warfare between science and religion over the issue of evolution, he attributed the impulses of misguided men. He expressed no bitterness toward them; but his conviction, worded carefully, is that these men must take the responsibility for the injury that may come to the young men and women of the country if they turn thumbs down on religion when given the choice between the anti-evolutionist's theory of religion and facts of science developed beyond debate.

"The excitement which has been stirred up in Tennessee and elsewhere," Dr. Poteat maintained, "is an artificial excitement. It has been gotten up by well-meaning and good men. They may be much better than I am. But I insist that they have been misguided."

"There isn't any question about evolution in the mind of any responsible biologist," Dr. Poteat exclaimed. "You don't like that, probably. Well, put it on the end of your cigar and smoke it, because it's true!"

There it is, boys.

He said it.

And now let some North Carolina Baptist rise up and declare that Dr. Poteat is not an evolutionist. Will anyone dare?

And the next question is:

What are you going to do about it?

DEFENDING THE BIBLE

I believe that we, as individuals, should defend the Bible with tongue and pen on all proper occasions. But the state is not an individual—the state is made up of many individuals of all shades of belief and unbelief, and the only way for the state to be fair to all and avoid trouble is to play hands off in all matters of religious belief.

The Tennessee anti-evolution law is certainly a violation of that principle. It all hinges on somebody's understanding of the Bible, and it favors one man's view and opposes another man's view. In other words, the state is taking a hand in settling a religious controversy. Which is union of church and state—nothing less.

Why oppose the Catholics for wanting union of church and state, if we are going to adopt the very same principle? Why pretend to be a free people if we are going to let a mob of religious fanatics come in and set up a pope over us?

Personaly, I have a preference for one religious group above all others, because I think it is nearer right than the rest. But other people prefer other groups, and they have just as much right to their choice as I have to mine. Maybe I question the wisdom of their choice, but I do not question their right to make it.

Neither do I want anybody to question my right of independent choice. I want the other fellow to be protected in his belief simply because I want to be protected in mine, and if any one of us is threatened the rest are not safe. I don't want to force anybody to believe my way, because that would give others an excuse, if they ever got the power, to force me.

So I repeat that I am for the Bible—as I understand it. You say you are for the Bible as you understand it. But the trouble is, we do not understand it alike, and it isn't good policy for either of us to undertake forcing the other. The only safety for anybody is in the absolute freedom of all. It is all right to argue and reason and try to show each other our respective viewpoints. But when it comes to making laws to FORCE people to think a certain way—it is time to call a halt.

In war times we heard a great deal of cussing about Germany's brutal policy of "Might Makes Right." We were told that it was false and dangerous doctrine. And it was. And it is. Merely having the brute force to do a thing does not make that thing right. We remembered that well enough while we were cussing Germany, but after we got brute force enough to whip Germany we soon forgot our lesson.

And now we have millions of people in this country who think that by sheer weight of numbers they have the right to force their Bible views onto other people. Fundamentalism is only another name for orthodoxy, and the orthodox people know that they have the numbers. Nobody disputes that. They have ten to one over all opposition. That is because there are ten ignorant boobs to one intelligent thinker. The boobs don't know what thinking means, and they imagine that the only thing needed is enough dead weight of guts to smash through the enemy's line. I admit that they have the guts, and guts is about all. Brain is a mighty scarce article among them.

The religious group that I mostly trot with is against evolution—as applied to the human race—but it is not orthodox. And it knows that orthodoxy is more wrong than right on nearly every question. Therefore we Bible Students can stand off to one side and watch the fight and feel that we are not in either one of the contending groups.

But some of us, at least, have more respect for the intelligent minority (even though we do not fully agree with it) than we have for the great pawing, bellowing beast of Orthodoxy which comes with its bull-neck arched and its horns set to subdue the world.

GETTING THERE

I'd fly to thee on wings of love,
Were I a dove!
With joyful leaps to thee I'd bound,
Were I a hound!
To thee adown life's stream I'd float,
Were I a boat!
I'd trot to thee with utmost speed,
Were I a steed!
Straight to thy bonnet I would flee,
Were I a bee!
Thy way I'd jump, I'm sure of that,
Were I a cat!
I'd glide to thee, nor would I wait,
Were I a skate!
Alas, I'm nothing but a gawk,
So I must walk!

TWO HUMAN RACES, MAYBE

I see no way of getting around the fact that some kind of human beings existed in the world a long time before the Bible Adam came on the scene, and when I read the opening chapters of Genesis I seem to find that idea supported by scripture.

When Cain was going to be driven away into the land of Nod, he expressed a fear that everybody who saw him would kill him. Who would see him? If there were no people in the world except Adam and Eve and their children, who could Cain have been afraid of? We have no account that there was at that time any living child of Adam except Cain himself. Abel was dead. And if Adam and Eve had had any other children who had rambled off into other parts of the world and started a population, the Bible gives no hint of such a thing; and, in any event, such a population could not have been very large or very dangerous. So who could it have been that Cain was afraid of? Wild animals, do you say? Well, hardly. The language indicates very clearly that Cain was afraid of people—some kind of human beings.

Furthermore, if Cain had a sister not mentioned in the Bible, and if he married that sister and took her with him to the land of Nod, we have no account of it. So—up jumps the old problem Who was Cain's wife? Beyond all question, she was either his sister or else there were other human beings in the world besides Adam's family.

In Gen. 4:17 we read that Cain built a city and named it after his son Enoch. Who were the inhabitants of that city? How long would it have taken for Cain's own offspring to become numerous enough to make a city? A long time, evidently.

Still another Bible evidence is found in Gen. 1:28, where God told Adam and Eve to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. Look at that word RE-PLENISH. The prefix "re" means to repeat or to do over again something which had been done before. If that word is correctly translated from the original, there can be no doubt of its meaning. It conveys to me the idea that the world had at one time been full of people, but in some way the population had become reduced and needed building up again. Therefore God asked Adam and Eve to replenish the earth.

In view of the above, added to the unanswerable proofs which science presents from the record of the rocks and other scientific sources, how CAN we deny that there were people on the earth before Adam? And what grounds have we for saying that those pre-Adam people were not the product of evolution from lower animals?

It is utterly foolish to fly in the face of science and deny that it offers anything worth considering, or to say that its alleged "evidence" is a scheme of the devil to lead people astray. That argument is old stuff. It has been used against every step of progress that the world has made. If we start closing our doors against science, we must close them against ALL science. We must nail up the doors of all our universities, burn all our learned libraries, and destroy all our scientific instruments. We must kill our Galileos, our Newtons, our Marconis, our Edisons and our Burbanks. We must prohibit the teaching of geography, geology, algebra, astronomy and nearly everything else. If we are not willing to go so far as that, then we must have some one who is capable of drawing the line between the false and the true in science. Who would that be? Some ignorant, unlettered Rube from the backwoods? If ignorance is better than knowledge, then why have any knowledge at all?. I repeat, who is going to draw the line? Who is going to tell us just what and how much we may accept and what we must reject? Who, indeed, but the scientists themselves?

If the religious bigots could have had their way for the past hundreds of years, and could have supressed all the knowledge that they **tried** to suppress, where would we have been today? What would we have known about **anything?** Can't you see that it is wiser and safer to let science and education have a free hand, even if they do teach some error? For the moment that ignorant bigotry gets in the saddle and begins to "suppress' things, it is absolutely sure to suppress more good things than it does bad ones. Like the bull in the china shop, it will smash everything together, and the world will lose vastly more than it gains by its strong-arm policy of suppression.

To be sure, actual crime needs to be suppressed with a firm hand. But honest, intelligent thinking on **any** subject is not a crime. It may be, and often is, an error, but it is never a crime. And there is a better way to get rid of such errors than by suppressing them. Don't drive them into dark corners, but let them live openly in the bright light of day, and their true character will soon be manifest.

So long, therefore, as I am able to hammer my old typewriter or drag a lead pencil across a sheet of paper, I shall do my little best in behalf of free speech and broad liberality toward scientific ideas. I shall oppose with the utmost ounce of my strength all strangling of education by ignorant mobs, religious or otherwise.

Going back, then, to the pre-Adamite race, the least that can be said is that it is very highly **probable** that such a race existed. It is indicated both by scripture and by science, as well as by Egyptian and Babylonian documents now in the possession of the scholars.

There stands a fact, or something that has every appearance of being a fact. How are we going to get around it? We can't bluff it out. We can't drown it with pious hallelujahs and swear that it never existed. Then how can we save our Bible and our Adam story from being discredited?

Listen! I am going to give you this thought for what it is worth. Why may it not be possible that BOTH of the views are correct? Why couldn't there have been an "evoluted" race before Adam, and, that race having in some way been reduced to small numbers and the earth nearly depopulated, why could'nt God then have **created** a new and superior race, by a sudden miracle if necessary, or by any other means that pleased Him? Maybe God first made man by evolution and wasn't very well pleased with the job, and thought He would take another crack at it, making the second one out of mud.

That explanation saves our Adam story just as nice as you please, and at the same time makes it possible for the "evolution" theory of science to be true. But note this thought carefully: We people of today would be of the new "created" race, and not of the old "evoluted" race. That ought to sorter quiet the nerves of the dear brudderin who are so scandalized at the thought of being akin to a monkey.

Do you get what I am driving at? Yes, sir, I sorter believe that BOTH theories are correct. And all this fuss and fury has resulted from the fact that science is digging up the bones of the "evoluted" race, while the Bible is talking about the "created" race.

Sorter like the problem of where heaven is to be. The Baptists and most other denominations have always preached that heaven would be away up somewhere, far above the earth. Then the Adventists came along and preached that heaven (or paradise) would be right here on the earth. Looked like a big contradiction. But Pastor Russell came along and proved that they are BOTH right. And now maybe the Fundamentalists and the Evolutionists are BOTH right, in the way I have suggested.

Wouldn't it be great joke on both sides if it should finally turn out that all this bullyragging and yowyowing has been for nothing?

O YE OF LITTLE FAITH!

Some people try to argue that a willingness to let the "evidences" of evolution be freely presented and publicly discussed shows a lack of faith in the Bible. Why, good heavens alive, people, it is just the other way. You timid and nervous people are the ones who have no faith in the Bible. You are afraid the Bible can't stand the test—afraid it will be defeated in a fair and open race with science.

But I have no such foolish fear. I want you all to understand that I have such unbounded faith in the Bible that I am not afraid to see it go up against anything that men or devils can produce. I feel perfectly satisfied and certain that the Bible is able to look out for itself under any and all circumstances. It has done so for several thousand years, and I believe it can continue to do so.

The Bible does not need any legislative "props" to help hold it up. Why, folks, your puny efforts to "prop up" the Bible with your anti-evolution laws is sorter like trying to prop up the Rocky Mountains with a broomstraw.

All these anti-evolution laws that you folks are trying to cram down the throat of the country, only go to prove that you are excitable, hysterical, and totally lacking in faith. You seem to think that if you don't pitch in and hold up the universe with your puny hands, God is sure to let it all to smash. O ye of little faith! You and your busy-body "services" are not so indispensable to the world as you seem to think. Why, every blessed one of you might lie down and die this very minute, like poor old Bryan did, and the vast machinery of God's universe would run right along and never jump a cog. There is a power ruling this universe which is as far above you as the sun is above a lightning-bug. And all your nervous exertions trying to "defend" the Bible amount to no more than a chigger trying to "defend" an elephant.

I hardly know which looks the least in my estimation, you little nervous Christians who are afraid God can't manage things, or the contemptible infidel who thinks he can punch God down out of heaven with his little pole. You are both pitiful fools. You attach entirely too much importance to yourselves, and you don't show any faith in God's ability to manage His own creation. Be ashamed of yourselves, both of you.

Most auto wrecks are caused by people who don't know a four-letter word meaning desist.

JOYCRAFTER TALK

By Cora Wallace Pearson

Perhaps some of you wonder what Joycrafter means. It means just what it says—a joymaker. The editor of The Fool-Killer invented the word several years ago, but he carelessly left it lying around unused too much, so your humble servant picked it up to see what could be gotten out of it. What can be gotten out of it depends entirely on what you put into it—like most everything else in life. Everybody is out for all the joy they can get out of life. But a Joymaker is the opposite of a Joyseeker. If we are joymakers as well as joyseekers, we are pretty sure to find what we seek.

The other day a lady past fifty wrote the editor a pathetic letter, among other things saying that she sometimes starves for fun, which is another name for what we are all seeking for. People are running nervously about trying to find the thrills that bring peace and joy, or satisfaction. Some struggle frantically for material possessions, thinking that is what it will take to make them happy. Others who already have all they need of material things chase around after the phantom of happiness in the hectic sphere of high society. Others perhaps go to church, sit in the amen corner and try to let the preacher fill them with "holy joy." Still others seek satisfaction in various other ways. Each has his own way, and one fails to find it just about as much as the other, because they are going OUTSIDE for it. Certainly Mr. Churchman gets a certain amount of joy while the preacher lasts, but how about when he gets home where the real battles of life are fought? How about the reactions of the society devotee, money-grabber, etc? The fun is but temporary. The lady above referred to said that when she felt all beaten out she sat down and read a few of Pearson's Poems and felt refreshed to take up the burdens again. Yes, we can gain new strength and inspiration from the good things others provide for us, but we've got to manufacture our own joy INSIDE if it lasts. Perhaps the lady need not get all beaten out if she had a good supply of inner joy. Neither would she have to starve for fun. A joyseeker goes outside to find happiness. A joymaker finds it inside, in his own mind or heart, and then goes out to radiate it to others.

How is this done? "As a man thinketh in his own heart (mind) so is he." That's the keynote of the Joycrafter idea. We are surely the product of our own thoughts. We even create the little world around us that we call environment largely by the sort of thoughts we alow to "roost" in our brain. You may not believe that, but if you are not satisfied with your environment and will set to work in the right way to change it, you will perhaps learn something you never knew before. If we think joy thoughts we will create an atmosphere of joy around us. Of course it's hard to do when everything is going wrong with us, but it can be done. It IS being done by many every day. It is "up to us." It is worth trying, and it will pay any of us to keep on trying to the end of our days, even if we are continually failing. It is better to have a little of a good thing than none at all. We can overlook the mistakes of any "preacher" who is sincerely trying to practice what he preaches. Recently a friend who for years has been practicing this Joycrafter philosophy visited in our home. He has accomplished wonders in the way of overcoming physical disorders, mental morbidness, etc., and it was surely a joy to listen to the joy thoughts that poured so fluently from his lips. But he also let slip a few complaints of headache, billiousness, etc., that might have shaken the faith of a weaker brother. But your Joycrafter editor remembered that we are all human weaklings, and that we are all fighting life's battles at great odds, and a few failures should not discourage us and cause us to think there's no use to fight because we don't win every battle.

There are no cut and dried rules laid down for a Joycrafter. Everyone has to work out his own salvation so far as the inner spirit is concerned. If our habits of thinking have been destructive instead of constructive, we've just got to change them, that's all. If we want to do this we will find a way. In the first place we must get rid of the idea that everybody is going to the bowwows. Even if most of them are, God made man and allowed him to get in his present state, and if God can stand it we ought to. If we look for the good in people we will see it, for there is good in all.

"There's so much good in the worst of
us,
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it doesn't become any of us
To talk about the rest of us."

No matter if you are "kidding" yourself into believing there is no God, the boldest atheist must sometimes feel that there is something mysteriously beyond him in his own make-up or inner spirit. God is a spirit, omnipresent and omnipotent, and no man can exist without in some way feeling that power of the inner spirit which created him and keeps him the thinking, mysterious creature he is. This same power keeps life in animals and everything that has life, but being "made in the image of God" refers not to the physical features of man, but to that inner spirit from which spring all the wonders of a thinking, reasoning intellect. Monkeys and dogs and other animals also reason a little, but most of us feel certain that our modern world of wonders didn't evolute up from the lower animal type of brain.

THE DEVIL'S "CONFESSION"

The devil got hold of a Roman Catholic paper and read about the pope having power to forgive sins.

That was mighty interesting news to the devil. And so he called one of his assistant devils to the throne of hell and said:

"Behold, I go on a long journey, and I hereby appoint you as Devil Pro Tem. Occupy my throne and keep things sizzling till I get back. And if I should never return, you can have the whole fireworks and make what you can out of it."

Having uttered these remarks, the devil unscrewed his horns, unbuckled his tail at the first joint, and put them all in a big asbestos safe. Then he brought forth a fine new suit of clothes and put them on, and all the little devils gaped with amazement to see their boss look so much like a gentleman.

Then the devil shook hands with all the leading characters of hell and struck out on his long journey.

The next account we have of the devil he is in the great city of Rome talking with the pope, and the conversation ran something like this:

"Holy Father, I have been told that you have power to forgive sins. Is that a fact?"

"Yes, indeed, son, I can certainly forgive sins."

"How much sin and what kind of sin can you forgive, Holy Father?"

"Why, I can forgive all sins, no matter what kind or how many. I am God's personal representative on earth, and He has given me power to do anything that He can do."

"Well, Holy Father, I want you to forgive my sins. Will you do it?"

"Yes, if you'll make confession in the regular manner, and—being a stranger to me—you will have to pay cash in advance."

"How much will it cost to get my sins forgiven, Holy Father?"

"That depends on how much you have sinned. Kneel down here and tell me all about yourself."

The devil kneels as the pope commands him, and goes on to say:

"Well, Father, I guess I am about the biggest sinner in the whole universe. I am the only and original devil, the boss of the fireworks down below."

The pope turned sorter pale behind the ears, but he had given his word and he couldn't crawfish. This was a little more than he had contracted for, but hadn't he just made the statement that he could *forgive* all sins? And wouldn't that include even the sins of the devil? Yes, sir, the Holy Dad just had to stand up to the rack and forgive Mister Devil. There was no other way out of it.

And so the devil went on to say:

"Yes, Holy Father, I am a great sinner. I used to be an angel in heaven, but I got the big-head and they had to kick me out. I presume you have read all about it in Milton's "Paradise Lost." It beats me how Milton found it out, seeing that the Bible don't say one word about it. Finding that I was kicked out of heaven and that there wasn't much prospect of getting back, that put the devil in me bigger than ever, and I just tried myself. First off, I came up to the Garden of Eden, crawled into a snake-skin and tempted Mrs. Eve with an apple. In climbing after the apple, Eve fell and tore her hobbleskirt from Maine to California and knocked her old man down, and they both rolled over into the mud-hole of sin and had to be driven out of the garden. Seeing that they were thus driven out into the cold, I went down and started up the fireworks to keep them warm. No use to dwell on this point — you know the reputation of my place of business. It's a wicked place, designed for wicked people, and I'm a wicked old devil, but I never have quite abandoned the hope of getting back into heaven some day. On hearing that you could forgive sins, I lost no time in starting up here to see you. I possess great wealth, and you can name your own price for the service, if only you will forgive my sins and help me to get back into heaven."

The Holy Dad sat for a few minutes in silence, and then said:

"My dear Mr. Devil, this is a rather unusual case, and I'm not quite certain whether it comes under my jurisdiction or not, but the Holy Church needs the money, and so I'll risk it."

Then the pope made a few passes with his hands over the devil's head and mumbled something in Latin, after which he said:

"In consideration of one billion dollars I have this day forgiven your sins."

The devil got up off his knees, slapped the pope on the back and said:

"Say, Dad, it's awfully kind of you to do this for me. If you ever get in trouble, just call on me."

And the devil and the pope both laughed till their sides ached.

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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TRUTH TABLETS

Engrave this on a cabbage leaf
And wear it on your boil;
The man who runs and hollers "Thief!"
Has maybe got the spoil.

The man who tells the revenue
About somebody's still,
Is maybe running one or two
Back there beneath the hill.

The man who whispers in your ear
That someone is a crook,
Is just the guy you need to fear—
Put that down in your book.

The man who slanders me to you
Will slander you to me;
And this is what we'd better do—
Just let that fellow be.

The man who makes himself " Big I,"
And others "little you,"
Is none too good to tell a lie
To put his projects through.

The Sunday saint, with pious face,
Who prays the loudest prayer,
Is oftentimes the toughest case
In forty counties square.

The guy who totes a loaded gun
And brags how he would fight,
Is apt to be the first to run
When danger comes in sight.

The girl who wears the thickest coat
Of powder on her skin,
May be as ugly as a goat,
And quarrelsome as sin.

If you've no boil to give you cramp,
Or where no cabbage grows,
Engrave this on a postage stamp
And wear it on your nose.

—James Larkin Pearson.

NONE OV YER SASS

Now blame-take your blithering bat-eyed picture, don't you say nary word against this-here fool stuff, or I'll bat you over the bean with a broom-straw and kill about half of your fall crap of cooties.

Here I've been for nearly a whole year just breaking my hamestring to give yau some good sober gospel with no flies in it, and thar you sot like a dead frog in a post-hole and never grunted.

Well, if you didn't like what I have been feeding you on, how do you like this, you sorry sinner you? I'll make you grunt tuther side of yourself the next thing you know. If I can't wake you up with my sweet literary music, I'll politely bust a few left-handed chicken coops over your billiard ball and see how that works.

But don't gimme none of your lip about not liking this sort of medicine. Your case is sorter like the old womern that had the itch—you can't live till you die unless something is done for you.

Now come right along to the mourner's bench and let's see how wet you can cry.

ONE MORE PAIN EASED

I clip the following wad of web-footed wisdom from a Tennesee paper—Tennessee, mind you, where they are all supposed to believe that the earth was made in six days and just six thousand years ago by a gooseberry watch. But read:

> "Science can't be sure about the exact age of the earth, but it knows that it is at least 1,000,000,000 years old. And the crust of the earth as it stands now may be as much as 10,000,000,000 years old. Think of ten thousand millions of years, compared with the 12,000 years that have passed since the end of the late Stone Age. Then remember that science guarantees to this earth several hundred million years more of existence with plenty of warmth and sunlight."

Goody! Now we know more about it. The age of the earth is either one billion or ten billion years, and that isn't much of a margin to play on. A mere nine billion years is nothing. If they can get that close to the truth, it looks like they might throw a rope over its horns and hold it till we all get there. Then we could hog-tie it and ham-string it and never let it get loose any more.

And it has been twelve thousand years since the end of the Stone Age. Glad to know it. Moses ought to have told us about that. Adam was a regular Fifth Avenue dude, and Eve was a modern flapper. No doubt they pitied those old poke-easys back in the Stone Age, long before fig leaves and excuses were invented.

But the best and most comforting part of the story is that science guarantees this earth several hundred million years more of existence, with plenty of warmth and sunlight. That certainly is great news. It gives me solid chunks of joy as big as an elephant's foot. It causes a deep peace to settle down over my turbulent breast like pouring soggum molasses over a hot flapjack.

I had been told that the earth couldn't last but ten million years longer, and I didn't know what in the world I would do about running The Fool-Killer after that. But now it's all right. There is plenty of time, and you can all go ahead and sow your turnip patches. After all, there may yet be a chance for the Evomentalists and the Fundalutionists to reach an agreement.

HOLY BONES!

One more big bow-legged booby prize captured by this land of the Rube and the home of the Boob!

What?

Why, honey-bunch, I am authorized to pour into your pink ear the official news that the Pappy of Rome has deprived himself of one more box of holy bones in order that America might be properly boned.

America has enough and to spare of the common garden variety of domestic bonehead, but it seems that these are not "holy" enough" to meet the requirements of No. 666 who rules on the Tiber. And he therefore ups and sends us a two-hoss wheel-barrow load of boly hones—I mean holy bones—that have been thoroughly tested and found to be genuine frauds.

These newly - acquired holy bones, which the Pappy has sent to the Cathedral of Cleveland, are said to be the original bone-rack on which Saint Christina, the Virgin, once hung her store-bought complexion.

Maybe so.

And then again, they may be the bones of some old Roman cow that was killed for beef by Julius Caesar about six years ago.

You never can tell. These Pappycrats are great dealers in bones, and I guess they could work their hoodoo business with a cow's fist as well as anything else.

HE-HAW! HE-HAW!

Wow!

Stand at attention!

Shut up that gap in your face and open them holes in the side of your head.

Lissen!

Some folks have got a notion roosting in their cobwebby garrets that I ought to grab some leather-lunged "leader" by his flowing shirt-tail and trot after him like a pet chicken after the feed-pan.

Great spoons!

Why, con—sider your cross-eyed conscience, I am a leather-lunged "leader" myself, and I can kick up just as much dust to the square inch as anybody else can. So I propose from now on to roost on my own limb and drink buttermilk out of my own trough. And if any of you other bow-legged bantams want to drink with me, just trot up here and souse in your snouts and go to work. It won't cost you anything but the price, and you won't miss that in a hundred years.

Yes, my darling Melissa Mahulda Jane, I have tried this-here trotting after a forty-dollar suit on a five-cent man till I am sick and tired of it. About the time I get limbered up in one direction, here he goes lickity-split some other way, and before I can get turned around he is all out of sight but one hind foot and five joints of his reputation.

And so hereafter I shall tote my own skillet and run my own show. Anybody that don't like it can have it anyhow.

Wham!

Flam!

When I look at the men it seems entirely possible that they might have evoluted from monkeys; but when I look at the purty gals I think God must have bought them in a candy store.

HOWDY AGIN!

All right, honey!

Here is your Fool-Killer again.

Mighty doggon glad to see you all once more.

Well, we don't need any introduction. You all know me as well as old Pide knows her feed-box, and I know most of you and will soon get acquainted with the rest.

I have been hammering away on the doggon fools for about 15 years, and have got enough hides tacked up on the gable end of the barn to start a tannery. Have had lots of fun, and several kinds of tribulation mixed along with it. I have furnished amusement for millions of people, all the way from Philamayork to Frog Level, and from China to the North Pole. If all the laughs that have been caused by reading The Fool-Killer could be rolled up into one big laugh and turned loose all at once, it would sound like the seven thunders pulling their chariots across the pavements of heaven.

Of course you don't want to miss anything that The Fool-Killer says from now on, and you don't want to let any of your friends miss it, either.

So get busy, quick.

Tote this fool paper in your pocket wherever you go—to the mill, to the store, to the place where you work—and get everybody rounded up and placed on The Fool-Killer's mailing list. You do that much, and old Pearson will do the rest.

Now let's go.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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at
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James Larkin Pearson, Editor

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

PARAGRAPHS.

Yip! Yang! Yahoo!

Helen Maria will soon be in session again.

Don't worry about Ford. You can't a Ford it.

And the North Pole is still running loose with no halter on.

A preacher who can't think of anything but "hell" to preach about, ain't been keeping in close touch with heaven.

The latest style of mustache for young men looks sorter like a dead caterpillar mashed on a puppy's nose.

I sometimes wonder why God don't take this world by the hind leg and slap the taste out of its mouth against the side of a barn.

The Sultan of Sulu is said to have 400 wives. Just imagine what Jiggs would do if he had that many Maggies.

MacMillan says the rush to buy corner lots at the North Pole hasn't started yet.

Anybody that wants my share of the North Pole can buy it cheap. Bid up, fellers!

They are selling alligator tracks in Florida for more than a whole alligator is worth.

Senator Jimmy Walker warns Miss New York that he is going to Walker log.

The voters of New York can now take their choice—they can either Walker crawl.

There is nothing cheaper than advice—except some of the people who give it.

Saturday would look just as purty as Sunday if it had its Sunday clothes on.

The Tammany Tiger now looks like the two halves of a Democratic promise on the morning after.

Uncle Joe Patrick says that the Good Lord took Bryan out of the world to keep him from raising any more hell.

The cross-word puzzle has about petered out, and evolution is beginning to fail. What will it be next?

The Tennessee monkey trial will soon start up again. Looks a right smart like its gonna be a Tennesseerial.

A town in Missouri named Quitman is run entirely by women. There is something in a name—sometimes.

President Coolness has knocked the head out of a brand-new barrel of silence and used every bit of it to tell what he don't think about the Klucker parade.

The way to get publicity
And make an extra dollar:
First have something that the
people want,
Then climb a tree and holler.

The reason toleration has never been a success is because you can't get the tolerant to tolerate the intolerant.

There may be a wrong way of doing right, but there isn't any right way of doing wrong.

People take vacations to get change—but they usually get rid of what change they did have.

Ford has bought a big airplane plant and gone to making airplanes by the wholesale. And now, doggon it, I guess we'll have to keep our window screens in all the year around.

I'll bet two rabbit skins against one jug of buttermilk that this is the best Fool-Killer you ever saw. Now is the time to subscribe.

I heard a classic violin tune on the radio, and it sounded sorter like a gentleman cow reciting his Sunday School lesson to a bald-headed fodder stack.

It ain't rained much this summer, but just any time now it may begin to rain oil cans and monkey-wrenches. Henry's airflivvers are getting started.

Haldeman-Julius is still having about lebbenteen fits a week trying to get rid of a Jesus that he says never existed. He reminds me of a blind tadpole trying to swaller a whale.

I have discovered another proof that evolution might be right—the majority is against it. And the majority is nearly always wrong.

Looky here, you mere men. We still have one advantage over the wimmen. We can always know where our waist-line will be next season.

They are talking about building a statue to the man who invented rubber tires. But wouldn't a "bust" be more appropriate?

The idea seems to be that the nations of Europe would be willing to pay their debts to the United States—if they could borrow more than enough from the United States to pay them with.

This is the age of unrest. Didn't you know it? If you are satisfied about anything at all, it means that you are at least 30 years behind the times. Hurry and hunt up something to howl about. I've got mine.

The roads are all crowded with cars going South, some of them carrying a sign which reads: "Florida or Bust." But later they come wheezing back with the words changed to read "Florida and Busted."

Somebody's Girl

Quite matchless are her dark brown
i-i-i-i;
She talks with perfect e-e-e-e;
And when I tell her she is y-y-y-y,
She says I am a t-t-t-t.

A Puzzler

I daily through my brain revolve
A problem that I cannot solve.
Will someone kindly tell me why
The hens won't lay when eggs are
high.

The eternal triangle usually ends in a wreck-tangle.

In 1896 Bryan said: "No man can make a million dollars honestly." But Bryan died a millionaire.

What a fine world this would be if people would spend as much time practicing their religion as they spend quarreling about it.

Man stayed in the air 38 hours with a balloon. Some have been up 38 years without any balloon.

Chicago University students have a mustache-growing contest. It should stop the necking parties.

Every orthodox church now has two wings—the Fundamentalist and the Modernist. Seems like somebody said one time, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

At least two big wars are going on in the world right now, and the League of Notions is not doing a thing. Hello, League of Notions! Are you asleep? Looks like all that shooting in Morroco and in China would wake you up.

A Cow's Nest

The city kid was roaming about in the country, when he came upon a dozen or so of empty condensed milk cans. Greatly excited, he yelled to his companions:

"Hey, fellers, come here quick! I've found a cow's nest!"

BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address:
Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

PEARSON'S POEMS

By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 800 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 375 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to:
James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

THE HOSS-FLY

I'd hate to be a hoss-fly,
And with the hoss-flies buzz;
The picking that they get these days
Ain't what it used to wuz.

The hoss has changed to an auto;
Its hide is made of tin:
There ain't no blood for the fly to suck,
And he can't get his sucker in.

PICKED UP PARAGRAPHS

The first stirring event of the day is sweetening the coffee.

If a small boy is a lad, then perhaps a large boy is a ladder.

To make a monkey out of a man, first get him up a tree.

Another good thing for the complexion is to put it to bed before 2 A. M.

When everybody gets a college education, how are you going to pick a jury?

If anybody is superstitious about a two-dollar bill, give him a one-dolar bill.

If we accept the Darwin theory, we won't have any one to blame for raising Cain.

That man who drove 550 miles a day was probably looking for a place to park his car.

Maybe it was just natural for horse sense to vanish with the horse.

The big guns of business are usually the ones who have never been fired.

The English speaking people have almost everything in common except a language.

It is said that the inventor of the bagpipe got his idea from stepping on a cat.

Nobody talks about the Revolutionary War these days. It is now the Evolutionary War.

Another very good way to get along with the yellow races is to treat them white.

Our guess is that aviation will never be thoroughly successful until aviators can park in the sky.

Will William Jennings Bryan be known in history as the George Washington of theEvolutionary War?

"What does the average vocabulary need?" asks an advertisement. Speaking off-hand, we should say it needs a rest.

Jazz artists are using the saw as a musical instrument, and listeners may yet find a new use for the ax.

The exercise that reduces the waist line most quickly consists in placing both hands on the table and pushing back.

Peace is in sight. The Christian nations are agreeing to protect one another from one another.

Adam couldn't have held the Garden, anyway. Sooner or later some Christian nation would have discovered oil there.

In a short time those of us who jump straight up in the air to dodge one of Henry's flivvers will be in danger of being hit by one of Henry's fliers.

In view of the fact that this nation has about nine tenths of all the cars in the world, it seems that we might adopt the carnation (car-nation) as our national flower.

There is no harm in a man's being in advance of his age, provided he has money enough to live on till his age catches up with him.

Now that we have become so successful in convicting evolutionists, it might be well to try it on murderers.

Hand-painted knees are the latest thing, according to some authorities. The time may come when the lessons learned at mother's knee will be illustrated.

Lloyd George is wrong in saying that the United States is afraid of Japan. The United States is merely afraid that Japan isn't afraid of the United States.

About the only thing that the Fundamentalists and the Modernists can agree on as absolutely essential in religion is the regular collection.

Now that Congress has made such a howling success of suppressing the likker traffic, it is now going to suppress evolution. Clear the track, monkeys!

President Von Hindenburg, of Germany, says that his watchword is going to be: "Forward With God." Fine idea. Nothing like choosing a good vice-president.

There isn't much chance for them to hang evolution. About the worst they can do is to give it a life-time in prison.

Maybe Europe is right in calling Uncle Sam a Shylock. I seem to remember that Shylock didn't get his money, either.

The young man who would get up with the sun should not stay up later than ten o'clock with the daughter.

After surveying the effect of those earthquakes, Florida will freely admit that California is all that it is cracked up to be.

No, no, honey, the majority does not rule. If it did, the locomotives would have to stop at the crossings for the flivvers.

If I understand the drift of Dr. Fosdick's talk, the great trouble with the church today is that it is living a catechism-and-dogma life.

When the question of "free-love" is mentioned, it should always be remembered that there isn't any such a thing. It usually costs a-plenty.

To take charge of his new dry enforcement" districts, Col. Andrews is looking for $100,000-a-year men to whom he will pay $7,500 a year to catch $500-a-year men who are making $100-000 a year in the rum business.

JAMES LARKIN PEARSON

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

James Larkin Pearson is a native of Wilkes county, North Carolina, having been born in a log cabin on top of Berry's Mountain on September 13th, 1879. His parents were poor and uneducated, and he got but very little schooling—perhaps not more than twelve months from first to last. But he got a sufficient start to enable him to read and write a little. From that he soon developed a great love for books, and at a very early age conceived the idea of becoming a writer. He did not have to bother with wondering what he would do when he grew up, as so many boys do. He knew right from the start what his calling was, and began making rhymes almost as soon as he could talk.

The family remained very poor, and moved about from one rented farm to another, and had a hard struggle to live. The family consisted of father and mother and two sons, the subject of this sketch being the first-born. They all worked like slaves, but never could get any start in the world. Indeed, it seemed that the harder they worked the poorer they got.

The boy, James Larkin Pearson, wanted to go to school and get an education, but there was absolutely no chance. It took money to go to school, and there was no way for him to get money. There was nobody among his acquaintances that knew enough to understand his hunger for learning and his tendency toward verse-writing. Those who took any notice of it at all merely made fun of it, and there was nobody to give him a word of encouragement.

Many of Pearson's early poems were composed as he went about his work on the farm. He always carried a note book and pencil to the field with him, and as he trudged between the plow handles in the hot sunshine his mind was busy working out a poem. On reaching the end of the furrow he would stop and write down what he had composed.

No attempt is made to class Pearson as a "master," or even as a "high-brow" poet. Like James Whitcomb Riley and Edgar Guest, he is content to sing the common songs of the common people. He does not covet the cold critical approval of the "four hundred," but rather the warm-hearted understanding and affection of the "four million," as O. Henry would say.

About the time he was 21 years old Mr. Pearson got a job in a local newspaper office and learned the printing trade. This was the turning point of his life, and he has been closely connected with the printing and publishing business ever since. For a few years he worked for others, and then started into business for himself at Moravian Falls, N. C., publishing a monthly paper called "The Fool-Killer," a very unique and original publication, which soon reached a circulation of 40,000, going into every State in the Union and making its editor quite famous as a "funny man." Also it was a source of much profit financially, and for a time it looked like Mr. Pearson might get too prosperous for a poet. But the big wave of success blew over without doing any great damage. The paper was temporarily suspended a little over two years ago, but it has now been started up again, and it will soon cover the United States like a blanket.

JOYCRAFTER TALK

By Cora Wallace Pearson

The Joycrafters are not trying to start a new religion. We only hope to help you to get the most out of the one you have. The old-fashioned faith as laid down in the Bible is plenty good enough for anybody, but so few of us know how to demonstrate its practicability in the daily life. As one puts it, we need a liveable religion. Joycrafter (or joymaker) is just a poetical word to describe an honest to-goodness Christian. One cannot be a good joymaker without being a Christian, nor can one be a good Christian without being a joymaker. For without the Spirit of God in the heart there is nothing on which to build joy. Perhaps we would find it interesting to study the photographs or faces of the atheistic leaders of thought today. The other day a man remarked on the absence of any light of joy in the face of Clarence Darrow. No doubt the same could be said of all the noted characters who are trying to get us to believe that there is nothing to us but a physical body with a brain and system of nerves which we operate solely by our own individual intellect. Sure we are just such a machine, but without God we are a mere machine, like an engine with the power cut off. More than that, we are like a delicate machine that not only requires electric power to operate, but also an intelligence behind it to guide and direct its every movement.

The guiding intelligence back of every living, moving machine, from the rosebud to man, is—GOD. You needn't try to get around that. Listen to the wisdom of babes: Our little girl had been listening to some remarks about the brilliant atheist over in Girard, Kansas, not believing there is a God, and spoke up: "Well, who made him?" "Oh, he just thinks he came from a little speck," answered Daddy. "But who made the speck?" she asked. "Oh, he just thinks a little speck of life happened." Again the wisdom of six years asked: "But who made it happen?" The wisest of us can go no deeper than that.

The only reason these God-created human machines get bungled up and turn out such sorry characters is because of the crazy things our little human minds do to throw things out of order. God does not wish us to be sick or unhappy or lacking in any good thing, and has nothing to do with the evils that some of His poor ignorant people blame Him with. God is not the author of evil in any form.

We are free will creatures, and God doesn't take us by the hair of the head and force us to do His will. But if we will let Him run us right He'll do so. Otherwise we must suffer the consequences. We get sick by disobedience to God's laws of health, together with the destructive influence of wrong thinking, for "as a man thinketh so is he." The only reason we are the sort of characters we are is because we have built ourselves out of that particular sort of thoughts. We are not responsible for the thought environment that surrounded our childhood and the thoughts that were allowed to grow in our brain, but now we have the privilege of choosing our thoughts. We can't keep destructive thoughts from flying in at the windows of our brain, but we can drive them out and replace them with good thoughts that build up sound minds and bodies and noble characters. Of course all this is easier talked than accomplished, but to every person who has the desire to climb toward good it is entirely possible, and certainly is the will of God for all of us.

No, we are not trying to start a new creed or ism. We don't even ask you to accept all the ideas set forth in this paper. The Fool-Killer editor often receives both commendation and correction on the same article, and so it will always be in this complicated world of ideas in which we all search to know the truth. We are not confining ourselves to the accepted tenets of any special sect and have no hope of pleasing everybody all the time. But if we say something you like, all right, or if you find something you don't like, all right again. We are going to keep to the line of truth as near as we know it, but different people have different ideas of truth. Truth is unchangeable, and the cause of our differences lies only with our limited understanding.

Really it's a question with us whether you Fool Killer folks like this line of talk at all or not, as only two or three have said so. But you needn't say so. We need it, every one of us, and the poor overworked Fool-Killer editor needs help. So that is two good reasons for this Joycrafter talk.

* * *

Wonder if they will ever get it settled as to whether the present generation of young people is worse than the one before? One sees a great deal of argument on both sides. It does seem something is wrong. In times past some of us were greatly agitated over the unfair double standard of morals, which made it a lasting disgrace for a girl to do the things a boy could do and still go on in respectable society. Such an unfair condition was deplorable, and every time we saw a poor girl kicked down and out and the boy merely "winked at" it made our "blood boil." We thought they should be judged by the same standard, especially as the boy was usually most to blame for her downfall.

We still believe in one standard. But what have we got now? We have the one standard all right, but instead of pulling the low standard of the boys up to the high standard for the girls, the high standard has been dragged down to the level of the low. It now seems that a girl can do as she pleases too and still be received into respectable society. Perhaps it shows the world is growing kinder, but if the lower could not be lifted to the higher we doubt if the single standard improves matters much. We dare say as many girls went wrong in the past as now, but they had to suffer more for it. But we are glad to see the poor girls get a second chance when they need it.

Truly the children and young people of today do seem to be a tough set on the whole. But back of every effect is a cause, and if our children are worse than the children of the former generation, we need to search ourselves for the cause instead of forever harangueing the young ones. As our county school officer said the other day, some parents are not fit to raise chickens, much less children. Even chickens will get bad habits if you don't use your head. Early in the summer our Joycrafter Beauties would go to the woods to scratch all day for food as soon as they were fed in the morning. Then when we got to throwing out fruit scraps all times of the day, they got to hanging around all day waiting for a scrap.

Until two years ago this Joycrafter joint knew all about the training of children only by theory, and you know how little that is. Then a little five-year-old bit of feminine sunshine suddenly illumined the dark and empty spaces around here, and since then we have received some very practical training ourselves—in parenthood. Our honest opinion now is that not a soul of us is fit to raise a child. If you can keep your patience, control your temper, and act wisely at all times and under all circumstances, it may be you are capable of training a child-soul. In other words, if you can control and direct your own self in the right way, then you can do the same for your child. A child copies the examples set before it, and you can talk good advice to them till doomsday with little effect unless you live the things you talk.

We know whereof we speak now. We have watched the little Joycrafter soul bloom in the warm sunshine of love. At times we have been grieved to see it wilt under the heat of uncontrolled human nature, or retarded in its growth by sordid conditions. The biggest thing the matter with the children (and the whole world for that matter) is lack of the warming environment of love. We are all too absorbed in material things to love each other and the children in the way they need loving. A rose cannot bloom without the sun's warmth, neither can a budding soul bloom out into all its fragrancy and beauty unless continually nourished by an environment of love. So many hard-boiled parents and guardians think if a child gets enough to eat and wear that is all it needs. If some of you daddies would give your big girls plenty of hugs and kisses, the chances are that they wouldn't be near so crazy over the boys. Even lots of mothers seem to think their children are too big to caress when they get past the babyhood period. So the poor things go on and starve for their soul-food of love and is it any wonder there are so many dwarfed souls?

Now let us measure the truth of that by ourselves. No matter how undemonstrative we are by nature, don't we all, man and woman alike, secretly cherish anything that comes our way warm with the love of someone else? Words of cheer or praise, or little kindnesses are all born of the spirit of love, and the most hard-boiled sinner among us will thrill to their touch. We grownups are just big children in the sight of God, and the very best teacher we can have to show us the ways of God is to study the little child in our care and do by it as we know the Father of Love does by us.

The editor of the Hibbard Journal, England, makes this statement: "There is nothing finer than the philosophy of the Christian faith. There is nothing less Christian than the Christian church." That sounds like hitting below the belt, all right, but it isn't really so far from the truth as it sounds. Read it again, and try to let it sorter soak in. But don't laugh. This is no joke.

The Fool-Killer

MONTHLY—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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GRANNY, GET YOUR HAIR BOBBED

Tune: "Johnny, Get Your Hair Cut."
In second Kings the Bible speaks
Of how old Jezebel painted her cheeks.
Old Jez, you know, was a flapper too,
And painted her cheeks just like you.

Chorus:
Granny, get your hair bobbed,
Hair bobbed,
Hair bobbed;
Granny, get your hair bobbed,
Short like mine.

For man it's a shame to have long hair,
But a woman has her glory there.
Against bobbed hair and painted cheeks.
Very plainly the Bible speaks.

Chorus, as above.

Granny don't care what the Bible says;
She's a-going to do like old Aunt Jez.
She's a-going to bob and paint like you—
She's a-going to look like a flapper too.

Chorus, as above.

LIMERICS

There was a young Chesapeake oyster
Who dwelt in an aqueous closter;
He stayed home at night,
And never got tight,
When other young oysters would royster.

There was a young fellow named Bright
Whose speed was much faster than light
He set out one day
In a relative way,
And returned on the previous might.

A tight-fisted fellow from Perth
Was the stingest fellow on earth;
When wed the third time
He gave the preacher a dime,
And declared that was all it was worth.

There was an old man in a hearse
Who murmured, "This might have been worse;
Although the expense
Is simply immense,
It doesn't come out of my purse."

There was a young fellow from Wheeling
Devoid of all delicate feeling;
When he read on the door,
"Don't spit on the floor,"
He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.

There once was a maiden from Siam
Who said to her lover, young Kiam:
"You can't kiss me, of course,
Unless you use force;
But you know you are stronger than I am."

UNCLE REUBEN HILL BILLY GOES TO MEETIN

One time I went to town, and I thought as how I would like to go to meetin in town and see what it looked like. So I puts on my best, which consists of my newest blue jumper, a pair of clean-washed overalls and my best brogans, and I hitched old Dobbin to my new buggy and goes.

When I gets there, I was a little late. Most folks were there already. Well, I went in. They was just singin. When I started walkin up the isle, everybody turned around to look at me. I guess they thunked I might be one of them-thar monkeys we been hearin so much about, by the way they started at me. Purty soon I found out why they all turned around and eyed me so close. I didn't see another pair of overalls in the meeting house but mine.

Dress?—say, you ought to see how them folks looked. The men all looked like preachers, and the wimmen all looked, oh, so purty and good and had on sich purty dresses. When I sees them I jest thinks how Sal looks with her old blue caliker dress on. My, how homely! And I used to think Sal was bootiful.

Dreckly they quits singin, and somebody says it's Sunday School time. Everybody goes off in rooms to therselves but me. I jist sets thar not knowing what to do. Purty soon a preacher-lookin man comes over and takes me to a room, and when I gets in there he says, class, this is Mr. So-and-so, and all them fine lookin men gets up and shakes hands with me and says as how glad they are to see me.

Before they gets through they passes a hat around, and the man who did most all of the talkin said they was takin up a collection for the pore and would like for all of us to put in quarters, half dollars and dollars. I put in all the quarter I had, cause I shore likes to help the pore. Next this same feller announces that they was goin to take up a collection for the Sunday School and passes the hat another round. I puts in all the dime I had.

Then we turned out to go back into the main meetin house. The preacher announces a song and says, everybody sing. Then he got up and talked awhile about meetins that evenin and called it a B. Y. something jest for young folks. He said he would preach that night and told what he was going to say. He said on Monday night some sort of a wimmen's club would meet, on Tuesday night the Rotary club would meet, on Wednesday night the prayer meetin folks would meet, and on Thursday night the wimmen folks would meet again. He had that meetin named, but I fergit. Also on Thursday night the Deekins had a meetin. Friday night the Sewing Circle met with Sister Sew-and-sew. Then he said they could rest on Saturday night so as to be fresh for Sunday. Then he announced another song. After the song he said they wanted to take up another collection to be sent to a preacher in China or some place, and said they needed dollars. So they passed the hat around again and one of the fellers stuck it under my nose and held it there till I drops in my last dollar.

Well, I says to myself, that's all, shorely. But no sooner than they gets through this collection, the preacher says, we will have another special song, and the Misses So-and So will sing. Sing I reckon they did. Of all the hollerin and takin on they pulled off, it was a sight. It sounded like some one was bein operated on.

Then the preacher announced that they would take up the regular collection. All at once four nice lookin young men came marchin up the iles of the church, a-steppin at the same time, and stood before the preacher with bowed heads, while he prayed that everyone in the congregation would give until it hurt, and then said amen. Then one of these young fellers brought a pie-pan around, a kind of a shiney pan, and poked it under our noses. Most of the folks had some coin to drop into that pan to make it rattle. But when he got to me he helt that pan under my nose till I got mad and red in the face, and I says; I ain't got no more money. Then I seen some young folks hold their hands up to their faces and say, Tee-Hee.

After this collection was taken we had another song, and then the preacher preached about 20 minutes and sot down. All at once a pious lookin man gets up and says they needed some money to buy some fickstures for the church, and the preacher says, we had better take up another collection, and they took it.

All at once I hears some fussin and spewin, and I looked around and I sees a bald-headed man all red in the face, and I hears him say, that makes only five collections they have taken up, and if that is the chief attraction at this church I ain't comin here no more, and I says Amen, the first time in all that service I had felt like sayin sich a word. Yores truly,

Uncle Reuben Hill Billy.

◆

The income tax report shows that President Coolidge pays $16,000 income tax, although his salary as president is not taxable. Don't seem to be quite so doggone poor as they used to try to make him out. When Cal first entered the White House his wife said they were not able to own a Ford. And the plute papers have been full of pictures of Cal milking the old cow or pitching hay on the farm, trying to make him look like a poor farm hand. Call it off, boys.

"A FEW MILLION YEARS AGO"

I can understand some things without the least bit of trouble, and then again there comes along something that sorter stalls me.

Right here under my keen editorial nose is a well-known farm paper, one of the big famous ones, and I think it claims to have about a cool million of subscribers. They are mostly rural, of course—the horny-handed tillers of the soil. Now it is well known that the farmers are overwhelmingly orthodox in their religious views. Most of them would fight any man who dared to suggest that the earth and everything else wasn't made in six literal days, and just six thousand years ago. If you want to get killed about forty times a day, all you have to do is to go out among the hayseeds and say "Evolution." They'll do the rest, and they won't be long about it. They have some shortcomings, but doubting the literal statements of Genesis is not among them.

And it comes as a sort of shock to find in a big farm paper such an editoral statement as this:

"And coal itself, it may be worth noting, is merely sunlight stored up in solid form in the plants that grew a few million years ago. Gasoline power is also a form of solar energy, or liquid sunlight, imprisoned in periods long past."

A few million years ago? Good heavens! Don't you see that gets right back to Evolution? Don't you see how they are slowly and slyly poisoning the minds of the faithful farmers with that notion of a slow development through millions of years? If it ain't true, why must even a farm paper drag it in every little while? And if it is true, what are the good brethren raising such a rumpus about?

I see that same sort of thing cropping out here, yonder and everywhere, in nearly all the papers and magazines I read. I find it even in papers that claim to be against Evolution. The State dailies and even the local papers let it slip in every little bit.

Understand, I am not taking sides. It don't matter to me which way it is. I am satisfied with just any way that God has seen fit to fix it. But the point I make is that there ought to be a little more consistency used by those who claim to oppose these new notions. If the farmers and the common country people oppose Evolution, what must they think of finding it sprinkled all through their farm papers, like little black ants in a picnic dinner?

◆

A report from Washington says that a guard of 26 men and one officer is kept at the tomb of Harding. More economy. But why all that precaution? There is absolutely no danger that Harding will ever try to be president again.

The Fool-Killer

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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at
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THE FOOL-KILLER,
Pores Knob, North Carolina

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-'leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language.

This paper wears no bell, muzzle, collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this rag of reform.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and to keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with humor, and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will, and that settles it.

PARAGRAPHS

To get rid of the fleas on a dog—give the dog to somebody else.

It was a bald headed preacher who took for his text: "The hairs of our heads are all numbered."

A man invented a machine that would do the work of five men. But it took six men to run it.

A man's wife is his better half, and if he marries twice there isn't anything left of him.

Some girls look as is they had fallen into the flour barrel, though very few of them ever get that close to the kitchen.

Lives of Grape-Nuts all remind us
We have lost a tooth or two,
And departing leave behind us
Little nuts we could not chew.

"One rarely sees an auto in rural Rdunia," says a news item. That's a fact—I never saw one there—did you?

They say Paradichlorobenzene will kill peach borers. I don't doubt it. If the borer had to pronounce that word, am sure the effort would be fatal.

"Thousands die who ought not to die," says an advertisement in a Texas paper. Yes, and thousands don't die who ought to.

A critic says that Europe's civilization is more finished than ours. Well, it may be, but it looks like ours is nearly finished, too.

"Dr. Stowes Preaches," says a headline. I'll bet that was a warm sermon. Or maybe a hot one. One of them-thar hell-fire sermons, I guess.

An old lady was told that a certain lawyer was "lying at the point of death." "My gracious!" exclaimed the old lady, "won't even death stop that man from lying?"

Say! Doggone! I don't seem to remember seeing the word "Bolshevist" in the papers in a right smart while. Sorter going out of fashion, maybe. Well, there it is once more, anyhow.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown?
Who put more calico into her sleeve
Than they now put into a gown?

The following advertisement recently appeared in a local paper: "For Sale—A cow that gives five quarts of milk a day, also two grindstones, one set of harness, and a hay rake." Not many cows could do that.

H. G. Wells says, "China has four times as many civilized citizens as the United States has." Well, I knew something was wrong with China, but I didn't think it was as bad as that.

Teacher—Bobby, give me a sentence using the word "satiate."

Bobby—I took Mamie Jones to a picnic last summer, and I'll satiate quite a lot.

Somebody has figured it all out, and here is the answer: Rags make paper; paper makes money; money makes banks; banks make loans; loans make poverty; poverty makes rags. Then it is all ready to start the round again.

Don't let your boy read Nick Carter stories and dime novels. If you want to make a first-class criminal of him, the nasty crimes hashed up in the day-lie papers will teach him crime quicker than anything else.

Northern Methodists and Southern Methodists are about to get together; Northern Democrats and Southern Democrats are about to separate. And I am just wondering what is going to happen to those of them who are both Methodists and Democrats.

The world is full of old stuff—much of it fit for nothing but destruction. How, then, is the builder of newer and better things going to have room to build unless somebody tears down and removes the old junk? I insist that the wrecking-crew is just as necessary in such a case as the builder.

When Woodrow Wilson got to heaven he met up with Moses one day. "Well, Woodrow," says Moses, "they didn't do a thing to your 14 points down there on earth, did they?" "That's nothing," says Woodrow. "You just ought to see what they've done to your 10 Commandments."

The astronomers tell us that the sun is gradually getting smaller. But they quiet our fears by telling us that it will be about eight million years before we will notice any difference. And by that time some of us will be so old that we can't see good, and we will perhaps not notice the difference even then.

The reason they didn't let Saklatvala come over here as a delegate to the Interparliamentary Union was because Col. Mitchell was getting under their hides with too much truth about the mismanagement of the air service. They didn't want anybody else over here telling the truth at the same time. One at a time is enough, they think.

It used to be said that "Politics makes strange bed-fellows," and I reckon there was some truth in it. But what politics alone could do in that line wasn't flash in the pan compared to what Politics, Religion and Ku Klux can do these days. They do make one blue devil of a spike team, and they all pull cross-ways and crooked to beat Boddall's britches.

The Fool-Killer will get you, no matter what happens. If you possess brain enough to think any, or even to follow the thinking of a man who can think, then this fool paper will furnish you enough mental lubricating oil to keep your old thinking machine from getting rusty. And on the tother hand, if you belong to that class of intellectual seed-ticks who ain't got sense enough to do anything more than chaw plug terbacker and laugh like an idiot, then The Fool-Killer will get you stirred up anyhow.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) clock fell out of a tower, striking one.

Why should secrets worry us? They are nothing to speak of.

The older the argument the harder it falls.

Theology is what we don't know about God.

Most successful men are too busy to think up any secrets of success.

Man with three wives and 21 children is being sent to Sing Sing. The rest will do him good.

Alabama man shot his wife when she threatened to leave, but we doubt if it changed her mind.

It takes nerve for a young spruce tree to grow up knowing that it may become paper for a cheap novel.

It's a poor love-letter that can't create a sensation when read in court.

A man and his wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

An exchange says that Moses never had the rheumatism. That was one of the missed-aches of Moses.

"Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I just told you."

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

Good land; dark gray soil; clay subsoil. Good dwelling house and out buildings. Wood plentiful. Blueberry natural growth in woods. For further description write:

Eli B. Davis, Rt. 4, Bx. 65,
Laurel Hill, Fla.

BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS

This is a little book of verses written by Cora Wallace Pearson, the wife of James Larkin Pearson. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed and has a picture of the author. Will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and will also throw in for good measure another little book which gives a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25c. Order today—right now. Address: Cora Wallace Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

PEARSON'S POEMS

By James Larkin Pearson

The complete collected poems of the editor of this paper. Over 300 poems in all, covering a wide range of subjects, and handled as only Pearson can handle them. The book is now ready and on sale to the public, and every reader of The Fool-Killer should have a copy. About 275 pages, 6x9, printed on heavy book paper, and nicely bound in dark green cloth with title in gold. Weighs nearly two pounds. Portrait of author and complete index. Price $2.10 postpaid. Send orders to: James Larkin Pearson, Boomer, N. C.

A LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

He's teaching her arithmetic,
Because that is his mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
And said, "Now, that's addition."
And as he added smack by smack
In silent satisfaction,
She sweetly gave his kisses back,
And said, "Now, that's subtraction."
Then he kissed her and she kissed him
Without any examination;
They both together smiled and said,
"Now, that's multiplication."
But Dad appeared there on the scene,
And made quick decision;
He kicked the lad three blocks away,
And said, "Now, that's division."

◆

SORTER YOW-YOW

The old Civil W—aw, bull's foot! I started to say something about the Civil War, but there never was any such critter. No war in the world was ever civil, so what's the use to call it by such a name?

But anyhow:

The war of 60-odd years ago between the States is what I mean. It was fought by the Republicans of the North against the Democrats of the South, and it turned out that the South had bit off a little more than she could chaw, as you possibly remember. The line of cleavage between the people was on party lines—Democrats on one side and Republicans on the other.

After the Republican North had subdued and crushed the Democratic South, it shipped in carpet-bag rulers to domineer over the people. It even appointed negroes to high positions and did everything possible to humiliate the South.

By way of retaliation and revenge, the democratic South got busy and hatched up a terrible boogerman which it called the Ku Klux Klan. It was purely a Democratic institution, and was used as a weapon against the Republican invaders.

That was about 60 years ago.

And now look, will you?

We have among us another Ku Klux Klan, seemingly patterned after the old one, and also having its birthplace in the South. But this time it seems to be strongly Republican, and boasts of having elected a Republican president. It is no secret that Coolidge owes his election to the Klan.

But that ain't all.

Now here comes this new Republican Klan and hunts up the surviving members of the old Democratic Klan, and don't do a thing but pin gold medals on the men who fought to destroy the Union 60 odd years ago.

It looks to me sorter like "patriotism" has turned itself wrong side out and then swallowed itself.

◆

"So you wish leave to get married, Mary. I hope you have considered the matter seriously."

"Oh, I have, mam. I've been to two fortune-tellers and a clairvoyant, and looked in a dream book, and dreamed on a lock his hair, and I've been to medium and an astrologist, and they all tell me to go ahead, mam. I ain't out to marry reckless like, mam."

HARD LUCK FOR THE NAVY

Say, sonny-boy! Have you noticed anything special about what is happening to Uncle Sam's Navy here of late? If not, I want to just knock you plum off your trotters with a brand-new idea that I have thunk out all by my own self.

You know that the world and all of his kin-folks are just busting their belly-bands trying to invent or discover some way to prevent future wars. Old man Edward Bok not long ago offered to give $100,000 for a plan that would actually work. He finally did give half of the amount for an alleged "plan" that wouldn't keep two old roosters apart for five minutes.

You may always depend on it that the "plans" men get up to stop war will be the very plans that wouldn't work and couldn't work and that nobody would ever expect to work. And if there was a possible plan that might work poked right under their noses, they couldn't see it, hear it nor smell it to save everybody's life.

So much for the plans of men.

But it now begins to dawn on my mental horizon that a Higher Power is taking a hand in the matter. For the past few months it has looked a sight like God Almighty has set a curse on the American Navy, and that He aims to destroy the whole shootin'-match by a plan that nobody ever had thought about. For the past year or two I have been keeping close watch and checking up on the fatal accidents that have happened to the Army and Navy. And I have noticed that such accidents are much more frequent in army and navy circles than they are in civilian life. To go no further back, just look what has happened in the last month or so. First, there was the Navy's fleet of airplanes that tried to fly from San Francisco to Honolulu, and failed, one of them being lost in the Pacific for nine days. The same week the great airship Shenandoah ran into a storm and was wrecked, with the loss of 14 lives. Before the Navy heads were half done trying to blame it on somebody, behold, one of Uncle Sam's biggest and finest submarines was rammed by an ocean liner and sunk, with the loss of 34 lives. Commenting on these facts, The Literary Digest of October 10 says:

"Why has the American Navy, under peace conditions, lost more than twice as many ships in the past four and a half years as it lost during the entire period of our war with Germany?"

The Digest goes on to say that during the war Uncle Sam lost only five vessels in all; while in the peace-time period since April, 1921, he has lost thirteen, including the Shenandoah. The New Haven Register says:

"It would almost seem as though some ominous cloud hung over the Navy Department bent on its annihilation:"

The New York Sun remarks:

"The most optimistic American cannot but wonder whether something more than circumstance is not responsible for these three calamities in a row."

And so it goes.

But you don't get the full force of these happenings to the Navy until you remember that nothing of the sort is happening in the peaceful pursuits of life. Glenn Curtiss, Henry Ford, and others, are running fleets of airplanes day in and day out, carrying thousands of passengers, as well as freight and other valuables, and they hardly ever have an accident. The Post Office Department has been carrying the mail by airplane between several of the big cities for the past year with very few accidents and hardly a schedule missed.

What does it mean? Looks to me a plum sight like it may be God's way of stopping war—by letting the Navy and all the fighting forces have so much "bad luck" that they can't get recruits and can't operate. It may be that God has actually placed a curse on all the machinery of war, and that He proposes to let all sorts of strange accidents befall everybody and everything connected with war. Pretty soon no one could be found in the world who would join the army or navy of any nation. Boys, there is a plan that would work like a charm. Edward Bok may have to donate his next $100,000 to God Almighty for the winning plan.

◆

A BOY AND HIS STOMACH

What's the matter with you, stomach? Ain't I always been your friend ?
Ain't I been a pardner to you from beginnin' to the end?
Don't I give you pie and candy?
Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stomach, what's the matter that you had to go and ache?

I've just loaded you with good things! Yesterday I gave you more
Potatoes, squash and turkey than you'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts and sausage, and all the cookies maw could bake;
An' last night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you?
Ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted—you was hard jes' like a ball.
You was full of apple dumplin, chicken pie an' juicy steak,
But I hadn't got to snoarin' till you had to go an' ache.

Old stomach, I'm a friend to you—why ain't you a friend of mine?
They gave me castor oil last night because you made me whine.
I'm awful sick this mornin', an' I'm feelin' mighty blue,
Because you don't appreciate the things I do for you.

◆

ALL LIT UP

Two business friends who lived in the country met one day, and one invited the other to dine with him that evening. At the time appointed the guest set forth in the direction of his friend's house, and as the roads in the village were somewhat dimly lighted, he took with him his old fashioned stableman's lantern.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and all went merrily.

The next morning, however, the guest received the following note from his host of the night before:

"Dear Old Man: I am sending my man over to you with this note, and he takes with him your lantern. If you have quite finished with my parrot and cage, I shall be awfully glad if you will return them by bearer."

MAN AND MEDICINE

Not long ago there came through our town one of these-here doggone travelling medicine quacks, and he got permission from the town drunkard or some other high authority to hold forth on the streets and sell his great wonder-worker.

It turned out to be another "cure for baldness." They are very plentiful, you know, and the only thing wrong with them is that they have never been known to do the work. But what has that got to do with it? The speiler needs the cash and the public like to be humbugged. So let the band play and joy be unconfined.

The hair doctor was fully wound up when he climbed up on his cracker box, and it looked like he was never going to run down. Oh, yes he did, too—he ran down other peoples hair restorers and praised his own. It was guaranteed to make a beautiful heavy coat of hair grow on a billiard-ball between breakfast and dinner by the town glutton's appetite. When he got it limbered up good the salesman's tongue sounded like the exhaust from a twelve-cylinder automobile loaded with suffragettes and running away up hill. I never knew there was as many bald-headed people in the whole country as came crowding around there to get some of that medicine. And I had to get out a revised edition of my opinions as to the amount of money in circulation. The tax collector couldn't have got fifteen cents out of that crowd to save his from the Old Scratch. But that swindler raked it in so fast it would make your head swim.

It looked like bald heads and fat pocket-books were going to be out of fashion in our community right away if the medicine worked as well as it sold.

But all the time the swindler was selling his "hair-restorer" and talking in the cash, I noticed that he kept his hat on. Just to satisfy my own curiosity I slipped up behind him, grabbed his hat off and flung it about twenty steps into the crowd.

And there stood our hair-restorer man as bald as a turnip.

He looked at the crowd and the crowd looked at him, and it was nip and tuck which was chawed the wussest.

But he didn't sell any more hair-restorer that day.

◆

Said an angry customer to the dry-goods clerk: "You said this cloth was fast color, and it faded out in two months after I made it up."

"Well, madam," replied the clerk, "I don't think you ought to have expected it to fade any faster than that."

A school-boy was asked to write a composition on the giraffe, and this is what he wrote: "The giraffe is a dumb animal and cannot express itself by sound, because its neck is so long its voice gets tired on the way to its mouth."

A man wrote to his doctor as follows: "Dear Doctor—My pet billy-goat is seriously ill from eating a complete leather-bound set of Shakespeare. What do you prescribe?" The doctor answered: "I am sending Literary Digest by return mail."

OLE BILLY WILLIAM

Ole Mistah Billy William Goat
Had all de whiskers he could tote;
But when he tuck an' shaved 'em off,
He tuck newmony an' a cough.

He sent for Doctah Rambo Sheep,
Whut sed the cold sot mighty deep;
"But," sez he, "through dis spell you'll pull
Ef you'll jes' wrap yoursef in wool."

Den Doctah Gander come erlong
An say, "Dat cold am mighty strong;
My 'pinion is you'll soon be dead
Ef you don't git a fedder bed."

An' den old Doctah Turtle come
An' say, "You gwine to your long home,
Bekaze you nebber kin git well
Unless you gits yourself a shell."

Den ole man Billy William cuss,
An' say he don't know who to trus,;
But dey's all dead an' gone an' quit,
An' ole man Billy's livin yit.

ADAM SMITH, EVE SMITH, AND OLD MAN SATAN BROWN

I am a millionaire for a little while. I own a thousand acres of the finest level and fertile land in the State. I lay me out a beautiful estate—spend enough money on it to make a veritable paridise for beauty. I have orchards and flowers and fruits and everything lovely to the eye. A little sparkling stream of pure water runs through it. In fact, nothing has been omitted that money can do to make it beautiful.

Then when I get my beautiful estate to the point of perfection, I look around over the country and pick out a man and woman to live there and keep it up for me. The people I happen to select are named Adam Smith and his wife, Eve Smith.

I establish Mr. and Mrs. Smith in my paradise and give them orders to take care of it and keep everything in perfect shape. I promise them a permanent home there as long as they live, and they shall have plenty of everything they need to make them happy.

Among other things, I have a great many colonies of honey bees, and I tell the Smiths to be careful about the bees. I warn them not to kick over the gums nor poke their heads into them. And not try to steal out any of the honey to eat. Make free with everything else, but let the bees alone. Those are my orders to my tenants. And so I leave them there.

But old man Satan Brown comes along and says:

"Looky here, Smith, why don't you and your wife eat some of Pearson's honey?"

"Why," replies Smith, "Pearson told us the bees would sting us if we bothered them. He said we musn't eat any of the honey."

"The very idea!" says Satan Brown. "Not eat any of that good honey? Afraid of bee-stings? Huh! Why, Pearson don't know what he it talking about. The bees won't sting and the honey is awfully good. Please get out some and try it."

Well, Mrs. Eve Smith sorter liked the idea and she WAS getting pretty hungry for some honey, anyhow. So she slipped around and turned over a gum and grabbed out both hands full of comb dripping with sweet nectar, and she ran to Adam with it and throwed half of it in his lap.

About that time the bees which had got thoroughly stirred up, just literally covered both of them. Old Satan Brown was peeping around the corner of the hen house and just fairly busted his sides laughing.

Well, Smith and his wife began to yell and bounce around there something awful, and in the time of it they ran over six other gums and turned them over. Then they split out through the flower garden and just naturally laid everything flat as they went. Bolting into the house, they left the north door open, and the wind blew the fire out on the carpet, and the house was soon in flames. The Smiths were scared half to death, and their faces were swelled so they couldn't see. So they bounced up and down and screamed until the house, barn and everything was in ashes. Then they ran off and hid on the bank of the creek.

I came back and saw what had happened. I hunted them up and demanded an explanation. They said:

"Well, Mr. Pearson, we are awful sorry, but we couldn't help it. Old Satan Brown is to blame. He told us that the bees wouldn't sting, and that the honey was good to eat and he insisted that we try it once. Honest to goodness, he is to blame for all this."

Then I went and hunted up Satan Brown and said:

"Looky here Brown, you've butted in over at my place and caused my tenants to get nearly killed with bee stings and on top of that caused everything to get burnt up and destroyed. And now, because of what you have done I am going to give you a position of authority over my tenants. I now authorize you to get a big supply of brimstone and old boot legs and go to that swag just below the cherry orchard and build a hell there. I want you to build good strong furnaces and fix it to last forever for I am going to turn over to you that Smith family and all their descendants and I want you to torment them in hell forever and ever. I know you are a heap more guilty than they are, but in spite of that I am going to employ you to punish them for what you caused them to do. It won't hure you a bit. You'll enjoy it. But you must make it hot for the Smiths."

And Satan Brown thanked me and went off whistling down the creek to fix his hell.

GOING UP

"Yes," said the old man to his visitor, "I am proud of my girls and would like to see them comfortably married, and as I have made a little money they will not go penniless to their husbands. There is Mary, twenty-five years old, and really a good girl. I shall give her one thousand dollars when she marries. Then comes Bet, who won't see thirty-five again. I shall give her three thousand dollars. And the man who takes Eliza, who is forty, will have five thousand dollars with her."

The young man reflected a moment and then asked:

"You haven't one about fifty, have you?"

A SERMON ON SCOPALAMIN

By Adam Coaldigger

Size it up.

Give it the once over.

Get the low down.

Let it sing in your mind, if any.

Thank you.

Now what does Scopalamin mean to you?

How does it affect you?

Is the cold goose-flesh encircling your anatomy?

Is there a noticeable crystalization in the convolutions of your brainery?

Are you beginning to see snakes on balloon tires, man-eating canary birds, fiddling crocodiles, flying push-carts, barking trees and caves foaming at the mouth?

Yes?

No?

Well, wake up!

Scopalamin is the worst ever.

Worse than it looks.

Worse than it sounds.

In short, Scopalamin is the new serum the scientists have doped out which makes the most confirmed liar tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Do you see the point?

Are you grasping the horrible consequences of this terrible discovery?

Not yet?

I thought not.

It takes a great mind like mine to scent sense in science.

So here it goes.

What I am trying to get at is that this truth serum, when shot into the veins of a person, paralyzes his conscious or liar mind and leaves his tongue and subconscious mind wide awake to do their durnedest.

Do you see the menace contained in the combination of an absolutely truthful mind and a wagging tongue? Can you imagine what will follow when Scopalamin becomes as common as moonshine and home-brew?

Now shudder, will you?

Loving wives shoot Scopalamin into the arms of their sleeping spouses. Devoted hubbies do likewise to their better halves. Congregations dope their pastors, clients their lawyers, politicians their opponents with the same stuff. By and by the uplifters take a hand in the matter and enact laws compelling vaccination with Scopalamin in behalf of eternal truth. Everybody is doped up on Scopalamin. Everybody is telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about themselves and everybody else.

What happens?

Hubby gets up in the morning and says: "Darling, what did you do with my six-shooter? This is the day I promised my stenographer to shoot you."

"It's in the bureau drawer," says the wife, "but you won't need it, because sweety sent me the rough-on rats for your morning coffee."

"The sickly pallor on your face," says the doctor, "comes from the analine in the pink pills I've been feeding you on for the past ten years."

"The successful appendix operation I performed on you was due to the necessity of buying a new car," says the great surgeon.

The Peerless Leader addresses his enthusiastic followers as, "Fellow boneheads and jack-asses."

The lawyer bellows at the jury: "You are the worst aggregation of unmitigated sap-heads I ever had the misfortune of addressing."

"No, madam, we have no Persian baby lamb blankets today, but here are some made of genuine Arkansas cotton and Hester street shoddy which are just as good," says the merchant.

"Fellow ivory noodles," says the welfare worker, "I am employed by the Doo-em Good and Brown Mine and Smelter Company to keep you amused while the management is going through your pockets."

But why go on? Anybody with a grain of sense can see that the triumph of truth would make human society impossible. Men could no longer live in herds, in families, or even in pairs. Therefore knock down and drag out every man who advocates the pernicious doctrine of infinite truth by means of Scopalamin. Do not harken to those who say the truth will make you free. Freedom in truth, forsooth—freedom to battle hopelessly against folly and stupidity. Free to toil and plead for light, when all they crave is gloom. Free to enter jails and dungeons, free to climb faggots and gallows, free to gather gibes and jeers, free to gather stones and sneers from contented slaves 'and fools.

It isn't true that there is happiness in truth. Man has lived for 6,000 years on lies. He cannot face the naked truth and dwell in peace, and so he has fought each new-born ray of light with all the weapons of his bone-bound arsenal.

So down with the truth!

Three cheers for fibbery and happiness!

SHE HAD HIS NUMBER

The fresh young traveling salesman put on his most seductive smile as the pretty waitress glided up to his table in the hotel dining-room to get his order, and remarked:

"Nice day, little one."

"Yes, it is," she replied. "And so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a pretty girl and have lovely blue eyes, and I've been here quite awhile, and I like the place, and don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there's a show or dance in town tonight, and if there was I wouldn't go with you. I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is the cook in this hotel, and he was a college football player and weighs three hundred pounds; last week he pretty nearly ruined a $25-a-week traveling man who tried to make a date with me. Now what'll you have—roast beef, roast pork, Irish-stew, hamburger or fried liver?"

Don't buy from the bootlegger—make it at home. Here is the receipt: Chase a bullfrog three miles and gather up the hops; to the hops add the following: 10 gallons of tan bark, one gallon of shellac, one bar of home-made soap; boil the mixture for two weeks, and then strain through an I. W. W. sock to keep it from working; then bottle, and add one grasshopper to each pint to give it a kick.

DON'T
MISS
THIS
TRUTH

The Fool-Killer

THE
SPICE
OF THE
PROGRAMME

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

VOL. XIII. WILKESBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, NOV. 1925. NO. 11

THE MILLIONARIE PUPPY

Hello, you million dollar pup,
You little wooly devil!
No wonder you are so stuck up
Above the common level.

You live the most exclusive way,
By reason of your riches;
Of course you're not allowed to play
With common curs and bitches.

You have a suit of furnished rooms,
With Turkish bath and toilet,
And servant girls with mops and brooms
To clean up when you spoil it.

You have a soft and downy bed
On which to do your snoozing;
The rarest dainties when you're fed,
And all of special choosing.

You have a doctor when you're sick
To cure your pains and twitches;
Also a maid who knows the lick
To scratch you where it itches.

You've got a dozen suits of clothes
That cost a thousand dollars,
With shoes to warm your precious toes,
And diamond-studded collars.

Your weakest little whine or bark
Will bring your slaves a-trotting,
While humans in the cold and dark
Are perishing and rotting.

Say, pup, you've got the laugh on us,
You high and mighty poodle;
But you ain't worth a tinker's cuss—
Doggon your bloody boodle!

◆

A HEART-TO-HEART TALK

The Fool-Killer has had its ups and downs, its successes and failures. But it has survived the storms of 16 years and seems to be rather on the crest of the wave just now. Many efforts have been made to freeze it out, to choke it down, to boycott it or to muzzle it. But the old gal always comes up smiling and ready for another tilt with the windmills of fate.

You can't always sometimes hardly ever tell what will be the luck of a lousy calf. And even The Fool-Killer may yet become the two-edged sword to smite down the little tin gods and the big brass gods of smug hypocritical hellishness in high places. That is frankly its aim and ambition, and anything that gets in the way of The Fool-Killer's club is going to see stars.

◆

A famous geologist says there is enough salt in the ocean to cover all the land to a depth of 400 feet. All that salt in the world, and the world spoilt! Ain't that a dickens of a poor come-off.

A leading citizen remarked recently that the K. K. K. came into existance in order to be ready to take charge of the country's affairs when the government fails. Sorter like getting a hawk to look after the biddies when the old hen dies.

CAT OUT OF THE BAG

Another confounded big black hairy grinning green-eyed cat is out of the bag. They didn't really mean to let it out and now they would give a king's ransom to get it back into the bag, but it is too late.

Here's the cat. Let me hold it up by the tail while you take a right plum good look at it.

The Literary Digest of November 14 has an article headed, "War-Lies" in which an astonishing confession is made public. We all remember the blood-and-gutsy anti-German propaganda that we were fed on during the war. The most gruesome yarn of all was that one about how the Germans hauled their dead soldiers back to the rear where they boiled them up in great vats and made soap and explosives of them. We all heard and read about that, and most of us believed it. It was a great piece of hate-propanganda, and the Allies used it for everything it was worth. Lying to make people hate the enemy was a big part of the war-game, and our bosses at Washington knew perfectly well how to use it.

Now here's the cat. Look at it:

Brigadier-General John V. Charteris, who was Chief of the Intelligence Service of the British army during the World War, has come right out and confessed that he started that tale about the Germans boiling up their dead soldiers to make soap and explosives, and that there was not a syllable of truth in it.

Gosh, what an explosion! It echoed around the earth like a thunderclap, and now the war-gods are scared plum out of their breeches. They are afraid that the exposure of that lie will make people suspicious about their future lies, and thus the game of hate propaganda will fail to function.

The Literary Digest quotes the Norfolk Virginia Pilot as saying:

"No doubt the Germans manufactured equally outrageous libels, against the Allies. There was no monopoly of international lying in those days. Berlin propaganda lied; Paris propaganda lied; Moscow propaganda lied, and Washington propaganda lied."

Maybe that wasn't a raw deal! Our own government at Washington lied to us! After that, who can we trust? Is it any wonder that people are getting suspicious of the Big Ikes and are beginning to think for themselves? Is it any surprise to you that the old order of things is breaking down? When things get too durned rotten to hold up their own weight, they have to break. And that's the way the cat got out of the bag.

◆

I see i the papers that somebody proposes to bottle up sunshine and keep it to use on cloudy days. Well, now, that oughtn't to be such a great difficulty, after all our experience in bottling up moonshine.

Red Niggers And Black Lies

The Fool-Killer is not a defender of Russian Bolshevism by a long shot, but it is a defender of the truth. And the plain truth is that the "pay-try-ots" are still lying about Russia, and they ain't quite smart enough to make their lies fit each other.

A recent news story in the Chicago Daily News carried a head like this: "Russians Find Soviet Failure. Communists Cannot Borrow Money From Other Powers. Loans Are Wanted."

And the article goes on to insinuate that the Russian Soviet government is bankrupt and trying desperately to borrow money and can't.

That's one side of it.

But just a few days ago some sort of a convention of negro labor interests was in session in Chicago, and Uncle Sam watched it like a hawk watching a chicken, and we were solemnly informed that the negro convention was literally flooded with Russian money sent there to change all the Blacks into Reds. The niggers were all being bought up with Russian money, and in just a little while they would all be as red as a turkey gobbler's snout.

Hardly a day has passed in a long time that we have not been told that Russian money is at work in China, in Japan, in Mexico, in South America, and everywhere else. All the world is in danger of being bought up by Russian money and wrapped in the folds of the Red Flag. Russia is just lousy with money when it suits the "pay-try-ots" to have it that way.

Then, lo and behold, here comes this other lie, limping in on three legs and its tail a-dragging, and trying to make the world believe that Russia is busted as wide open as a boot-jack and can't borrow a cent.

Two lies that don't match any better than that ought never to be turned loose together.

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GOD'S PLAN STILL WORKS

In the October Fool-Killer I had something to say about the "bad luck" which seems to have been following the American army and navy. And I suggested that maybe God had set a curse on the fighting machinery of the world and was going to stop war in that way. Since that was written, one of Great Britain's big submarines, while "manuvering" in the English Channel, took a nose dive and went to the bottom with 68 men prisoned and doomed inside. More support for my idea.

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The churches and social workers are raising a great howl about how the women dress. Why in the world can't they let woman's dress alone? There isn't enough of it to make all that fuss about?

Orphans & Battleships

Right now there is a big drive on to raise money for the starving and destitute people of the Near East. Millions of dollars will be needed to barely get them through the winter alive, and most of it must come from the United States.

And so this well-known country of ours has been divided off into quilt squares, and each town and county has been given its quota to raise. There will be no end of begging. The Red Cross and everything else that knows how to coax a slick dime out of an old maid's bandanner will be right on the job.

The millions needed for the Near East Relief will come in small amounts from the common people, and it will take hard work and a long time to get it. And in the meantime thousands will die of starvation and exposure who might have been saved if the money could be raised quick.

But now suppose Uncle Sam wants $30,000,000 to build another battleship, does he stand back and wait for somebody to go out and beg dimes from the police of Podunk and the mayor of Main Street and the poor white trash of the backwoods?

No-sir-ee-Bob! None hardly. You just watch him and see. When the decision is reached that there must be another new battleship to defend the "rights" of some American plutocrat in China or the South Sea Islands—well, it takes about fifteen minutes to get our good Christian Congress to "appropriate" all the money wanted—right out of Uncle Sam's old sock.

No waiting about it.

Why?

Because building a new battleship to kill more fathers to make more orphans is such a durn sight more important than feeding the orphans that have already been made.

Am I pouring it out of the right jug? And does it sound good-good-good to you?

◆

UP OR DOWN, WHICH?

A very wise astronomer, in a very wise article just published, deposes and says that the rotation of the earth on its axis is gradually slowing down. Then just a few lines further on in his article he says it is slowing up. Now who knows which he means? The earth's rotation may be slowing down, and then again, it is just as apt to be slowing up, and there is no way in the world for us to tell which is right. What are we going to do about it?

◆

Yes, honey, a duck with legs three feet long would still be duck-legged.

Laugh all you please, but think some as you go along. The Fool-Killer will make you do both.

The Fool-Killer

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THE FOOL-KILLER,
WILKESBORO, N. C.

THIS IS MY JOB

Just now a letter sailed into my sanctum wanting to know a few things. But the main thing it wants to know is this:

"Why do you make The Fool-Killer such a weapon of wrath and vengeance? Why do you knock so much and never boost?"

Well, honey, it's like this, personally. Knocking things that need knocking is my job. It's a job that needs doing, and my talents run in that direction, and so there you are. Boosting is all right in its place, and I like it as well as anybody, but I can't do everything. I am a better knocker than the other fellow, and the other fellow is a better booster than I am. So it's right and proper for us both to stick to our jobs. Then both jobs will be done right.

The very name of this paper indicates what kind of work it is designed to do. You don't shave with a hand-saw nor cut off planks with a razor. Every tool to its job, is the idea. If I had intended to run a cream-puff paper and fill my columns with goody-goody mush, I would have called it "The Sunday Hypocrite," or some appropriate name like that.

◆

"There's nothing the matter with your car except that the gas tank is empty, but I won't charge you anything for the time I spent discovering it," said the garage man.

PARAGRAPHS

Fiction is in demand, because the truth hurts.

The mule is useful, but he simply can't sing.

Bull beef with French name is still tough.

Never mind the ancestors, look out for the descendants.

It takes a certain amount of genius to put up a successful bluff.

It is a wonder how a flea keeps still long enough to raise a family.

Fine language is not necessary if you have something to say that is worth hearing.

A woman can get most any verdict she wants from a jury if she only cries wet enough.

I could say something to make you cry, but you are so scandalous ugly when you cry.

Red is just as much like white as it can be, but it can't be very much like it.

If this fool stuff makes you laugh it does you more good than if it had [illegible] to it. Ain't you satisfied?

If you and I looked just alike and thought just alike, there wouldn't be any use for but one of us.

When a woman dresses to make the men look, she is mad if they do and mad if they don't.

If the razor-back hawg hadn't been a razor-back hawg, what do you reckon he would have been?

A man and wife are considered one, but they often have big fusses about which one of them it is.

A man never tries to convince others that he is perfectly sober unless he is at least half drunk.

Work hard and deny yourself while you are young, so that when you are old you may have things you cannot enjoy.

When the bottom of your foot itches right plum bad it is a sign that you are going to pull off your shoe and scratch it.

Making a stocking leg long and then cutting it down is sorter like paying for a bed and then sleeping on the floor.

The nation used to borrow from Peter to pay Paul; but now they borrow from both and never pay at all.

By camping out behind the chimney and rubbing poison ivy on yourself, it is possible to secure an exact duplicate of a summer vacation at one-tenth the cost.

Now just suppose that Adam when he was naming the varmints, had calling the cow a toad-frog. I bet we never would have known the difference. But just think of milking a toad!

MOVED TO TOWN

The Fool-Killer was started [illegible] years ago, away out in the backwoods and it has been bobbing around in the sticks ever since. Most of the time it has been a big success, even under such unfavorable conditions, having at one time reached a circulation of [illegible].

But it has never reached half of its possibilities, and I have always been looking forward to the time when I could move it to town and get a real publishing house behind it with facilities for putting it out right.

That time has at last arrived, as you will see by the date line of this issue. The Fool-Killer is now published in the town of Wilkesboro, the old historic county seat of Wilkes county, North Carolina.

A publishing company has been organized with the necessary machinery and capital to put The Fool-Killer on the map bigger than ever. We are now ready to take care of a hundred thousand circulation and we want every person who has ever been on the list in the past to get on again and play with us. We are not making any promises, but if you will just watch us we will try to show you a few things that will interest you.

Remember the new address:
The Fool-Killer, Wilkesboro, N. C.

A ROOSTER GOVERNMENT

It was away in the future, nobody knows how far. But the wars and wasting of time had killed off the population until only a few families and tribes of humanity remained. They were too few in numbers and too weak in intellect to run a government. Hence all the governments of the earth gradually passed into the hands of the chickens.

Now don't you butt in and tell me a chicken has no brains, because you don't know what a chicken had away yonder in the future.

I don't pretend to understand or explain it, but the fact remains that the chicken race had full control of all the governments of earth. A big Rhode Island Red rooster was President of the United States, and his army consisted of five million well trained game roosters.

A terrible war was going on among the rooster armies of Europe, and, being mere humans, we are not capable of understanding just what it was all about. But the chickens understood, and all the young roosters were fighting to defend their rights.

As well as I can make out, several of the large mountains of Europe had turned into solid mountains of bugs, and the different chicken governments were fighting for the possession of these big mountains.

Now it seems that the mountains of America had not yet turned into bugs, but a certain group of capitalist roosters had found a substitute of humbugs which they wanted to sell as real bugs. These capitalist roosters claimed that their humbugs were especially suited to feed rooster soldiers on, because of certain chemical properties which caused the spurs to grow longer and sharper.

The rooster president gave the capitalist roosters permission to ship these humbugs to the rooster armies of Europe in exchange for their real bugs, which were legal tender all over the world. At least [illegible] and [illegible] enough [illegible] a swelling while.

Now it came to pass that [illegible] capitalist roosters grew very rich from the sale of humbugs, but still they were not satisfied. They seemed to get awfully afraid that the spurs grown on European rooster soldiers by eating American humbugs [illegible] some day be turned against America. There was danger of invasion, and a very urgent need of preparedness. The rooster government of the United States must now have a great army of rooster soldiers, and they must be fed on humbugs bought at a fancy price from the capitalist roosters.

So the common chickens of the country allowed themselves to be scared half to death by their rooster president who was being urged on by the capitalist roosters. The common chickens didn't have sense enough to catch onto the fact that the [illegible] for more army roosters fed on humbugs came directly from the greedy capitalist roosters who owned Humbug Mountain.

So they supported the big army, the real purpose of which was to further enrich the capitalist roosters at the expense of the common patriotic chickens who had to pay the bills. You certainly won't deny that chickens [illegible].

Now you may laugh at my story of these poor chickens if you want to. That sort of thing might [illegible], but we humans didn't use a bit more sense about such things while we were running the world.

A HEARTY ONE

A man who lived on the outskirts of a small town in Somerset had a fine bed of [illegible], to which some of his neighbors helped themselves. He made up his mind to catch the thieves.

One night he lay in the garden with his head level with the cabbages. He had not been there long before he heard some one walking towards him.

It proved to be a woman, who began to feel the cabbages until she came to the owner's bald head.

"This is a good hard one," she said to herself, and was about to use her knife when the man shouted out: "Hold on, Missus, that's my head!"

The woman fainted!

DOG CARRIES LIGHT

A motorist who was driving through a small town in Canada one night was astonished to see a little red light bobbing about close to the ground on the road ahead. As he drew near he saw that it was an electric bulb fed from a dry-cell battery fastened on the back of a little dog. The owner, a woman, who was walking near by, explained that the dog refused to stay off the streets at night, and that to keep him from being run over she had equipped [illegible] familiar with the habits of the dog [illegible] will slow down and look at all crossings [illegible]

When [illegible] a little [illegible]

Berny Baruch's Bloody Boodle

Hang-jake!
Doggone!
Listen:

"Bernard M. Baruch, a wealthy New Yorker, has given $250,000 as his contribution to the prevention of war. The particular purpose to which he designates his offering shall be devoted is to the financing of an investigation of whether one of the main causes of war is the possible profit to industry, and whether there is any practicable method whereby such profit may be eliminated. It is hardly to be assumed, however, that Mr. Baruch does not know full well that most industries do profit or hope to profit heavily from war." —Editorial in Daily Paper.

Now, if that don't cap the stack and beat bobtail and take the rag off the bush!

Imagine the old cat trying to find some way to abolish or destroy all the mice in the world."

If you've got any sense at all and a memory as long as my finger, you know something about the part which Berny Baruch took in the World War. He himself was one of the multi-millionaire profiteers who raked in the multiplied millions of blood-money for the sale of munitions, cannon, and other war supplies, while he was posing as a "dollar-a-year patriot" in the war-making machine at Washington. You remember, he is the buddy who was appointed by Woodrow Wilson to do all the buying of munitions and war supplies needed by the government, and of course we all know that he didn't buy anything from himself and pay himself a big profit out of the government's money. Of course he went off and placed the government's orders with some little company that he didn't own any stock in, and thereby cheated himself out of umpty-steen millions of dollars.

Poor Baruch! Ain't you sorry for him in his poverty? If I start a collection to keep him out of the poorhouse, won't you drop in a breechesbutton? Thank you!

But it seems, anyhow, that Berny believes that somebody made a profit out of the war, and now he offers to give $250,000 of his hard-earned poverty to find out all about it.

Aw, cut it out, Berny!

That would be such a useless waste and a poor man like you can't afford it. I can tell you who got the profit out of the war, and I won't charge you a cent for the information. The poor conscripted soldier boys who fit, bled and died on foreign soil for a dollar a day, with a good mudhole to sleep in and lice furnished free—they are the fortunate gentlemen who got the profit out of the war. We all know that you and Morgan didn't get any.

And now! my dear Bernie Baruch, I want to tell you the rest of it, and then you will know as much as I do. You just go ahead and fix up some plan to prevent the conscripted soldier boys from having such a glorious good time in war and making such a big profit out of their dollar-a-day wages, and then you will have the whole dark mystery solved. After that, the rest will be just as easy as falling out of a well.

HE GOT IT MIXED

The fish editor has received the following story from a lady who is a department editor on a Chicago daily. She vouches for its veracity:

"You must be on your good behavior this evening, George, for the minister is to take dinner with us," said a Milwaukee lady to her worser half as he got home from his office in the city last Thursday.

"What have you for dinner?" queried the husband.

"Well, I know he is fond of fish, so I bought quite a string of small river fish, and several larger ones from the dam."

"I'm not much at doing the honors when we have a minister at the table," said George, "but I guess we can get through with it all right."

Half an hour later they were seated at the table, and a blessing had been asked by the minister. A little nervously the head of the family began dishing out the vegetables, and, turning to the guest, said:

"Will you have some of the little river fish, or would you prefer some of the dam big fish?"

The warning kick under the table from his wife was unnecessary. He knew he had blundered, and cold beads of perspiration started out on his forehead.

"I mean"—trying to repair the error—"will you have some of the dam river fish or some of the big fish?"

Worse and more of it! His daughter slyly pulled his coattail to bring him to his senses.

"That is, would you like some of the river fish or some of the other dam fish?"

The deep carnation spreading over the good lady's face didn't mend matters a bit, and with a gasp he plunged in once more:

"Ahem! which of the dam fish do you prefer, anyway?"

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Comptroller General McCarl has reversed another Court and the Supreme Court is waiting nervously for its turn.

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Apparently Italy figures it will be better to owe us that money forever than beat us out of a cent.

◆

Up to a late hour to-day Mr. Coolidge had not received his discharge notice from the Shipping Board.

Economy's Left Hind Foot

Here is another fine fat greasy gob of plutocratic "economy" for you to smear over your bread-crust and wash it down with your rye coffee.

The government at Washington maintains at public expense a grand floating palace of a steamboat for the president's private use. It is called the president's "yot," and its Sunday-go-to-meeting name is "The Mayflower."

Whether the president and his family use the Mayflower much or little, it is always ready for their week-end trips, their summer vacations, or for any other purpose for which they may demand it.

Maybe you think it don't cost Uncle Sam anything to provide a pleasure "yot" for the president. Well, just take one good squint at the following figures which I got from The Pathfinder, a reliable weekly magazine published right there in Washington. To say nothing of the first cost, here's what the annual upkeep amounts to:

Repairs	$151,000
Pay of officers and men	332,000
Provisions	9,400
Other supplies	11,300
Engineering	14,200
Total	$542,300

To give you a further idea of its size, it has nine officers and a crew of 161 men, and it costs the nation nearly $1,500 every day.

And that's some of the "economy" you've been hearing so much about. Will you have some more? Just help yourself—there's plenty of it.

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We are informed that a certain young lady had a beau who was in the habit of calling at her home six nights in the week and staying so late that he became a nuisance. One night not long ago, as the clock struck eleven, she gave him a pencil and a piece of paper and told him to make eleven ciphers in a straight line and draw a perpendicular line down from the first, and a line up from the right side of the fourth, down on the right side of the fifth, up on the right side of the seventh and eighth, and down from the right side of the tenth, the lines to be an inch in length. She then told him to read what he had written. The hint was most startling, and the young fellow has not been seen there since.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

(By G. M. N. Parker)

If all the savers saved themselves before they went to saving others, the others would soon be saved.

There is a saintly sermon in soap. If it were put in the pulpit it would say that the Bible ought to go hand in hand with the bathtub.

I love the man who stands by what he believes is right, no matter which way moves the multitude. It is better to be a lone Elijah on the mount of right than to have the bray o approval from all of Balaam's asses in the valley.

If it takes graduation in a theological college to get a glimpse of immortality, I wish some of those graduates would tell where the primitive Indian got the belief that the grave was the gateway to the Happy Hunting Ground.

A recently resurrected theological nutmeg is megaphoning from the lakes to the gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific that now is the time for America to save Europe. I am wondering why it would not be equally appropriate to megaphone that now is the time for Europe to save America.

Climbing the ladder of fame is climbing toward the lower round; for getting closer to God is getting closer to the ground. There is more to swell the soul in a native grove than in a grand opera; more melody in a mockingbird singing in a sycamore than in a Caruso singin' in a coliseum; and a sweeter sermon in a brook sparkling through the wildwood than in a Billy Sunday in a tabernacle.

PAGING HIS PARENT

The following advertisement appeared in a Western paper: "If George William Brown, who deserted his poor wife and baby 21 years ago, will return, the aforesaid baby will knock the stuffing out of him."

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A man has been found in Ohio who thought that Roosevelt was still president. Very natural mistake. He knew that something was wrong, and he just guessed it was that.

Since the "monkey trial" in Tennessee, it is said that books on evolution are selling like hot cakes. They were going to stamp out evolution right at once, but they gave it the biggest free advertisement it ever could have had, and now it is growing faster than ever.

Agricultural chemists are now putting up fertilizer in the form of pills. And now the farmer won't have a blessed thing to do but hold the earth's mouth open with a spoon-handle and drop a few fertilizer pills into it, and then sit down and wait for harvest time.

Wisdom is in knowing what to do next, skill is knowing how to do it, and virtue is doing it.—David Starr Jordan.

"Oh, pshaw!" is the only comment of the Shah on his dethronement.

Are You Awake?

You have heard of our old friend, Rip Van Winkle? Well from what we can learn he had a long nap, and we wonder why some chap didn't dash a bucket of cold water on him, before he finished his sleep.

The Fool-Killer

And now if you want to get lined up for the issues of The Fool-Killer, wake up and send in a club at once. We make the subscription price reasonable so you and all your friends can get this paper.

Our Offer

Subscription price 25c a year—and in clubs of five or more at 15c each. Get your friends to send in a club with you, and all of you read The Fool-Killer.
Address your mail to: The Fool-Killer, Wilkesboro, N. C.

LOCARNO AND DAMASCUS

The Latest Unspeakable Crime of The French Huns.

On October 17, there went out from Locarno, Switzerland, a story which was thought to be the biggest and best piece of news that had penetrated the large wooly ear of Old Man World in many a long day. The reporters, the editors and the "statesmen" cut almost as big a shine over it as they did over the signing of the armistice on Nov. 11, 1918. We were assured in screaming headlines that peace had really come to the world at last.

The cause of such jubilation was the fact that, after seven years of wrangling and disagreement, all the leading nations of Europe, including France and Germany, had hugged and kissed and signed up a solemn agreement never to fight any more.

It was the first time that such an agreement had been reached, and it did look good. For one brief day it even had me thinking that it might amount to something.

Remember, please, that the Locarno kissing-match was pulled off on Oct. 17. Remember, too, that France was one of the kissers. France promised to quit fighting—to quit being a military bully—and to work for the peace of the world.

About the same time France, as a member of the League of nations, helped to draft the ultimatum which stopped the war between Greece and Bulgaria.

All of which was good so far as it went. But we must not forget that all this time France was carrying on a brutal imperialistic war in Morocco against a little band of patriots who love their country just as well as the French love France. Oh, yes, France could talk big and demand that little nations quit fighting, but she was not willing to call off her war-dogs and stop her own bloody butchery. Her conduct in that connection was enough to condemn France forever in the eyes of the world.

But that wasn't all. On October 18, the very next day after the Peace of Locarno, France shouldered her shooting-irons and marched on the ancient city of Damascus—"the oldest inhabited city in the world—and for two days and nights rained death and destruction on the helpless inhabitants, leaving thousands dead and other thousands crippled and homeless.

And all for what?

Simply because France happens to hold a "mandate" from the League of Nations over the land Syria, and she wanted to parade her power and importance before the world.

There never was a more uncalled-for piece of wholesale butchery committed by any nation. The worst things that Germany was accused of doing in the World war (and was probably not guilty of) were no worse than what France has actually done right here in 1925. And done it right on the heels of a promise to be good.

Of this horrible event the Literary Digest says:

"The screaming and bursting shells that spattered the streets of Damascus with the blood of innocent men, women and children sent a thrill of horror through the civilized world—a horror not lessened by the fact that the shells were fired from the guns of a Christian nation. And the work of the artillery was supplemented by bombing airplanes and by tanks that spit machine-gun fire as they lumbered through the historic streets of what is said to be the world's oldest inhabited city."

An eye-witness quoted in an Associated Press dispatch describes the period of bombardment as one of "unforgetable horror," tells of hundreds of dead bodies lying in the streets, and estimates that at least 2,000 were buried under the wrecked buildings of Damascus.

In the United States the editorial writers discuss the event under such plain-spoken heads as "Murder in Damascus," "Butchery in Damascus," and "French Butchers in Syria."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says:

"In one brief rain of bullets France has done more harm than a thousand peace pacts and missionaries can repair in a hundred years."

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says:

"While the right hand of France was signing the Locarno agreements and intervening, as a member of the League of Nations, in the Greco-Bulgaria squabble, its left hand was committing ruthless butchery in Syria."

The Grand Rapids Press says:

"It becomes increasingly apparent that France has made the blunder of its entire colonial career—a blunder that may never, perhaps, be excused or remedied."

The St. Paul Pioneer Press says:

"The ghastly joke is that all this is done in the name of civilization."

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin says:

"France's great blunder at Damascus has shocked the world."

And all over the civilized world it is the same cry—France has spilled the beans. Great Britain is drawing up a heavy bill of damages to present to France because of the material damage suffered by British subjects in the bombardment of Damascus. But London's chief grievance is the additional trouble it expects to have with Palestine and its other mandated territories. The Arabs everywhere are in a rage, and the Jews are not in the best of humor. So if the Arabs and the Jews should join forces to oppose British rule in Palestine, England would be at the end of her row. It don't take any big amount of imagination to see the direction in which things are drifting. Bible Students know what it means, and the rest of the world is doing some tall guessing right along now.

◆

AD'NOIDS

Mickey came home from school sniffing. "You've been licked," said his mother. "I ain't," said Mickey. "There was a doctor at school this mornin' examined us, and he said I had ad'noids." "Phwat's thim?" asked mother. "They're things in your head as has to be taken out," answered Mickey. "It's a dom lie," angrily exploded mother. "I've fine-combed yure head ivry Saturday night, and niver an ad'noid did I find."

◆

A man washes before he eats, and a cat washes after it eats. Is there any scripture for that?

Evolution Is Settled At Last

The great and awful fight between fundamentalists and modernists can now dry up. The question of evolution has been settled. Thomas E. Pickerill, a California humorist, has made public his discoveries, and there is nothing more to say. That there can be no shadow of doubt that man came from the lower animals is disclosed by researches which this writer has made in the archives of the English and American languages, and by excavation of innumerable idioms, similes, metaphors, and other figures of speech.

Mr. Pickerill says:

Certainly man came from the animal. The facts are indisputable and irrepressible. Darwin didn't know half of it. Darrow is but a superficial thinker, and Huxley's prognostications fade into insignificance when the facts are revealed. Take our language. It all points to animal life of the lower order. In the first place, man is born by the stork; then he crawls and whines, and before long he is a regular little pig. He grows up like a weed.

Later on in life he is a poor fish and a sucker, but often acquires horse sense. Hoad flourish, and end-seat hogs obstruct, and the early bird gets the worm. People look sheepish and act like a calf. They crawfish, growl, snap, and bite the hand that feeds them.

Women are butterflies and vampires, and some husbands are insects. Both men and women are bull-headed, and some are snakes in the grass. Occasionally one meets a consummate ass. Wise owls, sly old foxes, and eagle eyes prey upon their fellowmen. Sometimes a dirty dog runs amuck. Kangaroo struts are common. Clod-hoppers hop and jay-walkers walk. All of us get stung without a bee in sight.

Aviators hop off and fly, and some women are regular old cats. Some people are sharks, old bears, or wolves in sheep's clothing. Then again, some folks are 100 per cent bull. We lionize heroes. Who is not acquainted with some old crab or silly goose? Men are lobsters. They shut up like clams, and some crawl into their holes. Every county seat has its courthouse rats. Every town has its chickens and old hens. The whole world is infested with parasites.

We develop elephantitis, horse's neck, and a whale of a lot of other things. We are land-lubbers, sea-dogs, turtle doves and other fine birds, such as lame ducks.

We are dark horses, hunks of cheese, little shrimps, and often wiggle out of things. We have the turkey trot and the camel walk, and we get a hump on ourselves. We have our bear cats, ham actors and jackleg lawyers. We sing like canaries, laugh like hyenas, and shed crocodile tears, and hound and buffalo one another. We are stubborn as mules, slick as eels, but often have to pony up. We are big frogs in little ponds and little frogs in big ponds. We are pigeon-toed, walrus-toothed, pug-nosed, monkey-eared, and chicken-hearted, and all of us are loons or like cuckoos. Finally we sing our swan song and croak. Still the half has never yet been told. But it's all monkey business, and it gets our goat.

◆

ALL AGREED

Modest Suitor—I am going to marry your sister, Jimmy, but I know I am not good enough for her.

Candid Little Brother—That's what sis says, but ma's been telling her she can't do any better.

◆

HIS SECURITY!

Milligan: If I be afther laving security for what I take away, will you trust me till nixt wage?

Sands (the grocer.) Certainly.

Milligan: Well, thin, sell me two av thim hams an' kape wan av thim till I come again.

◆

A LONG ROUTE

A negro was standing an examination for the position of rural free delivery carrier. Among other questions written for him to answer was the poser:

"What is the distance between the earth and the moon?" His prompt, but indignant reply was: "See heah! If you's a-going to put me on dat route, I quits right now."

◆

Sal Vation

Sam Simple took Sal Watkins to the big camp meeting, and in the scuffle he got lost from her. The religious excitement was running high. Sam kept elbowing his way through the crowd and craning his neck looking for his girl. By and by the preacher said:

"Young man, are you looking for salvation?"

"No, Mr. Preacher," replied Sam, "I'm looking for Sal Watkins."

◆

HIGHER EDUCATION

Physics student (to prostrate professor who had stumbled over a stone)—Did you fall?

Professor—How utterly imbecile! Of course not! My body possessing motion produced an impact with a stationary solid substance, which by the law of inertia resisted the force applied to it and destroyed my equilibrium. So not being able to defy or break the law of gravitation, I succumbed to the inevitable and assumed this horizontal position.

◆

A HARDHEADED YOUTH

A brakeman on a train passing through Arkansas observed a very bucolic-looking youth with his head thrust out of the window of the coach. The brakeman touched the youth upon the shoulder and invited his attention to the fact that he was placing himself in a perilous position.

"Better keep your head inside the window," said the brakeman.

"I reckon I kin look outer the window of I want to," was the defiant response.

"You shore can," continued the brakeman, "but if you damage any of the ironwork on the bridges, you'll have to pay for it."

DON'T
MISS
THIS
TRUTH

The Fool-Killer

THE
SPICE
OF THE
PROGRAM

Monthly—25 CENTS A YEAR. IN CLUBS OF FIVE OR MORE AT ONE TIME, 15 CENTS A YEAR

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JESUS AT HOME

They'd seen him working with his pap,
And met him on the road,
And he was just a neighbor chap
That everybody knowed.
They'd always seen him come and go
Since he was very small,
And he was just the son of Joe—
He wasn't God at all.

If he had come from distant parts
And spoke a foreign tongue,
They might have took him to their hearts
And on his sayings hung.
But he was born in Bethlehem
And never went to school,
And so his preaching seemed to them
The ravings of a fool.

They listened to him down the line
A hundred miles or so;
But back at home he didn't shine—
His preaching wouldn't go.
You just as well to mark it down
And wonder at it less:
A prophet in his native town
Is never a success.

They named him Jesus, but I guess
Folks shortened it to "Je,"
Their poor opinion to express,
Just like they do with me.
It must have been an humble place
Where little Jesus dwelt,
And I can understand his case—
I know just how he felt.

If I'd been born away back there,
And had my humble home
In Bethelehem of Judah, where
Young Jesus used to room—
If I had been a little Jim
When he was little Je,
I'm sure I would have played with him,
And he'd have played with me.

We would have been the best of pals
For many a happy day,
And courted all the little gals.
And wallowed in the hay.
And folks who saw us playing 'round,
Or wading in the streams,
Would not have known our thoughts profound,
Nor guessed our mighty dreams.

But when at last the power stirred
With inspiration's might—
When he began to preach the Word,
And I began to write—
We would have shocked the people some;
I say it on my oath:
Our friends and neighbors would have come
And crucified us both.

James Larkin Pearson.

◆

The idea of calling France a Christian" nation! Just abuot such a "Christian" as Judas was.

Prejudice is the halter by which the devil leads the ignorant.

THE POPE'S CANDI DATE

Since so many of the Southern Democrats have been wearing night gowns in public and trying so hard to look just like the Pope of Rome, I reckon the old humbug in the Vatican is feeling purty good about it. He has good reason to think that if they are so anxious to look just like him they will vote for his candidate for president. And maybe they will, Kluckers and all.

Anyhow, it now seems certain that Al Smith is Democracy's Big Tin Jesus, both North and South. You remember that Al sent his man Jimmy down into Dixie not long ago to spy out the land, and Jimmy just unrolled his Irish smile and wrapped up Dixie in it and took it back to New York. If there was any opposition to Jimmy and Al and the Pope, it wasn't among the Democratic bosses. Strange as it may seem, Jimmy wasn't tarred and feathered nary time, but he was feasted and foundered every day.

And so it just looks like the Democrats are going to be silly enough to nominate Al Smith for president, and I suppose they think he stands a chance to be elected.

Well, let 'em try it.

The millions of plain honest vôters in this country, who have no use for the Pope nor the Pillow-Slip, would march to the polls and bury the Pope's candidate so deep that he would have to crawl up hill to get into the orthodox hell.

◆

A WORD TO BIBLE STUDENTS

I just want to give you the "secret grip" and hand you a few of the pass-words. Since everybody else are having their "secret orders" we might as well have ours. We have a bigger and better secret than any of the others. I have many readers who are not Bible Students, and they will not know what this means, but you will understand. Rest easy. Everything is all right.

A, B, C, D, E, F, G. To you these letters mean volumes, but to other people they don't mean a thing except part of the alphabet. But maybe this will get their curiosity aroused and they will want to learn something. Now you know what to do. Go to it.

◆

The League of Nations has laid another peace egg and has now begun to "set" on it with the intention of hatching out another disarmament conference. Go to it, boys! Every one that fails will bring us that much nearer to the one that will succeed.

◆

Pennsylvania is partial to P's. For instance, there is Philadelphia, and Penrose, and Pepper, and Pinchot.

NANCY HAS STARTED SOMETHING

Lady Astor seems to have started something. Lady Astor, you know, is the "purty girl" from Virginia who married an English lord and went over there and got herself elected to Parliament.

Well, I'll be sarn-taked if Nancy ain't kept them no-account English dudes awake ever since she got there.

And now she has calmly riz up in her old Virginia majesty and solemnly proposed that the Submarine be declared an outlaw among the nations. And she thinks England might as well start it.

Well, sir, the idea seems to have struck home. It has "took," as the doctors say about vaccination. Maybe it was because Nancy proposed it, or maybe they would have done it anyway, but the fact is that just lots of the swell guys all over the world have tumbled to it like pouring shelled beans into a tin pan. People that you never would have suspected of being in sympathy with such ideas are now coming out boldly in favor of outlawing not only the Submarine but all other machinery of war.

It won't be done just yet, at least, not very much of it, but the start has been made. The very fact that such a proposition has been made, and that it has received unexpected support from people in high places, shows the direction in which world thought is moving, and the actual abolishment of war in the near future it is just as certain as that God lives. The "due time" has now arrived, and all the devils in perdition can't change God's plan nor cheat the human race out of its promised blessing.

◆

Straight Ahead

The Pope wants to "make America Catholic." No doubt about that. And there are lots of people who seem bent on helping him to do it.

On the other hand, the Krazy Kat Klub wants to tie up America in a bed sheet, and choke it to death on flapdoodle, and there are a few millions who want to help do that.

But in between these two factions, and not in sympathy with either of them, stands the great American citizen who wants to keep America united and free. If you are a true American citizen you belong to the middle group, and The Fool-Killer is here to champion your cause. If you want a real wide-awake and hard-hitting paper that will fight off all the side-shows and stand for plain, honest, open-faced, free and fearless American citizenship, here it is. Get busy among your friends and let us have one or two big clubs from you every week.

FOX AND MAN

I read in a local paper not long ago about a great gathering of "sportsmen" and the organization of a Fox Huntetrs' Association.

"The main object of the meeting," as reported in the paper, is to "propogate the fox in Western North Carolina." The president of the association made a "fine speech" and told the hunters that he was pleased to see so many present, and that it "showed that the hunters still had a heart the interest of the fox."

There you have it.

Read that again.

And then laugh.

Haw-haw-haw!

Laugh some more.

"The hunters still have at heart the interest of the fox."

That is rich.

Just like the cat has at heart the interest of the mouse. Just like the hawk has at heart the interest of the chicken. No differenct at all. And just like the war-gods have at heart the interest of the common soldier.

To have a big "game" that they can enjoy at the expense of their victim is the only "interest" and of them have. The hunter cares for nothing except the fun he gets out of running the fox, and he never one time thinks about the terror of fright, the heart-ache and the deadly exhaustion that the poor hunted creature suffers. That is all taken as a matter of course—as a part of the "game."

So with the cat and the hawk—their only interest in their victims is the fun of eating them.

Men are just big nasty cruel brutes. I would like to see the devil get after a gang of fox hunters and run them about 500 miles over mountain and wilderness.

◆

In every community there are numbers of people who would enjoy The Fool-Killer, but do not know about it. Send us their names and addresses and we'll hit 'em with a sample.

◆

The old earth is getting lined up for the new age, and the old governments of men are about ready to croak.

◆

The plutes at Washington thought they would be rid of senator La-Follette. But they were mistaken. Senator La Follette is right there yet, and he is going to be a flea in their breeches leg for many a day to come.

◆

Please take notice that you can get your own Fool-Killer a year free by sending in a club of five at 15c a year each—75 cents in all.

◆

Read "Let's talk it Over" on page 2, and then get busy.

THE FOOL-KILLER

A Monthly Mustard-Plaster for the Blood-Boils of Society, Church and State.

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When you send in clubs it is not necessary to write long letters. A correct list of names and addresses, with money order, or check to cover same, and your own name and address as club sender, is enough. But remember this: Please do not send poorly or carelessly written lists, as they are very difficult to make out, and if we cannot make them out correctly the subscribers will not get their papers. Always have the lists typewriten if possible, and in case you cannot do that, please print out the names and addresses in printing letters with pen or pencil. This is very important.

If you have something important to say, condense it all you can and write it on a separate sheet of paper. Never mix subscription orders with other matters in the body of a letter. And always remember to write on one side of the paper only. Never write on both sides of the paper. This also is very important.

In ordering your address changed, always give the old address as well as the new. That is terribly important.

Remittances should be made by registered letter, express or postoffice money order. Direct all letters and make all orders payable to:

THE FOOL-KILLER
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Let's Talk It Over

Well, dear sinner friends, this is The Fool-Killer.

How does it set on your stomach?

If you like it, you can get more at headquarters.

The Fool-Killer is not even a forty-leventh cousin to any other paper on earth.

It stands in a class by itself, and its field is as broad as the English language

This paper wears no bell, muzzle collar nor halter.

You can put that down to start with.

I am the fellow who works at the pump-handle on this pungent periodical of thrilling thought. I print only what I write; I write only what I think; and I think what I doggon please.

I never travelled any to speak of, but I have read a great deal, and have thunk some.

And then I started The Fool-Killer, just to quiet my nerves and keep the old press from getting rusty.

From the seclusion of these wooded hills there will go forth each month a bundle of literary dynamite that will shake the rotten foundations of society and cause the Church of Mammon to at least turn over in its sleep.

The Fool-Killer is a monthly mustard-plaster for the blood-boils of Society, Church and State.

It is written with a red-hot poker dipped in razor-soup.

It rides the devil a-straddle without a saddle, and spurs him at every lope.

It is salted with wit, peppered with rumor and seasoned with sarcasm.

Every line cuts like a whip, and every word raises a blister.

If you are a fool you had better not subscribe for The Fool-Killer. If you are wise you will. And so that settles it.

If the poor folks had everything else as plenty as they have got poverty, they would be rich.

Gosh, no! That ain't literature. Who said it was? This is just fool stuff. Ain't that what you want?

A Philosophers Blunder

Here is how it looks to Ed Howe, the Kansas philosopher: "Books and pictures do not greatly excite me. I have seen life depicted more powerfully than the writers and artists can depict it. When I think over the past I recall incidents, views, emotions, beyond anything I have read about or seen displayed on canvass. Why should a silly love story in a magazine or a moving picture interest me when I have known the real thing?"

Why, you silly man, that is the very reason a love story is interesting to most people—because they have experienced the real thing. Most people are more interested in reading of something they know about than of something they do not know about. For instance, I bet you read your local county paper every week—all the little locals and personals about people you know. But you would not waste time reading such items in a paper published a thousand miles away.

Why?

The answer is easy.

You are interested in reading about the people you know, and you are not interested in reading similar items about strangers.

Ed Howe is smart, all right, but he does wobble on the spindle purty bad sometimes.

◆

Billy Bonehead is going to be a regular contributor from now on. Don't miss any of his letters. They will be rich. We also expect to have several other rich features for the New Year.

◆

The Democratic South pretends to be terribly Protestant and terribly Prohibition. But here it goes trotting off after a candidate who is both Catholic and wet. O South, where are thy principles? Hast thou sold them for a vain hope and a long-distance smell of political pie.

◆

Young Bob wouldn't suck their sugar-tit after they went to all that trouble of making it for him.

◆

Coolidge has swallowed the World Court hook, sinkers and all, and he doesn't seem to realize that they are on the end of a league of nations line.

A SERMON ON THE AMERICAN LEGION

There, now! I guess you expect me to float with the current, like all the rest of the dead fish, and pour out a great torrent of pate-rot-ic praise for the military machine known as the American Legion.

Sorry, my dear fish, but you will have to be disappointed.

Maybe the American Legion is the last eternal cap-stone on the pyramid of perfection. Maybe it is. But I can't get my old goo-goos set on it at just that angle.

What's it all about, anyhow? To keep alive the war spirit? Some say no, but that's exactly what it does. It keeps piling new coals on the old memories—keeps fanning the flames of hate that swept the world for four terrible red years.

How can such a mental attitude help the cause of world peace? How can any good result from a continual stirring up of that old war mania? Are the war memories something to be cherished and kept alive for the pleasure of the thing? To a small majority, perhaps the answer is yes. But in my opinion nine-tenths of the World-War veterans want to forget the hell they went through just as soon as possible. I don't see what pleasure they could derive from living those horrors over again every little while.

I was not in the war. I was too old for the draft, and I didn't want to go bad enough to volunteer. But God knows I got enough of it at home. What I saw and heard and read an imagined, as the terrible weeks lengthened into months and years, was enough for me. Too much. A few more years of it would have run me crazy, and me here at home. Then what must it have been like to the suffering soldiers who were forced to be in the red, reeking midst of it all? I can but dimly imagine. And don't tell me that any sane man gets pleasure out of living it over again.

If we could use the memory of it to guarantee that it never could happen again, that would be richly worth while.

But are we doing that?

Are not our Legion meetings and our periodical celebrations rather a glorification of the business of war? Do they not foster a kind of "Patriotism" which wants [illegible] more? It seems so to me.

The American Legion is made up largely of army officers who have the military bug eating on them, and who do most of their thinking in terms of "glorious battle." But to the common fellow who went through that four years of hell it was not glorious, and the memory of it is not glorious. The boys who suffered need to be remembered and honored, but not in that way. If they fought to bring peace to the world, as you say, why couldn't we have some peace celebrations? Why must every Armistice Day bristle with guns and reek with burning power? If the thing is over and done, why in the name of common sense don't you let it stay over and done? Why don't you give us a chance to enjoy the peace that you say has come?

Ah, my friends, there will not be any peace until militarism is dead and buried. When the Prince of Peace reigns, then Armistice day will be a real peace celebration. Every gun, every uniform, every sign and symbol of war, will be put out of sight. Dressed in their gayest garments of rejoicing, the people will meet and mingle together in love, feasting and singing and praising God that there is no longer a strutting military machine to keep the fires of hate burning, and to stage an annual renewal of the conflict.

◆

ALL ABOARD FOR 1926

This ends 1925. Whether it has been a good year or a bad one, it has gone into history and there is nothing more to be done about it. But a brand-new year is at hand—a year that has never been used—and you can go to work right now to get more good out of it than you got out of the old one.

You are a little older than you were a year ago, and I hope you are a little wiser, a little better, a little kinder, and a little less hide-bound in your views.

I can't promise you that you will have no troubles in 1926. Very likely you will. But nothing will help you over the rough places more than a good hearty laugh now and then. The Fool-Killer will give you something to laugh about, and something to think about, too. So don't fail to include The Fool-Killer in your 1926 program. See you again in January. Good luck and lots of it.

◆

Tom Tarheel says his boy's school teacher interested the young man in getting a pure bred calf and it looks now as if this calf is going to make one of the best cows in the community.

These am Christmas times, honey. Have you got ary stick of candy yet.

Santa Claus never has time to shave.

That noise you heard over toward the east was another French cabinet falling.

◆

The general rule is that only people who can at least read and write rise out of the day laborer class. Now and then we hear of am millionaire who is compelled to sign his name with a cross, and we are pleased.

Are You Awake?

You have heard of our old friend, Rip Van Winkle? Well from what we can learn he had a long nap, and we wonder why some chap didn't dash a bucket of cold water on him, before he finished his sleep.

The Fool-Killer

And now if you want to get lined up for the issues of The Fool-Killer, wake up and send in a club at once. We make the subscription price reasonable so you and all your friends can get this paper.

Our Offer

Subscription price 25c a year—and in clubs of five or more at 15c each. Get your friends to send in a club with you, and all of you read The Fool-Killer.
Address your mail to: **The Fool-Killer, Wilkesboro, N. C.**

What Sort Of Patriotism Is This

Anything which it is right and proper for me to do—any act of mercy, partiotism, or loyalty to American ideals which it is my duty to perform —I can certainly perform in the open and with my face uncovered.

Whenever I am tempted to do something which must be done in the dark or under a cover of a mask —well, I had better let that thing alone.

I cannot understand a conception of "100 per cent Americanism" which makes secrecy and a mask and a lot of pagant mumble jumble a part of its equipment. My "100 per cent American" stands up straight in broad daylight and faces the world bare faced and unafraid. He is not ashamed of anything that he does, and there is no cause for him to hide and dodge and sneak and cover up his face.

In God's name, what are we coming to if our "American ideals" are such that they must be covered up with a hoss-blanket and smothered in a pillow-slip? What would Washnigton and Jefferson and Lincoln think if they could see a 1925 parade of "100 per cent Americans" who were afraid to show their faces or let the public know their plans? Did Washington wear a pillow-slip over his head while he led the American patriots to victory? Did Jefferson write the Declaration of Independence in capital K's, and was that immortal paper signed by Wizards and Dragons and Wild Wooly Woof-Woofs? Did Lincoln pull his shirttail over his head and run around in the dark muttering fool gibberish when he needed to save the union? Did Patrick Henry say, "Give me a mask or give me death?"

When the American government was established by the patriots of old, was there any provision made for an "invisible empire" to come in and rule over it? Did our forefathers spill their blood to win freedom from the British Empire, only to let an "invisible empire" forge its chains upon us? In fact, wasn't it purely to get away from any sort of an "empire" that they set up a republic?

If the republic which our fathers set up is a good thing, why isn't it good enough? Why go down into Democratic Georgia and get a cast-off tooth-carpenter with ingrowing vanity and chronic halitosis to set up an "empire" over us?

"Wizard" Evans and his ten dollar patriots are powerful Christians! Oh, you bet! They are just wild and wooly for Jesus. But they seem to entirely forget that Jesus was a Jew, and that if he were here on earth today he couldn't join the Ku Klux Klan for that very reason. It excludes all Jews, and would therefore have to exclude Jesus. What stupid inconsistency!

◆

The wise heads say that thrift is a virtue without which a competence cannot be gained. A reckless spendthrift acquires a fortune and we shout the news.

◆

Henry Ford has conquered the earth, the sea and the air. There seems to be nowhere else for Henry to go—except to heaven.

DISCOUNT

In book-selling it is cuss-to-Mary to allow a discount to publishers, authors and personal friends. One time when Mark Twain visited a book store he selected a book and said to the clerk:

"Now, as a publisher I am entitled to a discount of 50 per cent. As an author I am also entitled to a discount of 50 per cent. And as a friend of the proprietor I should get 25 per cent. Now what's the price of the book, and what do I have to pay for it?"

The clerk did some rapid figuring and said:

"I guess we owe you 75 cents. Here you are. I hope we may have your future patronage."

◆

PICK UP

All wild flowers soon fade—except the blooming idoitts.

Painleve had a pain, and therefore had to leave.

One reason why France is sinking is because she has got no sinking fund.

Article in farm paper is headed: Best Daily Ration For Stock, Contains Three Grains. Three grains of what?

A scientist says that making the universe was a big job. Of course it was. But then there have been bigger jogs. For instance, the enforcement of the prohibition law.

We are told that boys who are dense in school seldom amount to anything in letter work. We hear of a highly successful man who was a blockhead in school, and we enjoy the news.

Blue sky investments are usually duds; therefore we are happy when the wheen of fortune turns out a winning ticket for some guileless investor.

Dr. J. W. Turrentine, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, says that half the girls living in a belt extending from New York to the Rocky Mountains have incipient goiter.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Translated into Fool-Killer Talk.

Mr. John W. Congress,
Capital Hill, D. C.
Dear Old Windworks:

And so you have brought your knitting and come back to spend the winter with us, have you? Well, I don't care how much you knit, but I do get awful tired of your eternal gab. I suppose it would be bad manners to drive you off, but we could have got along just as well without you.

How did you leave the folks at home? Did you tote in enough wood to do till you got back? And how was Uncle Ebenezer's rheumatism when you left?

Well, Mr. Congress, you haven't asked me for any advice, but I've got some that I can spare, and so I'll send it along to you, anyhow. You can use what you want, and pour the rest of it back in the jug.

The Army

The Secretary of War tells me that the Army is all right, what there is of it, and plenty of it such as it is. Its new breeches are not quite big enough, or else it is too big for its breeches, I don't know which. Somebody ought to see about that. I recommend that the Army wash its feet every Saturday night, and say its prayers and take something for what ails it.

The Navy

The Navy is all at sea, as Shakespeare says, and I don't know of any other place for it to go. Mitchell wants it to go to the hot place, but I don't think it could stand anything hotter than what Mitchell has been giving it here lately.

The Air Service

The Air Service is all up in the air, and that's all I know about it. For further particulars, consult Bill Mitchell. He owns the air and knows every cow-path in it between here and the moon. Any time you get out of hot air, Mitchell can furnish plenty more, and just as hot as you want it.

Domestic Affairs

My Domestic Affairs are none of your business, but I don't mind saying that they are perfectly all right. We have got two more payments to make on our Tin Lizzie, and then we will be out of debt. I have promised the old woman a new pair of slippers for Christmas, and I think she aims to get me a silk [illegible] or something. So you see our Domestic Affairs are in good shape.

Muscle Shoals

I promised Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford one time, in consideration of his support in the last campaign, but you were so cussed contrary that you wouldn't let me deliver the goods. I don't suppose Henry wants it now, because he has gone ahead and got another job that is paying him nine dollars a day for full time, rain or shine. Henry seems to be getting a very good start financially, and I don't suppose he will come around putting up a hard-luck tale and begging for Muscle Shoals any more. But still you might hire him to take it off your hands.

Foreign Relations

I don't know about that. Of course we have always had Foreign Relations, and I reckon we must have them right on, but we must be mighty careful now. Rich relations are all right and they come in handy sometimes; but poor relations are always wanting to borrow money. Just look. Europe in debt to us heels over head and still wanting to borrow more. And can't pay what she has already borrowed. Oh, well! That's the penalty for having poor kinfolks. We'll have to treat Europe sorter like a poor country cousin—that is, all except Russia. Nervous Nellie Kellogg says we musn't have any relations at all with Russia. And that settles it.

The Tariff.

If you will hold the Tariff's mouth open and drench it three times a day with a strong solution of Tinker's Tea, it will either get better or worse, and I don't remember which. You'll have to try it and see.

Prohibition

Have we got any prohibition? Don't ask me. Ask the moonshiners and boot-leggers. Ask the rum runners along the coast how business is. Ask that great college where they found a still right in the middle of the wisdom works. Ask that hotel in Saint Petersburg which entertained the banker's association and where they found fifty quarts in one room. Ask the hotels right here in Washington how they manage to serve likker openly to their guests. Yes, we have no prohibition today. Have a dram?

The World Court

Now you're talking. The World Court is my Tar Baby and I'm going to stick to it like green paint to a pair of white breeches. But I don't want it suckled by that old wench called the League of Nations. She ain't its mammy, and she ain't any akin to it, and she had better not try to kidnap it, neither. You tell her I said so. The League of Nations is entirely too binding, and so it is. I want something that will sorter bind and sorter not bind, and so I do. I want a shoe that I can wear while it feels good, and then kick off when it begins to pinch.

Yours truly,

CAL.

◆

"Al Smith is the outstanding Democrat of the country," says an exchange. That may be true. But what the Democratic party needs most of all is an outrunning Democrat.

Facts and Fun For Folks

Sixteen years ago The Fool-Killer first entered the mails and started on its journey, in its first year traveling to thousands of readers, proving that it was really being read and enjoyed. So from then till now The Fool-Killer has been going right on to the homes of its satisfied readers.

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WILKESBORO, N. C.

BILLY BONEHEAD'S LETTER

Foolville,
Kounty ov Prejidis,
Strait ov Ignorance,
Desember the 4-teenth.

Editur ov The Fool-Killer,
Wilkesboro, N. C.

Dear Mister Editur:

It has bin a rite smart while sence I rit, but I spose you wil remember me. I am the smart little boy what uster rite sich turbul good peeces fer The Fool-Killer sevurl years ago. This iz 2 let you kno that I am still a good Redemocan, and am a heap smarter than what I uster wuz. I hain't rit nuthin fer the papurs lately, an hit seems lak I jis kaint keep silunt no longer. I am so full ov things 2 say that I am in danger ov bustin if I dont git sum ov em sed.

Ov kourse you recomember what turbul pate-rots me an Paw unter bee. Well, we wuzent a drap in the bucket then 2 what we air now. Why me an Paw air so pate-rot-ic now we jis kaint behave ourselves. We uster hate the durn Soshubuls, an that wuz about the only rale good hart-felt hatin that we node how to doo them daze.

But me an Paw hav bin makin progress lately. We hav jined the Krazy Kat Klub, an that givs us a leegal rite 2 hate Kathlix, niggers an Juze. You see that makes us 100-pur-scent Americans. We air pracktisin up on sum moar hates, an purty sume we expect 2 be 200 per scent Amerikuns. Me an Paw don't ame fer noboddy 2 be more per-scenters than what we is.

I am glad 2 stait, fuddermore, that me an Paw hav allso jined the Funny Dementalists, an that opens up anuther big field fer the exersize of our pate-rot-ic hate. We kan now hate dogs an kats an rabbits an munkiz an elifunts an mice an krickets an hosses an kows an tadpoles an evolushunists. We hate awl Krischins what dont bleeve jis like we doo, an the way we hate eddykashun an siunce is plum site. We dont bleeve in lettin the durn Kathlix mix church an state, bekaze we want the fun of mixin em ourselves. It awl depends on what kind ov church iz 2 be mixt with the stait. If we kan git power enouff 2 mix our own kind ov church with our own kind ov stait, then we will hav a mixtry what will suit us whuther it sutes annybody else or not. Us Krazy Kats air not konserned about pleezin ennybody else but ourselves. We want 2 run things our way, an if uther foax dont like it, they kan jis git off the urth.

I tell ye, Mister Editer, this-here awful thinkin habit what sum foax is gittin in 2 is turbul dangerous. I am glad that the big majority ov foax is free frum that fatal habit, but thar air a few what seem 2 hav it bad, an I dont kno what kan be dun fer em. If the habit ov thinkin shood bekum ginerul it wood ruin the world. Me an Paw hav never thunk enny. We hav kussed an lide an got drunk an lots ov uther bad things, but thinkin fer ourselves is one sin what we hav never bin gilty ov.

Whenever weunses need enny thinkin dun (which izzent offten) we allers turn the job over 2 our preecher or our perlitikul boss. That iz so much easier than doin it fer ourselves, an then if it aint dun rite, we eskape the responsibility. Wunses aint got no books at our house, an the only papurs we read air the Orthydox Owl, the Redemocan Rooster, and the Krazy Kat's Kitten. Our bosses require us 2 read them papurs, an we mussent read nuthin else. Kaze if we wus allowd 2 do our own selecktin, we mite happun to read sich dangerous propagander as the Deklarashun ov Independence.

It iz a grate thing 2 hav a good set ov bosses. Our bosses kin doo our thinkin for us a heap cheaper than we kin doo it fer ourselves. Then tha kin tell us awl the things we ort 2 kno, and keep away from us awl the things what we mussent kno.

Fer instance, we kno that we hav Redemocan prosperity, kaze the bosses hav told us so. But if we had 2 depend on our own larnin an experience, we mite never hav found it out. But since the bosses hav told us about our grate prosperity, me an Paw dont intend fer nobody 2 be more proud an pate-rot-ic over it than weunses am. Yes-sir-ee, me an Paw air proud ov our prosperity. It jis throws us in-2 raptures awl over 2 think how rich an prosperous we air. We hav bekum the kreditor nashun ov the world, an awl the uther nashuns air in det 2 us, an me an Paw air in favor ov makin em kum akross with what tha owe. We kant afford 2 giv Yourup awl them billyuns ov our munny. We need it 2 maik our own millyunaires richer. A nashun that wont pervide fer its millyunaries iz a disgrace 2 the wurld. We hav rites on the hi sees an awl over the wurld, an we jes got 2 defend em. A grate an rich nashun like us cant afford 2 be run over by nobody.

Bruther Offelgood, who owns the cabin we liv in has jes notifide Paw that weunses must git out by New Yers unless we pay up the rent. We hav got ate dollars saved up that we wuz goin 2 selebrate Krismus with, but now it will have 2 go fer the rent, an we wont hav no Krismus. We aint got no kloze fit 2 wear 2 the Krismus Tree 2 git the fine presunts that we won't git nohow. My ole britches are gittin mighty thin fer this cold December weather, and Paw needs a shurt an sum shuze, an Maw aint had a new dress in five years. My, my, but it is awful 2 be rich an prosperous. I sometimes wish we wuz pore.

I will rite agin next month. Yores truly,

BILLY BONEHEAD.

* * *

Delilah cut old Samson's hay,
And made an awful stir;
But Samson, if he lived today,
Could do the same for her.

* * *

The pope has got so rich by humbugging his dupes that he is able to own hundreds of petticoats and night-gowns. He must have dumped some of his old ones onto market lately, and maybe that is how the fad of wearing them got started over here.

* * *

A hoss-trader's word is usually as good as his hoss, and he never fools anybody except when he tells the truth.

A SERMON ON DEAD FISH

Come, all ye big suckers, and hear my sermon! Assemble, O ye little minnows, and give ear unto my preachment. For, verily, this is to be a sermon on dead fish.

And it came to pass, as I walked beside the river's brink, that I saw something white floating down the stream—floating helplessly with the current. As I lingered and looked more carefully, behold, it was a dead fish, with its white side turned up to the glistening sun. And it floated with the current. It had no power to do otherwise. I lifted up my voice by its brass handle and wept over the calamity of the dead fish. I addressed a few well-chosen remarks to myself, saying: Alas, I would not like to be a dead fish.

But as I continued to linger and look, behold, there flashed into my line of vision a still more wonderful sight. Just beneath the surface of the water, but in plain view, was a wiggling and moving object, with all the colors of the rainbow reflected on its silvery back. And, most wonderful of all, it was moving rapidly up stream—against the current. It was a live fish. Again, with my customary and well-known eloquence, I exclaimed, in a voice that startled the silent hills: Oh, I would like to be a live fish!

And thereby hangs a tale. Call it a fish tale if you want to, but it will serve as a text for this sermon.

Again I stood on the shore of a great river, down which the broad stream of humanity floated in dumb and helpless submission. Some floated on their flattened sides like the pale ghost of a dead hope, and others had their fat bellies turned up to the pitying stars. But they were all intellectual dead fish, floating with the popular current, and without any power or desire to think for themselves. A standardized Mississippi of human brains, all cast in the same little mold, and all turning out the same little lifeless thoughts. As one goeth, so go they all. As one turneth, so turneth the rest. Everything standardized and Babbittized and moronized and mammonized, from their bunk religion to their punk politics and the cut of their bobbed hair.

Millions of people in the stream of humanity, all acting and thinking alike, and trying their doggondest to look just alike, but rarely an individual to be seen. Everybody swallowed up in sameness, just like so many rain-drops running down a gutter.

And I said to myself: Man, behold a tragedy! Humanity has buncoed itself and lost its nickel and dropped its candy. It has ceased to be a world of individuals and has become a collective Babbit—a standardized dead fish—floating forever downward on the current of its own pitiful ignorance, its own blind folly.

But again, as I lingered and looked more carefully, I saw a few live individuals with their heads turned up the stream and paddling against the current. Then I rejoiced exceedingly and said, hurrah for the live fish! All honor to those brave souls who dare to buck the big bunch and refuse to float with the current! The human race is not utterly beyond hope so long as there can be found in it just a few live fish—a few individuals who do their own thinking and swim against the current!

Then I looked again to see who the live fish were, and I saw, coming up out of the welter of Babbittry and swimming against the current of custom, a Socrates, a Jesus a Luther, a Copernicus, a Darwin, a Tolstoy, a Russell, a Whitman, a Burbank, and a Debs!

Then in my eloquent and persuasive tones I addressed this classic remark to myself, saying: Man, do you see these? They are live fish! They are the hope of the world! Go thou and be a live fish, too!

And it came to pass that I took to my heart that lesson and studied it long and well. And from that day forward I have tried to be a live fish. Whenever I see a great mass movement of standardized idiots going in one general direction like thin mud in a ditch, that is always the signal for me to go the other way. I am suspicious of the big mob movements. They are always wrong. They are always floating down stream, seeking the path of least resistance. They never do and never can go up to a higher level. They are dead fish. War manias and Holy Hokums and Krazy Kat Krusades have swept the world, and always left it worse than they found it. You can smell them for a hundred years after they have passed, and they all smell like dead fish.

Hear me, O ye suckers! All that the human race has ever accomplished, or ever will accomplish must be due to the live fish—to the little scattering of brave and clear-minded thinkers who dare to swim up stream against the current. I would rather be a live minnow than a dead whale.

Amen.

Now you preach one.

JUST WATCHING THE SHOW

It is impossible for me to remain absolutely neutral and take no part in the great controversies that now rage over the world. I see so many things that the world at large does not see. I have an understanding of the passing events that the world does not have. Therefore it seems to be my duty to tell these things to the world.

And yet the very minute I begin to tell them, right then I cease to be a neutral. I have taken sides. Or it may be that instead of taking somebody else's side, I have simply made a new side. For the thought of the world is in such a jumble that I can't find any line of teaching with which I can fully agree. Various groups of thinkers agree with me on some points and disagree with me on others.

So it often seems to me that I am in a little crowd all to myself. And that suits me as well as any. I will just stand here on my little hilltop and watch the world go by. And as it goes staggering and stumbling by day after day, the only comment that seems to fit the case is, "What a fool world!"